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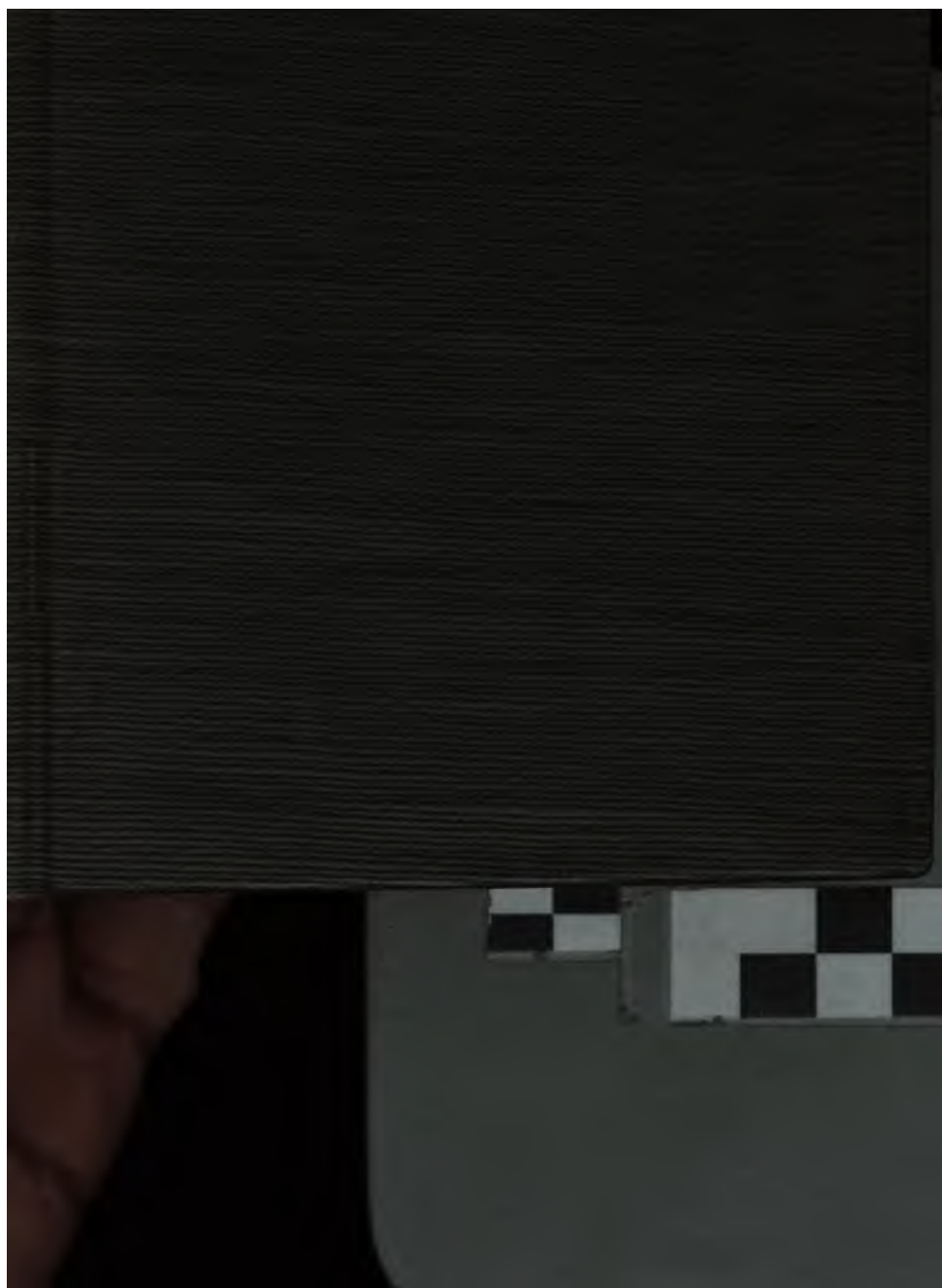
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TRANSFER FROM LENOX.

FIVE YEARS

IN AN

ENGLISH UNIVERSITY.

BY

CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED,

Late Foundation Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge.

~~~~~  
ἀλλ' αὖ ἐχθρῶν δῖτα πολλὰ μαθήσασιν δι σοφίαι.

~~~~~  
ARISTOPH. *Aves*, 376.

VOL. I.

NEW YORK:

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TO

Chendore D. Woolsey,

PRESIDENT OF YALE COLLEGE, &c., &c.

DEAR SIR :

It is now fourteen years since I fell under your notice, and you did me the honor to take an interest in my welfare, which subsequent occurrences authorize me to regard as still subsisting. I know of no one to whom I can dedicate this book with more propriety than yourself, or by whose perusal of it I shall feel more honored. If you read it, the trouble it has cost me will not have been thrown away.

Very truly yours,

C. A. BRISTED.

P R E F A C E .

I WRITE this book for three reasons:

First, very little is accurately known in this country about the English Universities.

Secondly, most of what we hear respecting those institutions, comes through the medium of popular novels and other light literature, frequently written by non-University men, and almost always conveying an erroneous and unfavorable idea of the Universities.

Thirdly and principally, there are points in an English education which may be studied with profit, and from which we may draw valuable hints.

Few Americans have the opportunity of growing up into manhood among half a generation of the most highly educated class in England; nor is it indeed altogether desirable that many should have. I myself owed it to an accident. There are few persons among us qualified by their knowledge of the subject to do it justice. Had I ever seen even a decent review article on English University education, this book would not have been written.

It has been my object to give a picture of English University life just as it is; to do which correctly, I have been obliged to mingle gaieties and gravities—*πολλὰ μὲν γελῶσα πολλὰ δὲ σπουδαῖα*. Should the reader not assent to my conclusions, he will at any rate have a tolerable idea of the facts. The same motive—a desire to depict accurately what I saw and experienced, and the impressions which such a life makes on an American—has obliged me to speak of myself more frequently than is altogether pleasant for either reader or author.

Of the bad arrangement and want of system displayed in the book, I am as conscious as the severest critic can be. These faults must be attributed to want of ability, not want of care. To deal with the

minutiæ of a system so complicated as that of several independent Colleges combined in one University—rejecting what is unimportant, and lucidly setting forth what is worthy of remark—becomes an extremely difficult task where everything is so different from the corresponding arrangements among ourselves. My original intention was to present merely a series of sketches, without any attempt at filling up the connecting links throughout. I began the sketches, and two different Magazines at different times began to publish them, but were very soon afraid to go on, because I did not pretend to conceal our inferiority to the English in certain branches of liberal education. I then resolved to refrain, not merely from publishing, but from writing any more, until as many years as I passed in England had elapsed since my return thence. With the exception therefore of the first nine chapters, the whole of this work has been written during the past summer, and I can truly say that my opinions on all the matters discussed in it have undergone no important change for the last five years; all my observation has tended to confirm them.

Should this book fall into the hands of any Cambridge man, he may condemn it as abounding in petty and uninteresting details. If so, I would commend to his attention a brief apologue:—

An Arab traveller had occasion to visit London. On arriving there his attention was attracted by a great crowd in the street. He drew near, and found to his surprise and disappointment that the object of Cockney curiosity was a *camel*, belonging to the caravan of some Barnum of the day. He wrote home to his friends, “the frivolity and childishness of these English are intense. Yesterday I beheld a large concourse of people staring at an ordinary camel, that one of our boys would not have turned his head to look at.”

Horneshook, Hellgate, Sept. 1, 1851.

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FIVE YEARS

IN AN

ENGLISH UNIVERSITY.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF CAMBRIDGE.

"THE sage council not being able to determine upon any plan for the building of their city, the cows, in a laudable fit of patriotism, took it under their peculiar charge; and, as they went to and fro from pasture, established paths through the bushes, on each side of which the good folks built their houses."

KNICKERBOCKER'S NEW YORK.

"And round the cool green courts there ran a row
Of cloisters, branched like mighty woods,
Echoing all night to that sonorous flow
Of spouted fountain floods."

TENNYSON'S PALACE OF ART.

IMAGINE the most irregular town that *can* be imagined, streets of the very crookedest kind, twisting about like those in a nightmare, and not unfrequently bringing you back to the same point you started from. Some of these tortuous lanes are without *trottoirs*, like the streets of old Continental towns; but it is more common to find a passage or short street all *sidewalk*—as we call what the English call *causeway*—without any carriage road. The houses are low and antique; sometimes their upper stories project out into and over the narrow pathway, making it still narrower; and

their lower stories are usually occupied as shops—tailors and booksellers being the predominant varieties. Every now and then your road passes over a muddy little river, not larger than a tolerable canal, which rambles through and about the town in all sorts of ways, so that in *whatever* direction you walk from *any* point, you are pretty sure to come to a bridge before long. Such is the town of Cambridge—the *bridge* over the *Cam*.

Among these narrow, ugly, and dirty streets, are tumbled in, as it were at random (for the whole place looks as if it had been dancing to Amphion's music, and he had left off in the middle of a very complicated figure) some of the most beautiful academical buildings in the world. However their style of architecture may vary, according to the period at which they were built or rebuilt, they agree in one essential feature: all the colleges are constructed in quadrangles or *courts*; and, as in course of years the population of every college, except one,* has outgrown the original quadrangle, new courts have been added, so that the larger foundations have three, and one (St. John's) has four courts. Sometimes the "old court," or primitive part of the building, presents a handsome front to the largest street near it; but frequently, as if to show its independence of, and contempt for, the town, it retires from the street altogether, showing the passer-by only its ugliest wall, and smallest, shabbiest gate. This is

* Downing College, which only went into operation in 1800, and may be considered still in its infancy.

particularly the case with the very largest and most distinguished colleges.

You enter, then, by a portal neither particularly large nor very striking in its appearance, but rather the reverse, into a spacious and elegant square. There are neat grass-plots and walks, a fountain in the centre; on one side stands a well proportioned chapel, in one corner you catch a glimpse through a tantalizing grating of a beautiful garden, appropriated to the delectation of the authorities. In a second court you find sounding and venerable cloisters, perhaps a veritable structure of monkish times, if not, a satisfactory imitation of that period. And as you look on the walls, here rich with sculptured ornament, there covered with trailing and festooning ivy, the theory and idea of the college edifice begin to strike you—its front is inside for its own benefits; it turns its back upon the vulgar outside. But you have not yet fathomed and sounded its spirit of seclusion. The entries are narrow and low; the staircases narrow and tortuous; the iron-bound doors, closed by some mysterious spring, or open only to show another door within, look like the portals of a feudal dungeon. But up those break-neck stair-cases, and inside those formidable doors (sometimes with the additional preliminary of a small, dark passage), are luxurious suites of rooms, not exactly like those of a Parisian hotel or a “double-house” in the Fifth Avenue, but quite as beautiful and much more comfortable. The apartments and the entrance seem made in inverse proportion to each other; a mere hole in the wall sometimes leads you to

half a house of rooms ; and most cosy rooms they are, with their prodigiously thick walls that keep out the cold in winter and heat (when there is any) in summer, their impregnable *sporting-doors* that defy alike the hostile dun and the too friendly "fast man," and all their quaint appurtenances, such as book-cases of the true scholastic sort, sunk into and forming part of the wall, so that it would not be easy to appropriate them or the space they occupy to any other purpose : queer little nooks of studies, just large enough to hold a man in an arm-chair and a big dictionary ; unexpected garrets, which the very occupant of the rooms never goes into without an air of enterprise and mystery, and which the old priests used for oratories—perhaps ; the modern Cantabs keep their wine in them.

Late in October, 1840, a young New Yorker was losing himself among the impracticable streets, and admiring the remarkable edifices of Cambridge. He was surprised at the number and variety of the academical buildings and their distance from one another ; for, though knowing that the different colleges were separate and independent foundations, connected only by a few general ties, he had expected something like contiguity of location, and was not prepared to find them scattered over an area of some miles. Nor was it without some degree of curiosity that he inspected such of the population as he met, a curiosity which they were not slow to retaliate with abundance of eye-glasses. Dressed in the last Gothamite fashion (then, as now, a reproduction of the preceding year's Parisian), with the usual accessories of

gold chain and diamond pin, the whole surmounted by a blue cloth cloak, he certainly bore no resemblance, in point of costume, to any of the academical public whom he encountered. The Cantabs' garb generally consists of a not too new black coat (frock or cutaway), trousers of some substantial stuff, grey or plaid, and a stout waistcoat, frequently of the same pattern as the trousers. Straps are unknown to him, and instead of boots he wears easy low-heeled shoes, for greater convenience in fence and ditch jumping, and other feats of extempore gymnastics which diversify his "constitutionals." The only showy part of his attire is the cravat, which is apt to be blue or some other decided color,* and fastened in front with a large gold-headed pin. During the middle of the day this outfit is completed by a hat of the average ugliness of English hats, but before 12 A. M., and after 4 P. M., you must superadd the academical costume. This consists of a gown, varying in color and ornament according to the wearer's college and rank, but generally black, not unlike an ordinary clerical gown, and a square-topped cap, which fits close to the head like a truncated helmet, while the covered board which forms the crown measures about a foot diagonally across. It is not by any means a *sine qua non* that the

* Words of this class I spell without the *u*, because the practice of good writers varies sufficiently to leave their orthography an open question and allow any person to adopt whichever form he prefers ; *not* because Webster, who is no authority at all among scholars, spells them thus.

cap and gown should be in good order and condition ; the latter is often sadly torn and faded, while the former retains but few traces of its original form after the rough usage it has undergone. To steal caps and gowns is no more an offence against the eighth commandment in Cambridge, than to steal umbrellas is with us—an additional reason for their appearance being little thought of. In one thing only is the Cantab particular—the one nicety of every English gentleman, however clumsy or shabby the rest of his dress may be—his linen is always faultless. A dirty shirt, or even a badly got up one, is a phenomenon in the University. Peculiar as the academic costume is, its effect is by no means unbecoming ; on the contrary, it adds, in a majority of cases, to the dignity and style of the wearer.

Nor must it be supposed that the gownsmen are thin, study-worn, consumptive-looking individuals. The stranger's first impression was, that he had never seen so fine a body of young men together. Almost every man looked able and ready to row eight miles, walk twelve, or ride twenty "across country," at the shortest notice, and to eat half a leg of mutton and drink a quart of ale after it. One would hardly suspect them to be students at all, did not the number of glasses hint that those who carried them had impaired their sight by late reading.

The young American who noted these particulars felt somewhat bashful among a crowd of strangers, even as he does now on making his appearance before you, reader. Yet it is necessary that he should go on, however painful it may

be to his modesty, to tell how he came there, and for what purpose, which he will do as briefly as possible in the next chapter.

•

SOME PRELIMINARIES RATHER EGOTISTICAL BUT VERY
NECESSARY.

Oro te, quis tu es ?—CICERO TO TREBATIUS.

I WAS fifteen years old when I went to New Haven to enter the Freshman class, at Yale College. In the school where I prepared, one of the masters was an Englishman, and the instruction given partly on the English model. I had been fitted for Columbia College, the standard for the Freshman class in which institution was then nearly equal to that for the Sophomore at Yale. (I never met a New Englander who knew this, or could be made to believe it, but it is perfectly true notwithstanding.) The start which I had thus obtained confirmed me in the habits of idleness to which a boy just emancipated from school is prone, when he has nothing immediately before him to excite his ambition. During the first year I did little but read novels and attend debating societies; and the comparison of my experience with that of others leads me to conclude that this is the case with most boys who enter well prepared at a New England College; they go backwards rather than forwards the first year. In the second year came on a great deal of mathematics, laborious rather than difficult; much of it consisted in mere mechanical working of examples in trigonometry and mensuration, which were nearly as great a bore to the best

mathematicians in the class as to the worst. I never had any love for or skill in pure science, and my health, moreover, being none of the best, I very early in the Sophomore year gave up all thoughts of obtaining high honors, and settled down contentedly among the twelve or fifteen who are bracketed, after the first two or three, as "English Orations." There were four prizes, one in each year, which could be obtained by classics alone, and of these I was fortunate enough to gain three. But they were very imperfect tests; indeed there was at that time no direct means of determining who was the best, or second, or third, classical scholar in any class.

Most of our young countrymen are eager to rush into their destined profession immediately on leaving college, at the age of eighteen or nineteen. Several of my contemporaries did not wait for Commencement day to begin, nominally at least, their professional studies; but I was by no means in a hurry to finish my education, thinking that a long start is often the safest, especially as I was looking forward to a profession which, above all others, should be entered on after much deliberation and mature judgment. Meaning, then, with God's help, to be a clergyman, I wished first to make myself a scholar, and for this purpose resolved to spend some time at a European University. But when it came to starting, my courage failed me; I was afraid to expose my ignorance abroad, and determined to stay at home another year. This year I would willingly have spent in my native city, as affording more advantages for study; but those who had the

disposal of me thought it best that I should remain at New Haven, where accordingly I took up my quarters again as a resident graduate—a very rare animal in those parts. Poor Mason, who was to have been our great American astronomer, was my only companion in that position. The experience of that year fully justifies me in asserting, that if I wished to unmake a partially formed scholar, and to divert the attention of a young man who had a taste that way from such studies, I would send him to reside in no place sooner than in a New England college town. There was no one able to instruct me or inclined to sympathize with me, except two or three gentlemen whose professional duties in the college rendered it impossible for them to give me any regular assistance; but there were plenty of debating societies all about, and no end of young debaters. Without being considered much of a “speaker” or “writer” as an under-graduate, I had figured to some extent in the *Yale Literary*, and had just attained that *beau jour de la vie* when a young man gets his first “piece” into a city magazine. All this fostered the habits of semi-literary idleness which the (so-called) studies of the senior year appear purposely framed to encourage. Moreover, I formed rather an intimate acquaintance with a Mississippian (it was before the days of repudiation), who was always anxious to talk politics, and we used to read about a dozen newspapers a day, and throw the contents of them at each other. When it is stated that I was an ultra abolition Whig and he a slaveholding Democrat, the quantity of belligerent nonsense we interchanged, and the valuable result of our dis-

cussions may be easily imagined. The only tangible residuum that I ever realized from our debates was a pretty large bill for cakes, ice-cream, and sherry-cobblers. Indeed, so put to it was I for some daily work to balance me, as it were, and give me regular habits of study, that for the last three months of the year I joined the Law School, and then finding what I ought to have known before, that I should never make any progress in scholarship by myself at New Haven, I packed my trunks for England.

Still it would be unjust to myself to say that I had absolutely wasted the twelve months. They were only comparatively lost. I did about as much in them as I ought to have done in three or four. I had broken ground in Juvenal, Thucydides, Aristophanes, and Pindar, authors who then seldom entered into the reading of an American college student: on the whole, it may fairly be said that I was a favorable specimen of a graduate from a New England College, and rather above the average than below it. Of mathematics I *knew* only a little Euclid and algebra, having gone through the college course of Mechanics, Conic sections, &c., to as much purpose as some travellers go through various countries.

As to the rest of my education and accomplishments, they were the usual ones of an American student; that is to say, I could talk a little French and Spanish, and read a little German, had a boarding-school girl's knowledge of the names and rudimentary formulæ of two or three sciences, could write newspaper articles in prose or verse, had a strong ten-

dency to talk politics, and never saw a crowd of people together without feeling as if I should like to get up and make them a speech about things in general. I had read abundance of novels, poetry, and reviews, a fair share of English history, and a great deal of what the school books and the newspaper reporters call "specimens of eloquence." I had a supreme opinion of my country (except in matters of scholarship), and a pretty good opinion of myself. To complete the list, it should be added, that I could black my own boots, and, on a pinch, wash my own handkerchiefs. In short, with the exception of easiness of manner and presence of mind (two qualities in which I have always been deficient), I made a very tolerable representative for the reading section of Young America to send among English scholars.

It is very awkward to write these things about one's self, but it seems impossible to dispense with them. In the course of this book, different standards of education, and the comparative knowledge of instructors, as well as pupils, in different places, will be very freely spoken of; and the reader who comes to these comparisons will naturally ask, what were my qualifications for forming any opinion on these subjects at all. And unless I tell him, it would not be easy for him to find out; for though the internal evidence of this book may sufficiently expose my fitness or unfitness for the task at present, still in order to estimate my progress or profit at the University he must know something of the foundation I had to build upon, which such indirect internal evidence would not supply.

INTRODUCTION TO COLLEGE LIFE.

Disciplinis bonis operam dato.

CAMBRIDGE STATUTES.

THE first thing that the American reader has to impress on his mind is, that the several Colleges are distinct and independent corporations. They are on different foundations, that is to say, the funds which support them are derived from different sources ; their officers are distinct, their lecture-room subjects different, though with a general resemblance ; their very gowns vary. The confederation of these independent corporations constitutes the University, which may, in its relation to the colleges composing it, be compared to our Federal Government in its relation to the separate States—with this important historical difference, however, that the Colleges sprang into existence *subsequent* to the founding of the University. Indeed, the only practical connexion that the Under-graduate usually has with the University in its corporate capacity (unless he should be of a riotous turn, so as to bring himself under the Proctor's notice) consists in his previous examination, *alias* the "Little Go," and his final examination for a degree, with or without honors. Robinson, of Trinity, may be three years in the University with Brown, of Corpus, and never come in contact with him, or be aware of his existence, till in the last Long Vacation, when he is

putting on all steam and "coaching" violently for the Classical Tripos, he hears suddenly one day at a wine party that "Bennedy has a Corpus man reading with him, who is likely to be among the first five." Then, for the first time, has Brown an existence for him.

When, therefore, a boy, or, as we should call him, a young man, leaves his school, public or private, at the age of eighteen or nineteen, and "goes up" to the University, he necessarily goes up to some particular College, and the first academical authority he makes acquaintance with in the regular order of things is the College Tutor. This gentleman has usually taken high honors either in Classics or Mathematics, and one of his duties is naturally to lecture—only you may be sure that if he has a turn for Classics he is not set to lecture on Mathematics, or *vice versa*, as used to be the case at Yale. But this by no means constitutes the whole or forms the most important part of his functions. He is the medium of all the students' pecuniary relations with the College. He sends in their accounts every term, and receives the money through his banker; nay more, he takes in the bills of their tradesmen, and settles them also. Further, he has the disposal of the college rooms, and assigns them to their respective occupants. When I speak of the College *Tutor*, it must not be supposed that one man is equal to all this work in a large college—Trinity, for instance, which usually numbers four hundred undergraduates in residence. A large college has usually two Tutors—Trinity has three—and the students are equally divided

.

among them—*on their sides* the phrase is—without distinction of year, or, as we should call it, of *class*. The jurisdiction of the rooms is divided in like manner. The Tutor is supposed to stand *in loco parentis*—but having sometimes more than a hundred young men under him, he cannot discharge his duties in this respect very thoroughly, nor is it generally expected that he should.

To the Tutor, then, you go in October. Your name has been on the books since July. Mine was not, as I was a stranger. But that is merely a form. Before you are fairly in your college, you must pass an examination. At many of the colleges this is little more than nominal, any Master of Arts being qualified to admit a candidate; but at Trinity there is a regular test, though it must be owned the standard is not very high. The candidates for admission are examined in the First Book of the Iliad, the First Book of the Æneid, some easy Greek and Latin Prose, Arithmetic, the elements of Algebra, two Books of Euclid, and Paley's Natural Theology. Any one fitted for the Sophomore Class at Yale could pass here without trouble. The candidates are generally well prepared, and the examiners lenient: out of one hundred and thirty or more who offer themselves there are seldom more than four or five rejected. The principle seems to be, "Let in every one, and if they can't keep on, that is their look-out." In this way, various initiation fees are secured which would otherwise be lost. On a rough estimate, out of one hundred and twenty who enter every year at Trinity, more than twenty drop off by the beginning of

the second year. This is the only entrance examination, and however much you may know, there is no such thing as entering in advance of the Freshman year, save only for men migrating from Oxford, who are allowed their Oxford terms, and can take second or third year rank at once. The regular examiners are the Dean and the Head Lecturer. The latter functionary was busy about some other matters when I presented myself several days after the beginning of the term. Accordingly, I was told that my classical examination would be postponed to some convenient opportunity, and meanwhile the Senior Dean would admit me on passing the mathematical part of the examination privately to him. This was the very thing I did not want, for I had literally not opened a mathematical book for two years. In a mixed examination I hoped that my classics would carry me through, but now I was called on to put the worst foot foremost at once. However, there was no help for it, so to the Dean's rooms I went next morning, and scribbled away for three or four hours, doing Quadratic Equations, and the *Pons Asinorum*, by ἀνάμνησις, as a Cantab says of doing anything which you learned so long ago that it seems to have been in a different stage of your being. Paley, I had read within a year, and worked out an elaborate picture of the human eye to complete my performances. Somehow I nearly floored the paper, and came out feeling much more comfortable than when I went in. I might have been easy about it any way, for the Dons are always ready to smooth the entrance for a Fellow-Commoner, and it was among this class of students that I enrolled myself by the Dean's advice.

These Fellow-Commoners are "young men of fortune," as the *Cambridge Calendar* and *Cambridge Guide* have it, who, in consideration of their paying twice as much for everything as anybody else, are allowed the privilege of sitting at the Fellows' table in Hall and in their seats at Chapel; of wearing a gown with gold or silver lace, and a velvet cap with a metallic tassel; of having the first choice of rooms; and as is generally believed, and believed not without reason, of getting off with a less number of chapels per week. Among them are included the Honorables *not* eldest sons—only these wear a hat instead of the velvet cap, and are thence popularly known as *Hat* Fellow-Commoners. The noblemen proper, or eldest sons (of whom there are never many in Cambridge, Oxford presenting more attractions for them), wear the plain black silk gown and hat of an M. A.,* except on feast days and state occasions, when they come out in gowns still more gorgeous than those of the Fellow-Commoners. A Fellow-Commoner of economical habits (and it is not easy for one of them to be of such habits) requires £500 a-year, and for the generality of them £800 is not too much. I made the experiment with £400, partly from ignorance, partly from the dashing way an American has of going at anything and trusting to Providence to get through.†

* The initials of English academical titles always correspond to the *English*, not to the Latin of the titles, B.A., M.A., D.D., D.C.L., &c.

† I was recommended to enter as Fellow-Commoner, because it would open to me the society of the Fellows and older men, which indeed is the only real advantage of the position.

The not surprising result was that at the end of seven months I found myself a thousand dollars in debt. Indeed, so great is the expense *necessarily* incurred by this class, to say nothing of their greater temptation to unnecessary expenses, that even eldest sons of peers sometimes come up as Pensioners, and younger sons continually do.

Pensioner is the name given to the main body of the students. *Sizars* answer to the beneficiaries of American colleges. They receive pecuniary assistance from the College, and dine gratis after the Fellows on the remains of their table.* In former times they waited on the Fellows at dinner, but this practice has long been abolished. A similar one still prevails in some of our institutions.

The Freshman, when once safe through his examination, is first inducted into his rooms by a *gyp*, usually recommended to him by his tutor. The *gyp* (from γύψ, *vulture*, evidently a nickname at first, but now the only name applied to this class of persons) is a college servant, who attends upon a number of students, sometimes as many as twenty, calls them in the morning, brushes their clothes, carries for them parcels and the queerly twisted notes they are continually writing to one other, waits at their parties, and so on. Cleaning their boots is not in his branch of the profession; there is a regular brigade of college shoe-blacks. The new-comer generally finds his apartment ready prepared for him, it being the

* These "remains" are very liberally construed, the Sizars always having fresh vegetables, and frequently fresh tarts and puddings.

custom for him to take the former tenant's furniture at a valuation by the college upholsterer, and make such subsequent additions to, or alterations in it, as his convenience requires or his fancy suggests. Thus the movables and fittings of a room are not generally renewed all at once, but piecemeal, from time to time. The appearance of a student's apartment, though by no means splendid, is decidedly comfortable; it is well cushioned and sofaed, with a proper proportion of arm-chairs, and a general air of respectability—much better on the whole than our students' rooms ever are. Fifty pounds would not be a high estimate for the usual value of the furniture. But the new occupant finds one deficiency. All the glass, china, and crockery of the man going out become, by immemorial usage, the bed-maker's property; accordingly our Freshman's first business is to provide himself, usually under the gyp's guidance, with a tea-set, and other like necessities, among which decanters and wine-glasses figure conspicuously. An American student is somewhat surprised at having these articles recommended to him, as it were, by the college authorities. This is only the beginning of what he has to learn.

The *bed-makers* are the women who take care of the rooms; there is about one to each staircase, that is to say, to every eight rooms. For obvious reasons they are selected from such of the fair sex as have long passed the age at which they might have had any personal attractions. The first intimation which your bed-maker gives you is that she is bound to report you to the tutor if ever you stay out of your rooms all night.

And now having fairly installed the Freshman in his quarters, let us begin the day with him. Morning chapel goes in at seven, and as the English student does not pretend to the railroad speed of the American in making his toilet, the gyp is directed to call him at half-past six, or a little earlier. The bell tolls slowly for five minutes and strikes rapidly for five more before seven. Our Freshman is sure to be early, and does not require the three or five minutes' grace allowed after the clock strikes before the gates are shut.

However much the chapels of the various colleges may differ in size and architectural beauty, they agree in their arrangement. On entering that of Trinity, you find yourself in the ante-chapel, surrounded by monuments of distinguished scholars and divines, eminent among which stands out a fine statue of Newton. Passing through an oaken screen you walk down the long marble floor, between rows of movable benches, upon which the Pensioners sit, without distinction of year or person. The Scholars, Bachelor or Undergraduate, sit on seats behind and above the Pensioners, and above them again, along the walls, are the seats of Noblemen, Fellow-Commoners, and Fellows, and the desks of the Dean and college officers. The students, as they enter, are marked with pins on long alphabetical lists, by two college servants, who are so experienced and clever at their business that they never have to ask the name of a newcomer more than once.

It is in the chapel that the tyro generally begins to get definite ideas of the powers that be in the college, and this is accordingly the fittest place for introducing them.

The college authorities (in University slang-phrase the *Dons*) are designated in the most general terms as *the Master and Fellows*. The Master of the College, or "Head of the House," is a D. D., who has been a Fellow. He is the supreme ruler within the college walls, and moves about like an Undergraduate's deity, keeping at an awful distance from the students, and not letting himself be seen too frequently even at chapel. Besides his fat salary and house (technically known as *the Lodge*), he enjoys many perquisites and privileges, not the least of which is that of committing matrimony.

The *Fellows*, who form the general body from which the other college officers are chosen, consist of those four or five Bachelor Scholars in each year who pass the best examination in Classics, Mathematics, and Metaphysics. This examination being a severe one, and only the last of many trials which they have gone through, the inference is allowable that they are the most learned of the College graduates. They have a handsome income, whether resident or not; but if resident, enjoy the additional advantages of a well-spread table for nothing, and good rooms at a very low price. The only conditions of retaining their Fellowships are that they take orders after a certain time and remain unmarried. Of those who do not fill college offices, some occupy themselves with private pupils; others, who have property of their own, prefer to live a life of literary leisure, like some of their predecessors, the monks of old. The eight oldest Fellows at any time in residence, together with the Master, have the government of the college vested in them.

The *Dean* is the presiding officer in chapel, and the only one whose presence there is indispensable. He oversees the markers' lists, pulls up the absentees and receives their excuses. This office is no sinecure in a large college; at Trinity they have been forced to divide the work, and appoint a Junior Dean. It is rather surprising that there should be so much shirking of chapel, when the very moderate amount of attendance required is considered. The Undergraduate is expected to go to chapel eight times, or in academic parlance, to *keep eight chapels* a-week, two on Sunday, and one on every week-day, attending morning or evening chapel on week-days at his option. Nor is even this indulgent standard rigidly enforced. I believe if a Pensioner keeps six chapels, or a Fellow-Commoner four, *and is quite regular in all other respects*, he will never be troubled by the Dean. It certainly is an argument in favor of severe discipline, that there is more grumbling and hanging back, and unwillingness to conform to these extremely moderate requisitions, than is exhibited by the sufferers at a New England college, who have to keep sixteen chapels a-week, seven of them at unreasonable hours. Even the Scholars, who are literally paid for going, every chapel being directly worth two shillings sterling to them, are by no means invariable in attending the proper number of times.

Other officers are, the *Vice Master*, the *Bursar*, i. e. the College *Purse-bearer* or *Treasurer*, and his assistant; Lecturers, assistant Lecturers, and assistant Tutors to the number of nearly twenty (some of these, however, are non-resi-

dents, and only appear at examinations); four *Chaplains*, and the *Librarian*. These last five are the only officers not Fellows. They are usually selected from the Bachelor Scholars who have just missed Fellowships.

The Chapel service occupies, as nearly as may be, half an hour. After this, it is the custom to take a fifteen minutes' walk in the college grounds, for the purpose of affording the bed-maker time to get the rooms in good order, and of giving the student an appetite for his breakfast. By eight, he is seated before his comfortably blazing coal fire (how different from our scorching, smouldering anthracite!), with his kettle boiling merrily, and the materials for his morning meal on a diminutive table near him. These are of the simplest description—rolls, butter, and tea: an excellent preparation for a morning's reading. The mention of breakfast conveys to a Cantab no ideas of ham and beef-steaks; and if reminiscences of cold game pie and hot cutlets are ever called up by it, it is on account of those occasional breakfast parties, which from their late hour (eleven) bear more resemblance to a luncheon.

At nine, Lectures begin, and continue till twelve. There are some ten or eleven going on at once. The established length of each lecture is one hour. For the Freshmen there are two, a classical and a mathematical, both which they are required to attend; the Second and Third-year men have their choice of one lecture among three or four. The lecturer stands, and the lectured sit, even when construing, as the Freshmen are sometimes asked to do; the other Years are

only called on to listen. The practice of taking notes is very general ; there is plenty of stationery ready provided on the desks, but the students usually bring their own note-books and pens.

Having mentioned *Second and Third-year men*, it may be well for me to state at once that there are no such beings as *Sophomores* at an English University.* The undergraduate course is three years and a third, and the students who have completed their first year are called successively *Junior Sophs* (abbreviated for *Sophisters*), *Senior Sophs*, and *Questionists* ; or, more popularly, *Second-year men*, *Third-year men*, and *Men who are just going out*.

It is generally some time before one, when the student resorts to his private tutor. This gentleman, being a most important personage, is to have justice done him hereafter at length. Suffice it to say, for the present, that he is by no means an "aristocratic appendage," as a wise professor on this side the water once imagined, but an ordinary and almost absolutely necessary feature in the college life of every student, rich or poor. With this tutor, who is either a Fellow, or a Bachelor trying for a Fellowship, our Freshman reads a portion of some author he has prepared, or undergoes an examination (by pen, ink, and paper, as all examinations here are) on something he has *not* prepared for the purpose.

* At Trinity College, Dublin, there are four classes of Undergraduates : the first two are called *Junior Freshman* and *Senior Freshman*.

With a mathematical tutor, the hour of tuition is a sort of familiar examination, working out examples, deductions, &c.

From two to four is the traditional time of exercise, two hours *hard* exercise a-day being considered (as it is) little enough for a man who wishes to keep his body in proper vigor. The ignorance of the popular mind has often represented academicians riding, travelling, &c., in cap and gown. Any one who has had experience of the academic costume can tell that a sharp walk on a windy day in it is no easy matter, and a ride or a row would be pretty near an impossibility. Indeed, during these two hours it is as rare to see a student in a gown as it is at other times to find him beyond the college walks without one. The most usual mode of exercise is walking—*constitutionalizing* is the Cantab for it. The country for miles around is very flat, and the roads are very good, two circumstances highly encouraging to pedestrianism. After walking comes rowing, which may indeed be called the distinguishing amusement of English University students. Cricketing, and all games of ball, are much practised in their respective seasons.

During the quarter of an hour preceding four P. M., the students come flocking into their colleges and rooms to prepare for dinner. The academic cap and gown are resumed, and the hall crowded with hungry Undergraduates, who are not, however, admitted within the screen until the Fellows and Fellow Commoners have assembled. Then a Latin grace is read by two of the Dons, and forthwith the demolition of *estables* proceeds. The tables of the Undergraduates,

arranged according to their respective years, are supplied with abundance of plain joints, and vegetables, and beer and ale *ad libitum*, besides which, soup, pastry, and cheese can be "sized for," that is, brought in portions to individuals at an extra charge; so that on the whole a very comfortable meal might be effected but for the crowd and confusion, in which respect the hall dinner much resembles our steam-boat meals. The attendance also is very deficient and of the roughest sort. But some of the company are better off. At a raised dais at one end of the hall the Fellows, Noblemen, and Fellow-Commoners are banqueting on a dinner of three courses, with port and sherry, in addition to the malt liquor, and abundance of orderly and well-dressed waiters. Along the wall you see two tables, which, though less carefully provided than the Fellows', are still served with tolerable decency and go through a regular second course instead of the "sizings." The occupants of the upper or inner table are men apparently from twenty-two to twenty-six years of age, and wear black gowns with two strings hanging loose in front. If this table has less state than the adjoining one of the Fellows, it has more mirth and brilliancy; many a good joke seems to be going the rounds. These are the Bachelors, most of them Scholars reading for Fellowships, and nearly all of them private tutors. Although Bachelors in Arts, they are considered, both as respects the College and the University, to be *in statu pupillari* until they become M. A.'s. They pay a small sum in fees nominally for tuition, and are liable to the authority of that mighty man, the

Proctor. The table nearer the door is filled by students in the ordinary Undergraduate blue gown; but from the better service of their table, and perhaps some little consequential air of their own, it is plain that they have something peculiar to boast of. They are the Foundation Scholars, from whom the future Fellows are to be chosen, in the proportion of about one out of three. Their Scholarships are gained by examination in the second or third year, and entitle them to a pecuniary allowance from the college, and also to their commons gratis (these latter subject to certain attendance at and services in chapel), a first choice of rooms, and some other little privileges, of which they are somewhat proud, and occasionally they look as if conscious that some Don may be saying to a chance visitor at the high table "those over yonder are the Scholars, the best men of their year."

Hall lasts about three quarters of an hour. Two Scholars conclude the performances by reading a long Latin grace. The Dons are too full after dinner to read their own grace—such at least is the jesting traditional explanation of the custom, and certainly on one or two occasions, when the officiating Scholars happened to be *non inventi*, I have heard the presiding dignitary return thanks in just two words, to wit, *Benedicto benedicatur*.

After Hall is emphatically lounging time, it being the wise practice of Englishmen to attempt no hard exercise, physical or mental, immediately after a hearty meal. Some stroll in the grounds if the weather is fine, many betake themselves to the Union Society Reading-room to glance over the news-

papers and periodicals, and many assemble at wine parties to chat over a frugal dessert of oranges, biscuits, and cake, and sip a few glasses of not remarkably good wine. These *wine parties* are the most common entertainments, being rather the cheapest and very much the most convenient, for the preparations required for them are so slight as not to disturb the studies of the hardest reading man, and they take place at a time when no one pretends to do any work.

At six P. M., the chapel bell rings again. The attendance is more numerous now than it was in the morning. On Saturday evenings, Sundays, and Saints' days the students wear surplices instead of their gowns, and very innocent and exemplary they look in them. It must be owned that their conduct in chapel is very orderly and proper, considering the great opportunities afforded for subdued conversation by the way in which they are crowded together when kneeling. After chapel the evening reading begins in earnest. *Most of* the Cantabs are late readers, so that supposing one of *them* to begin at seven, he will not leave off before half-past eleven, thus clearing more than four hours' consecutive work, *his* only intermission being to take a cup or two of tea, sometimes, but not often, accompanied by a slice of bread-and-butter. One solid meal a-day is the rule; even when they go out to sup, as a reading-man does perhaps once a term and a rowing-man twice a week, they eat very moderately though their potations are sometimes of the deepest. Some students go to their private tutors in the evening; not unfrequently two or three meet in one another's rooms alter-

nately to read some classical author or talk problems together—a very sociable way of acquiring learning.

Such is the reading-man's day; as to how the rowing-man passes his I say nothing for the present. He is the abnormal development of the type, and the consideration of his pursuits need not now be dwelt upon.

THE CANTAB LANGUAGE.

"A quoy Pantagruel dist; Que diable de language est cecy? Par Dieu, tu es quelque hereticque. 'Seignor, non,' dist l'escholier, 'car libentissement des ce qu'il illucesce quelque minutule lesche du jour je demigre en quelqu'ung de ces tant bien architectez monstiers.'"—RABELAIS, LIV. II. CHAP. 6.

ONE of the first and most necessary things to be acquired by a resident in a new country is some knowledge of its language. Even in the few pages we have thus far gone through, terms have frequently occurred which required explanation; and without some insight into the Cambridge vocabulary, it would be impossible to describe Cambridge life intelligibly, or to understand a true description of it. I therefore subjoin a list of the principal cant terms and phrases in use, translating them, when possible, into equivalent slang of our own.

Gownsmen.—A student of the University.

Snob.—A townsman as opposed to a student, or a black-guard as opposed to a gentleman; a loafer generally.

Cad.—A low fellow, nearly = snob.

Reading.—Studying.

A reading man.—A hard student.

A rowing man—(*ow* as in *cow*).—A hard case, a spreër.

Shipwreck.—A total failure.

Mild,
Shady, } Epithets of depreciation, answering nearly to
Slow, } the phrases, "no great shakes," and "small potatoes."

Fast.—Nearly the French *expansif*. A *fast* man is not necessarily (like the London fast man) a *rowing* man, though the two attributes are often combined in the same person; he is one who dresses flashily, talks big, and spends, or affects to spend, money very freely.

Seedy.—Not well, out of sorts, done up; the sort of feeling that a reading man has after an examination, or a rowing man after a dinner with the Beefsteak Club.

Bumptious.—Conceited, forward, pushing.

Brick.—A good fellow; what Americans sometimes call a *clever* fellow.

To *keep* in such a place.—To live or have rooms there.

Hang-out.—To treat, to live, to have or possess (a verb of all-work.)

| | |
|---|---|
| <i>Like bricks,</i> | } Intensives to express the most energetic way of doing anything. These phrases are sometimes in very odd contexts. You hear men talk of a balloon going up |
| <i>Like a brick or a bean,</i> | |
| <i>Like a house on fire,</i> | |
| <i>To the n^{th}.</i> | |
| <i>To the $n+1^{\text{th}}$.</i> | |

like bricks, and rain coming down *like a house on fire*.

No end of.—Another intensive of obvious import. *They had no end of tin*, i. e. a great deal of money. *He is no end of a fool*, i. e. the greatest fool possible.

Pill.—Twaddle, platitude.

Rot.—Ditto.

Bosh.—Nonsense, trash, φλυαρία.

Lounge.—A treat, a comfort (an Etonian importation).

Coach.—A private tutor.

Team.—The private tutor's pupils.

Subject.—A particular author, or part of an author, set for examination; or a particular branch of Mathematics, such as Optics, Hydrostatics, &c.

Getting up a subject.—Making one's self thoroughly master of it.

Flooring a paper.—Answering correctly and fully every question in it.

Book-work.—All mathematics that can be learned *verbatim* from books—all that are not problems.

Cram.—All miscellaneous information about Ancient History, Geography, Antiquities, Law, &c.; all Classical matter not included under the heads of Translation and Composition.

Composition.—Translating English into Greek or Latin.

Original Composition.—Writing a Latin Theme, or original Latin verses.

Spiriting.—Making an extraordinary effort of mind or body for a short time. A boat's crew make a spirt, when they pull fifty yards with all the strength they have left. A reading man makes a spirt, when he crams twelve hours daily the week before examination.

Commons.—The students' daily rations, either of meat in hall, or of bread and butter for breakfast and tea.

Sizings.—Extra orders in hall.

Don.—A Fellow, or any College authority.

Little-Go.—The University Examination in the second year, properly called the *Previous Examination*.

*Tripes.**—Any University Examination for Honors of Questionists or men who have just taken their B. A. (The University Scholarship Examinations are *not* called Triposes.)

Posted.—Rejected in a College Examination.

* "The names of the Bachelors who were highest in the list (Wranglers and Senior Optimés, *Baccalauræi quibus sua reservatur senioritas Comitii prioribus*, and Junior Optimés, *Comitii posterioribus*) were written on slips of paper; and on the back of these papers, probably with a view of making them less fugitive and more entertaining, was given a copy of Latin verses. These verses were written by one of the new Bachelors—and the exuberant spirits and enlarged freedom arising from the termination of the Under-graduate restrictions, often gave to these effusions a character of buffoonery and satire. The writer was termed *Terræ Filius*, or *Tripes*, probably from some circumstance in the mode of his making his appearance and delivering his verses; and took considerable liberties. On some occasions we find that these went so far as to incur the censure of the authorities. Even now, the Tripos' verses often aim at satire and humor. [It is customary to have one serious and one humorous copy of verses.] The writer does not now appear in person, but the Tripos paper, the list of honors with its verses, still comes forth at its due season, and the list itself has now taken the name of the *Tripes*. This being the case with the list of Mathematical honors, the same name has been extended to the list of Classical honors, though unaccompanied by its classical verses."—*Whewell on Cambridge Education, preface to Part 2.*

Plucked.—Rejected in a University Examination.

Proctors.—The Police Officers of the University.

Bull-dogs.—Their Lictors, or servants who attend them when on duty.

Wrangler, Senior Optime, Junior Optime.—The First, Second, and Third Classes of the Mathematical Tripos.

Senior Wrangler.—The head of the First Class in Mathematics.

Add to these some words previously explained, as *gyp*, *sporting-door*, *questionist*, &c., and a number of London slang words with which *Punch* has made us familiar, e. g. *lush* and *grub*, for meat and drink ; *weed*, for cigar ; *tin*, for money ; *governor*, for father ; *sold*, for exceedingly disappointed or deceived ; and a few pure Greek words, of which the most generally used are, *νόος* (sense) and *κῆδος* (credit, reputation), and you have a tolerable idea of the Cambridge vocabulary—chiefly confined to the Undergraduates (except in the technicals like *proctor*, *wrangler*, &c.), but understood and acknowledged by the stiffest Dons. Nor must it by any means be supposed the peculiar property of the rowing-men ; on the contrary, the jargon of the reading-men is less intelligible to the uninitiated than that of any other class—for they piece out their conversation with Greek words, just as some would-be fashionables do theirs with French, until the “Babylonish dialect” becomes nearly as bad as that of the student in Rabelais, and it takes a pretty good Greek scholar

to understand their English. Thus I have heard *propemp* familiarly used for *escort*, and seen in a letter *ackmaze* for to be at the highest point. And this is not altogether affectation ; to many of these men the strange words they use have become more familiar and convenient than the corresponding English ones, especially technical terms of the Greek philosophical writers (such as *ιδιότης*, *εισσηγήμνη*, *ιδέα*), just as those who have lived much in France often find it more convenient to express certain ideas by French words than English ones.

AN AMERICAN STUDENT'S FIRST IMPRESSIONS AT CAMBRIDGE
AND ON CAMBRIDGE.

Ἡ δὲ εὐδὲ ἀδύνατος, ὡς Ἀναξάνδρως, εἰσεῖν.—THUCYDIDES, BOOK IV.

THERE are not a few persons in this community of ours, some of them not deficient in intelligence nor entirely destitute of the spirit of benevolence, who think it a most desirable and praiseworthy thing to stir up all the mischief they can between England and America. These well-disposed individuals doubtless have their reward, which I never felt inclined to envy them, my own ideas always urging me to a directly opposite course, either from some mental blindness which kept me behind the progressive democracy of this advancing age, or because I never intended to put myself in a position which would oblige me to propitiate or toady Irishmen or slaveholders. Ever since my early boyhood it had been a leading idea with me that the great branches of the Anglo-Saxon family, distinguished by their language, by their ethical principles, by their judiciously liberal political institutions, from the rest of the world, ought to work harmoniously together; that a great deal of the bad feeling between them arose from ignorance, and was therefore removable by mere contact and information; and that a citizen of either country who had the opportunity was doing his duty much better by

endeavoring to promote a mutual knowledge of each other between the two peoples, and thus dispel many antipathies having more a hypothetical than a real foundation, than by laboring to revive and foster old germs of animosity which time and the natural course of events were already doing so much to kill. In wishing therefore to stand well and make a good impression at Cambridge from my first entry, I was actuated not merely by a desire after the promotion of my own *κῆδος* (to speak Cantabrigically), but by an honest wish to represent my country well and make the name of American respectable to many young Englishmen who had no personal experience of it. Indeed it was partly on this account that I had put myself in a position so disproportionate to my financial resources as that of a Trinity Fellow-Commoner.

I was well aware that in this endeavor there was considerable up-hill work to do, and sufficient discouragement to encounter; that as the American admirer of England is sure to get some hard knocks at home, so the American in England is apt to be looked at in a false light by the individuals of a nation to which he is well disposed.

Mere mistakes of ignorance I was always prepared for, and it is but justice to my English acquaintances to say that they were generally as glad to have such mistakes corrected as I was eager to correct them. This charge of ignorance is, as we all know, sometimes denied and sometimes slighted by Englishmen; but it is rather understating the case to say that the majority of English gentlemen know less than they

should about the condition and institutions of a people so nearly related to them, and whose political and social movements they might study to so much advantage in reference to their own country. In our past history, short as it is, we would hardly expect them to be well up, coming into rivalry as it does with the more universally exciting events that took place in Europe contemporaneously, and other reasons may combine with national pride for making Waterloo a more familiar name to them than New Orleans; but surely an English gentleman who has attained his majority, might be expected to know that we have two Houses of Congress and that New York is not a slave State.

The old joke of presuming that a New Yorker or New Englander knows any man who may have gone out to Canada, St. Louis, or Texas, is really no joke at all, but a very common occurrence, which every American who has travelled or resided much in England must have verified for himself. Sometimes I have remarked instances where it might well be suspected that much of this ignorance was put on, and that—just as our public men assent to the romancings of Irish “sympathizers,” and wonder how England can be so blind and unjust as not to grant repeal, knowing better all the time—the Tory journalist when he asserted that bread was actually dearer at times in American than in English cities, *because* he had seen a New York shilling loaf which was not larger than a London tenpenny one, perfectly understood the relative value of the New York and English shillings. But in many cases no such explanation was admissible. The

Liberals whom I met did not seem very much better acquainted with us than the Tories, but they were more anxious for information and better disposed towards us. The general bearing of such Tories, and that not merely young men or Dons at Cambridge, but Londoners, was very civil to me personally, but mingled with a sort of implied pity for my belonging to a country where a gentleman was out of place, could not get his deserts, and must necessarily be κακόνους τῶ δῆμῳ. For with the English Tory I found it a fixed idea that all our "Upper Ten" are bullied and plundered by the mob, just as it is with the American Radical that all the mass of the English people are miserable serfs, and all the landed aristocracy bloated tyrants. With men of this sort I took a very summary course, neither more nor less than the ordinary American dodge of stoutly asserting and imperturbably maintaining our national superiority in morals and intelligence. Take the following as a specimen. *B.* at the Dean's table, enjoying the beneficial provender thereon. Enter (rather late) Strafford Pope, a young aristocrat with £30,000 a-year, and a large assortment of the most antediluvian politics. *P.* has heard that *B.* is an American, and takes a seat alongside him half intentionally; *B.* knows *P.* by reputation as one of the few reading Fellow-Commoners. They strike up a conversation in the pauses of the dinner; by and by the discourse takes a political turn.

P. A republic may be very well when we can make all men angels, but till then it can't answer.

B. Why, we make one answer very well, though our men don't pretend to be angels, and only some of our women.

P. Answer very well ! You have no law—or, at least, no means of enforcing the law, you know. [An Englishman always appends “you know” to the very thing you *don't* know, and wont admit.]

B. Oh, that's altogether a mistake on your part. I can see how it arises very naturally. You look around on your own lower orders and think how unfit they would be for political power ; and so they are now no doubt. But wait till virtue and intelligence are diffused among your people as generally as they are among ours, and then you will be ripe for a republic and will have it too.

Whether I believed in this magnificent formula of our superiority in virtue and intelligence to the rest of the world or not, it answered its purpose at the time completely, utterly putting down the Englishman, who was so upset with indignation at my quiet assumption that he could not deliver himself of an articulate reply.

Some of the Fast men among the Fellow-Commoners and their toadies, whose love of deviltry was much greater than their wit, as soon as they heard of my nationality, determined to have some fun out of me, and accordingly invited me to various entertainments with the laudable intention of making me drunk and otherwise putting me through my paces. But these fellows gave me very little trouble ; I may say it without vanity, for getting the better of them in anything which required the smallest exertion of *voûs* was like being first in a donkey-race. In all repartees and wordy warfare I gave them quite as much as they could manage. As to the fluids, I had the fortunate or unfortunate natural

gift, not unimproved by practice, of a rather strong head, and could imbibe a pretty good share, even of the villanously doctored Cambridge wines, without disturbing my bodily or mental equilibrium ; so that the men who had promised themselves the treat of seeing a drunken Yankee, only made themselves very comfortably tipsy in their attempts to intoxicate me, especially as I was too prudent to rely entirely on my natural capacities without having recourse to an occasional artifice. On one special occasion, I recollect there was a dead set made at me, almost every one present out of fourteen diners challenged me to drink repeatedly. I stuck to the Hock—or, more critically speaking, to something in a green bottle—the bottle and glass were colored, that was the main point ; the colored glass enabled me to fill and empty, in appearance, many times, while in reality I only poured out and tasted a few drops ; the result of which stratagem was that two or three of the party put themselves completely *hors du combat*, and were deeply impressed with a sense of my capacity.

Never but once did I even come near getting into any difficulty on account of my country. One night after a dinner party, a Fellow-Commoner of older standing, who was leaving at the same time, carried me off to “show me another set.” This other set consisted chiefly of the Beef-steak Club, some six or eight men who used to dine together once a week for the purpose of consuming incredible quantities of an extraordinary liquor called Cambridge Port, and having performed their usual duties, were then in what the

'Irish call a very high state of civilization. Among their guests was, to my horror and disgust, a Fellow of the college, just about to take orders. Before I could find a decent pretext for evaporating, one of the most "civilized" undertook to banter me on my non-appearance in the classic regions of Barnwell. It is not very difficult to quiz a drunken man, and I showed this one up so completely before his friends, that he became quite furious, and proceeded to make some very personal remarks upon "Yankees," which provoked me to give him a rather dogmatic extempore lecture on the requisites of a gentleman and the duties of hospitality and courtesy. He of the Beefsteak, comprehending dimly what I said, and being at a loss for words, made, by way of answer, a belligerent demonstration, to which, in self-defence, I was compelled to make signs of responding. But before hostilities were actually interchanged, several men seized hold of each of us, and the scene which ensued was sufficiently ludicrous. I had from the first been more amused at than angry with the obstreperous individual, and had not the slightest idea of fighting him unless he actually struck me, besides I was perfectly sober, which could not be said of any other person in the room except the old stager who brought me, so that I could observe quite coolly what was going on. One very well disposed and very tipsy man, who was great upon boats but very slow at books, endeavored to pacify me by relating the results of his own experience with moral deductions, but in four several attempts could get no farther than to inform me that he had been "f-five years in this u-university."

Another, who evidently gave me credit for the most belligerent propensities, was expounding to me the laws of the University, which forbade duelling under penalty of expulsion for all concerned, and insisting that therefore it was impossible to call a man out, &c. Meanwhile the other party was surrounded by *his* group of friends, who at length succeeded in persuading him that he had been guilty of a great breach of decorum, so that in the end he began apologizing to me, and continued his excuses till they were almost as great a bore as the original offence. This incident did not fail to be repeated, and partly from the muddled condition of those who witnessed and assisted at it, partly from the inaccuracy of gossip, from which even Englishmen are not entirely exempt, it was repeated with various exaggerations, and finally settled into the form that I had drawn a knife on the asperser of my countrymen, and threatened him with instant annihilation.

Some trifling New York accomplishments, from which no one in my position could have expected much *a priori*, now came into play, and tended to give me consequence. It may seem ridiculous that a knowledge of particular meats and drinks, or the possession of a stock of well-cut trowsers, should have any effect on a man's position in a community professedly literary; but it was these trifles more than anything else that tended to raise the opinion which the younger portion of my new associates formed of me, and through me of the country.

One of the first things which surprises a young man from our Atlantic cities on visiting England, is the inferiority of

the English in certain refinements of civilization, in which he was prepared to find them infinitely superior. It is with no small astonishment that the New Yorker, or Philadelphian, or Bostonian finds it almost impossible to get clothes made to fit in England ; nor, while doing justice to the mutton and ale of the country, is he less disappointed to find that there is no variety—the eternal steak, chops and potatoes, and big joints everywhere ; and that the national taste in wine is of the most barbarous description, most of the fluid consumed under that honorable appellation being half brandy. Moreover, having usually mixed more with Frenchmen, Spaniards, and Germans, and speaking what he knows of their languages more fluently than the Englishman of the same age, he has a decided advantage when any native of the Continent happens to be present, or when Continental matters are under discussion. After recovering from the first surprise of these facts, I cherished them *as* great facts, which enabled me to show my superiority to the “benighted British” when they least expected it ; and more than one youth who thought to astonish the American savage by a display of the mysteries of civilization, was rather astonished in his turn at my summary condemnation of English tailors and cooks, and my ostentatious learning in French wines and dishes. It may be supposed that the Fellows were not moved by any vanities of habiliment, but their epicurean and convivial tendencies led them to respect any hints in the matter of edibles and potables. A more intellectual way of becoming known was in the University debating society. I had, more by practice

than natural ability or inclination, acquired that knack of speech-making which about every third graduate of an American college possesses, and accordingly, at the first meeting of the *Union* after our admission, extemporized an argument on the Chinese war. In this way, however, it was not possible to gain much renown, the debating society being a very third-rate affair : mere oratory is about as much valued with the English as mere scholarship is with us. But in the legitimate business of the place I was not without resources. In accordance with the impulse first given by Newton, strengthened by other great scientific names, and only partially counteracted by such scholars as Bentley and Porson, Mathematics are made a necessary foundation for everything at Cambridge ; and the only road to Classical honors and their accompanying emoluments in the University, and virtually in all the Colleges, except Trinity, is through Mathematical, all candidates for the Classical Tripos being obliged as a preliminary to obtain a place in that Mathematical list which is headed by the Senior Wrangler and tailed by the Wooden Spoon.* This preliminary passing in science being a terrible bore to the Classical men, and failure in it sometimes shipwrecking them for life, they consider themselves, and claim to be considered by others, victims and martyrs. Now I hated Mathematics as cordially as any Cantab of my contemporaries, and with more experi-

* See the chapter on Recent Changes for an alteration in this respect.

ence, if not more knowledge of the subject, while I really was fond of Classics ; so as naturally to fall into the ranks of the aggrieved and complaining minority (there are about three Mathematical students for one Classical), and this helped to give me a position among those with whom I sympathized. In composition and cram I was yet untried, and the translations in lecture-room were not difficult to acquit one's-self on respectably. Finally, whatever I did, derived additional lustre from the blue and silver gown, the Fellow-Commoners generally being more disposed to *rowing* than reading, and not particularly distinguished in any way for their intellectual performances. Indeed, they are popularly denominated "empty bottles," the first word of the appellation being an adjective, though were it taken as a verb there would be no untruth in it.

And now, what impression did my new associates make upon me? With those of my own standing, and nearly my own age, I was much disappointed and somewhat disgusted. These youths of eighteen or nineteen seemed precocious enough in vice, but the veriest schoolboys in everything else—making a noise and throwing about pens and paper in the lecture-room, waxing uproarious at night over the worst liquors, working like schoolboys when they did work, translating with awkward literalness, and shifting most of the burden on the Lecturer when it came to Mathematics. In everything but physical development and vicious tendency they seemed years behind American students considerably their juniors, except that some—and only some of them—executed beautiful Latin verses with great facility.

In some respects, my generalization was very imperfect and incorrect. It had been my mishap, partly from my position as Fellow-Commoner, partly from local accidents, to fall among a bad set of Undergraduates. Had I, in the situation of my rooms, or of my seat at lectures, lighted among some of the best Eton, or Rugby, or Shrewsbury men, my first impressions would have been considerably modified. But in one important point they were correct. The English student of eighteen is more a boy than the American of the same age, in manners, in self-possession, in world-knowledge, in general knowledge of literature even. How far this precocity on our part is an advantage, is a question of which we shall have more to say hereafter. At that time, deeming it an unmixed benefit, I was not a little proud of it, individually and nationally.

But while not particularly pleased with those of my own immediate standing, I took great delight in the society of another class—the Bachelor Scholars. These men, averaging about twenty-three years of age, the best Classics and Mathematicians of their years, were reading for Fellowships—that is, they were putting themselves through the best existing course of intellectual training and polish. Most of them well grounded in the grammar, and copiously learned in the vocabularies of the Ancient tongues, so that they read Latin and Greek more readily than one usually does French, were now working over their Classics to the utmost pitch of accuracy, branching them out into philological discussions, enriching them with historic lore, and illustrating them from

the literature of other languages. Some were carrying up the results of their mathematical drilling to the highest walks of pure science ; and all were imbuing themselves with the sufficiently wide course of reading included within the limits of the metaphysical, or, as it is also and more correctly called, the *general* paper—a course which embraces Logic, Political Economy, Historical and Transcendental Metaphysics, and Ethics. Unsuccessful candidates, and others who wanted to laugh at the papers, used to call them *examinations on Whewell's books* ; which, had it been strictly true, was saying a good deal for them, since the Professor of Casuistry has written no small quantity about various subjects.

The classical sympathies and mental symmetry of these men could be fully perceived only by a student like themselves, but any person not grossly illiterate must have been struck by their acquaintance with the literature of their own tongue—not the ephemeral and superficial part of it, but the classics of the language. For their relaxation, instead of cheap novels, political diatribes, or newspaper scandals, they read the old Dramatists, and the standard Essayists of by-gone days. They formed Shakspeare clubs, to read and study *the* Dramatist—not exactly like those “Shakspearian Readings,” in which the actor or actress is the chief attraction. The criticism displayed in their conversation was much superior to the majority of what is lauded when read in print ; and when they talked, it was not declamation, or pamphleteering, or sophistical exhibition, aiming only to gain

the victory and produce an effect on the listeners, but a candid communication of knowledge and opinion, and a search after truth. The regular and hearty exercise they took every day, maintaining their bodies in vigorous health, kept their minds elastic, and at the same time drove out all moroseness and peevishness, rendering them eminently genial. And, while generally in moderate circumstances, and living on (for England) a very moderate income, they had a taste for some of the enjoyments of art, which they gratified in their temperate, honest way. Without the means of luxury, they preserved a gentlemanly æstheticism. Their dress was simple, not to say economical, but its cleanliness and freedom from pretension dispelled any disposition to criticise it. They could not afford valuable paintings, but their rooms were hung with choice engravings, the accumulations of their undergraduate years, a few pounds' worth at a time. They lived habitually on plain and substantial provender, but on festive days, when an old friend turned up unexpectedly, or an examination resulted triumphantly, or on any other occasion that provoked revelry, they enjoyed a *recherche* dinner, and a bottle or two of good wine as much as the most scientific epicure. They had not the command of an opera, or indeed any place of public amusement, and for a great part of the year were confined to the somewhat monotonous country about Cambridge, but for a month or six weeks in the "Long" they rambled off to see the sights of Paris, or the galleries of Belgium, or the natural beauties of the Rhine and

Switzerland, and came back far more delighted with their brief expedition than can be conceived by those who make it their business to worry from place to place in pursuit of diversion and excitement.

The great change and improvement effected by a few years of collegiate life was to me one of the first problems connected with the English Universities. Home experience had not led me to expect such a start between the ages of twenty-two and twenty-five. My own pursuit of classical study had been founded more on predilection for it than on a very strong conviction of its general utility; but now I began to consider whether there might not be in it more of this practical quality than I had ever yet given it credit for.

As to the Fellows, some of the younger men displayed much the same characteristics with the Bachelors; others of the older stock seemed to have grown somewhat rusty in their retirement; which led me to suspect what indeed is a common opinion among the Fellows themselves, that the University is an excellent place for the regular seven years, or perhaps, a few more, but after that time it is better for a man to leave it, unless he is strictly devoted to some purely scientific pursuit. And in this lies the value of the Trinity Fellowships, that being tenable (in the case of laymen) for seven years more (*not* involving residence) they afford a young man support until he can get fairly started in his profession, while the three years he has spent in reading for the Fellowship, themselves directly contribute to his getting

the start by the regular and powerful mental training they put him through. But unfortunately many not otherwise so inclined are tempted into orders to keep their Fellowships.

FRESHMAN TEMPTATIONS AND EXPERIENCES. TORYISM OF
THE YOUNG MEN, AND IDEAS SUGGESTED BY IT.

Natis in usum lætitiæ acyphis
Pugnare Thracum est.

HORACE.

ENGLISH boys remain at school until the term *boy* is hardly applicable to them (according to our notions, at least), and the academy-prospectus designation of "young gentlemen" becomes more appropriate; that is to say till eighteen or nineteen years of age. It is impossible that for youths of that stature (and they grow faster in England than in our Northern States) the school discipline should not be relaxed a little from its extreme strictness; still even for them it is pretty severe. From this state of close restraint they are suddenly thrown into a condition of almost entire freedom, in which they can go where they like, order what they please, and do almost anything they please, only about two hours and a half of their daily time being demanded by the college authorities, and from midnight till seven in the morning the only period when they must be in their rooms or lodging-houses. Tradesmen of all sorts give them unlimited tick; they can fill their wardrobes with clothes and their cellars with wines; they may gratify the "small

vice" of smoking, and any greater vices they are so unfortunate as to have, provided they do not openly outrage public decorum.

Having had a little more worldly experience than most Cambridge Freshmen, and being moreover fortified by a somewhat more refined taste (occasionally a valuable auxiliary to a man's principles) I kept clear without difficulty of all such boyish excesses. But there were seductions and dangers in the life I was leading, all the more perilous for not being appreciated by myself or others, and while passing for a terribly hard reading man, and a "Sim"* of the straitest kind with the "empty bottles," and enjoying a very exemplary character with most of the Dons, I was fast lapsing into a state of literary sensualism. The life about me was in many respects my ideal of worldly enjoyment. The studies which I preferred in just sufficient quantity to amuse and excite without fatiguing me, abundance of good cheer for the body, pleasant literary companions, some reputation for talent obtained by very little exertion, and a reputation for goodness obtained by no exertion—everything combined to put me on good terms with myself. I became lazy, and addicted to sleeping over morning chapels, and consuming much claret after dinner; I also wasted many hours at billiards, indulging myself in this fascinating game as a compensation for having denied

* *I. e., Simeonite*, a nickname given by rowing men to Evangelicals, and to all religious men, or even quiet men generally.

myself a horse on economical grounds. When a young man becomes fairly engaged at billiards, he seldom does anything else very regularly.

The life of a Freshman, after he has become fairly settled in his quarters, is not a very diversified one. The chief incidents of a University man's life are his examinations, and of these the Freshman has none worth mentioning until the end of his third term (unless he be a clergyman's son, and thereby entitled to go in for the Bell scholarship). One or two matters occurred during my first winter, that were of interest as giving me an insight into the political feeling of the University. Towards the end of our first term there was an election for High Steward, the officer who represents the University in the House of Lords. Lord Lyndhurst was the Tory candidate; his abilities and reputation, and the conservative majority among the members of the University, afforded little prospect of any successful opposition being offered to him. It happened, however, that a few years before, a young Whig nobleman (Lord Lyttleton) had come out head of the Classical Tripes, and being, though a Whig, a strong High-Churchman, and of unimpeachable character, it was thought that the High Church, Whig, and moral interests together might enable him to beat Lyndhurst. But the Tories stood by their man—High Church, Low Church or no church, moral or no moral—and elected him by a vote of all but two to one. The voters in these elections are all the M. A.'s who *keep their names on the Boards* (of their respective colleges)

by paying an annual sum. While the voting went on in the body of the Senate House, the galleries were filled with undergraduates, who gave cheers and groans for a great many things and people, and hissed unmercifully the prominent voters for Lyttleton. About this time I first had full personal experience of the uncharitableness shown by these youthful Tories towards their liberal countrymen. Many of them, who seemed to have taken up the Romish idea that a blind devotion to their church establishment would atone for any irregularity in their lives, looked upon a Liberal as no better than a Dissenter, and a Dissenter as only one step above an Atheist. A professed Radical was regarded as a strange monster, always to be suspected. Though not generally prone to gossip, they could not help inventing and repeating absurd calumnies about him. It was told me of a man whom I knew slightly, that he had once said, when the subject of Church extension was under discussion, "he would as soon subscribe for a brothel in every parish as a church." I very much doubted his even having uttered so atrocious a sentiment, and was not surprised to learn accidentally, some time after, that this was a standing bit of scandal which had been attributed to all the presidents of the Liberal club successively for many years.

I could not help contrasting the Jacobitism (Toryism is not a strong enough term for it) then prevalent among the students, not only with the political character of the University in other days, but with the general republican tendencies of young men of fashion under the Tory premier,

William Pitt. I was also led to compare it with the strong conservative spirit of our own collegians, and the Democratic longings of the German students; and was led to the somewhat hasty generalization that the majority of highly educated young men under any government are opposed to the spirit in which that government is administered. Hasty and imperfect as the conclusion is, it certainly does hold good of many countries, and is a fact worthy consideration. Perhaps we may thus account for the phenomenon. Barbarous and ignorant nations magnify themselves and their country above all the rest of the world, and regard foreigners with contempt or aversion. So do, though in a less degree, the ignorant classes of all countries. The first effect of education is to open a man's eyes, and let him see his nakedness. He sees the defects in the government of his country; he exaggerates them with the ardor of youth, and takes that side which promises to remedy them, without reflecting at what cost the remedy may have to be purchased. Be the reason of the thing what it may, I am not disposed to view the thing itself as altogether worthy of lamentation; nor whatever harm it may sometimes do the individual, do I regard it as mischievous to the community, but rather the contrary. The position has been well maintained by at least two able philosophical writers of the present day,* that complete consistency is not to be desired

* Mill *apud* Lewis, *Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion*, p. 237.

in a state; that for the sake of counteracting the inherent evils of every form of government the *prestige* is often in favor of arrangements which do *not* follow from the general principle of the government. And it is clear that such counterbalancing measures will never be proposed by those who carry out to extremes the fundamental principles of the government, whether democratic or aristocratic. The existence of a minority holding certain opinions may be very desirable when the conversion of that minority into a majority would be a thing especially to be deprecated. Nor does it even follow that such a minority will carry out their ideas so seriously as to aim at a radical change in the government. The founders and supporters of the Edinburgh Review were theoretical admirers of a republic, but when the English Whigs get into office they do not endeavor to subvert the monarchy.

To return from this digression, the next thing that particularly struck me was what may be called to an outside observer or non-studious resident the great feature of English University life—the boat races, which begin towards the close of the second term, and continue all through the third. Boating is the University amusement *par excellence*. The expense of it is small, and the Cam so convenient—just behind the Colleges. At all times of the year you may see solitary men in wherries, taking their shilling's or two shillings' worth of sculling up and down; while the boat-clubs for the formal Spring races are a convenient outlet for College emulation, the top of the river being an honor con-

tended for nearly as strenuously as the Senior Wranglership or the head of the Classical Tripos—and not always by a very different set of persons. Will the reader accompany me to my first race, and see it just as I saw it.

•

THE BOAT RACE.*

"Row, brothers, row!"—LADY OF THE LAKE.

"Go it, ye cripples!"—H. WALKER, Esq.

"DEAR B.—To-day the first race of the season comes off. Be at my room not later than two, and I will show you the way.
D. I. H."

Such were the contents of a curiously twisted note which I found upon my breakfast table one morning on returning from lectures. The writer was a Bachelor Fellow of Trinity, who knew more about America and Americans than any other Cantab then resident. Poor fellow! he had rather too much intercourse with us for his own profit: when the U. S. Bank blew up, "*Dunny H.*" was in for some £1000, or it may have been more—he never would own how much.

But I am digressing. There was not much time to lose, for it wanted but a quarter of two, and "*Dunny*" was a punctual man. So, arming myself with an umbrella (it has

* This chapter was originally published as an article in the Yale Literary Magazine, during the year 1841. In 1847, it was republished in a city magazine; on which occasion, one of our wise newspaper critics discovered that it was copied from an article in Blackwood, written about two years after mine was in print.

the habit of raining *at least* once a day in England), I sallied forth to witness for the first time that exciting spectacle, a University boat-race.

There is one great point where the English have the advantage over us: they understand how to take care of their health. Not that the Cantabs are either "tee-totallers" or "Grahamites." There is indeed a tradition that a "total-abstinence" society was once established in Cambridge, and that in three years it increased to two members; whether it be still in existence, however, I have not been able to learn. But every Cantab takes his two hours' exercise *per diem*, by walking, riding, rowing, fencing, gymnastics, &c. How many colleges are there here where the students average one hour a day real exercise? Our Columbia boys roll ten-pins and play billiards, which is better than nothing, but very inferior to out-door amusements. In New England (at least it was so ten years ago at Yale), the last thing thought of is exercise—even the mild walks which are dignified with the name of exercise there, how unlike the Cantab's constitutional of eight miles in less than two hours! If there is a fifteen days' prayer-meeting, or a thousand-and-first new debating-society, or a lecture on some *specialité* which may be of use to half-a-dozen out of the hundred or two who attend it, over goes the exercise at once. And the consequence is—what? There is not a finer-looking set of young men in the world than the Cantabs, and as to their health—why, one hundred and thirty Freshmen enter at Trinity every year, and it is no unfrequent occurrence that, whatever loss they

sustain from other causes (accidents will happen in the best regulated *colleges*), death takes away none of them during the three years and a half which comprise their undergraduate course. Whose memory can match this at Yale? If our youngsters exercised their legs and arms just four times as much as they do, and their tongues ten times as little, it would be the better for them every way. But I am not now reading a lecture on dietetica, so let us come back to the shores of the Cam.

Classic Camus being a very narrow stream, scarcely wider than a canal, it is impossible for the boats to race side by side. The following expedient has therefore been adopted: they are drawn up in a line, two lengths between each, and the contest consists in each boat endeavoring to touch with its bow the stern of the one before it, which operation is called *bumping*; and at the next race the *bumper* takes the place of the *bumped*. The distance rowed is about one mile and three quarters. To be "head of the river" is a distinction much coveted and hard fought for. Each college has at least one boat club; in Trinity there are three, with three or four crews in each. About nine races take place in the season; they are of great use in preparing the men for the annual match with Oxford, in which the Cantabs are generally victorious.* Indeed, they are the best smooth-water oars in England, if not in the world.

* But once the Oxonians beat our eight oars with *seven*, which is rightly judged equal to half-a-dozen ordinary defeats.

The Caius* boat at this time was head of the river, the First Trinity second, the Third Trinity the third. Some hard pulling was expected among the leading boats. The Third Trinity were confident of bumping the first.

While you have been reading the above, you may suppose H—— and myself viewing the scene of action, distant about two miles from the town. The time of starting is at hand, and gowmsmen (*not* in their gowns) are hurrying by us on all sides, some mounted, but the greater part on foot; some following the beaten track, others taking a shorter cut over fields and fences. Here comes a sporting character, riding his own "hanimal." See with what a knowing look man and horse approach the fence. Hip! he is over, and six inches to spare. Ah! here is another, who, though not very well mounted, must needs show his dexterity at the same place. Not quite, stranger! The horse has his fore feet clean over, but it by no means follows that he will do the same with the hind ones. Crack! he has hit the top bar and carried it off several yards. Not so bad after all. He might not do it again so neatly.

Bang! there goes the first gun! In three minutes there will be another, in two more a third, and then for it! What are those men laughing at? Ah! I see; no wonder. An ambitious character on a sorry hack has driven his

* Familiarly pronounced *Keys*. There is an old joke about a man named Bunch having belonged to this college, and being called accordingly, "Bunch of Keys."

Rozinante at a ditch. No you don't, mister! The horse, wiser than his rider, refuses the leap, with a sagacious shake of the head. He is hauled back for a fresh start, and the whip applied abundantly. Same result as before. The tittering of the passers-by reaches our hero's ears: he waxes wrathful, and discharges on the reluctant steed a perfect hurricane of blows!

Spla-ash! with the utmost composure imaginable the old horse has stepped into the ditch, say three feet deep, casting his rider headlong by the abrupt descent. Serves you right, my friend. We can't stop to see what becomes of you, for there goes the second gun, and we must make haste to secure a good place. Well, here we are, at the upper end of "the Long Reach." We can just spy the head of the first boat below yonder corner. As the hardest pulling always begins here we shall have a good view of it. Ha! do you see that pull? The eight stalwart Caius men bent to their oars the moment the last gun flashed, and its report reaches our ears as they are stooping to the second stroke. Here they come at a rapid rate, and with them the whole *cortège* of horse and foot, running along the bank and cheering the boats. Take care of yourselves! A young colt, frightened by the uproar, is exhibiting some very decided capers, to the manifest discomposure of those around him, and finishes by jumping into the river, fortunately not near enough to the boats to disturb them. His rider maintains his seat throughout, and they emerge somewhat wet, but otherwise apparently uninjured. And whether they were or

not, no one cared, for the leading boats were now rounding the upper corner of the Reach. On they come at a good rate, the Caius men taking it quite easy, and pulling leisurely, as much as to say, "what's the use of hurrying ourselves for *them*?" Indeed the First Trinity had lost half a length, and were therefore in some danger themselves.

Caius passed me, for I was far from a good runner, so did the two Trinity boats and "Maudlin" (Magdalen), when suddenly there uprose a mighty shout, "Trinity! Trinity! Go it, Trinity!" and there was First Trinity shooting forward with a magical impulse, away, away from the threatening Third Trinity, and up, up, up to the head boat. The poor Caius crew looked like men in a nightmare: they pulled without making any headway, while the others kept fast overhauling them at every stroke. The partisans of the respective boats filled the air with their shouts. "Now Keys!" "Now Trinity!" "Why don't you pull, Keys?" "Now you have 'em, Trinity!" "Keys!" "Trinity! Trinity!" "Now's your chance, Keys!" "Save yourself, Keys!" And it did really appear as if the Caius men would save themselves, for, with a sudden, mighty effort, they made a great addition to their boat's velocity in a very short time. I began to fear they had been "playing 'possum" all the while, and could walk away from us after all.

The uproar and confusion of the scene were now at their height. Men and horses ran promiscuously along the bank, occasionally interfering with each other. A dozen persons might have been trampled under foot, or sent into the Cam,

and no one would have stopped to render them assistance. The coxswain of the Caius boat looked the very personification of excitement; he bent over at every pull till his nose almost touched the stroke's arm, cheering his men meantime at the top of his voice. The shouts rose louder and louder. "Pull, Trinity!" "Pull, Keys!" "Go it, Trinity!" "Keep on, Keys!" "Pull, stroke!" "Now, No. 3!" "Lay out, Greenwell!"—for the friends of the different rowers began to appeal to them individually. "That's it, Trinity!" "Where are you, Keys?" "Hurrah, Trinity! inity!! inity!!!" and the outcries of the Trinitarians waxed more and more boisterous and triumphant, as our men, with their long slashing strokes, urged their boat closer and closer upon the enemy.

Not more than half a foot now intervened between the bow of the pursuer and the stern of the pursued, still the Caius crew pulled with all their might. They were determined to die game at least, or perhaps they still entertained some hope of making their escape. Boats have occasionally run a mile almost touching. But there is no more chance for them. One tremendous pull from the First Trinity, and half that distance has disappeared. They all but touch. Another such stroke, and you are aboard of them. Hurrah! a bump! a bump!

Not so! The Caius' steersman is on the look-out, and with a skilful inclination of the rudder he has made his boat fall off—just the least bit in the world—but enough to prevent their contact. The First Trinity overlapped, but did not touch.

Exulting shouts from the shore hailed the success of the dexterous evasion. Enraged at being thus baffled, the pursuers threw all their strength into a couple of strokes. The Caius men, knowing that this was their last chance, were doing their best to get away, but the other boat was upon them in a moment. Again the skill of the cockswain was brought into play, and again the pursuing boat overlapped without touching. But it was now clear that they were only delaying their fate, not averting it, for the Trinity men, going four feet for their three, were running them into the further bank in a way that left no room for change of course. "Hurrah for Trinity!" shouted I, in the fulness of my exultation, and at that moment a horse walked against me and nearly threw me off the bank.

When I regained my feet, it was all over. Both boats had hauled off on one side, and ours had hoisted her flag. Trinity was the head of the river once more, and great was the joy of her inmates.

Alas for human expectations! When the season ended, Caius was first and the First Trinity—No. 4.

A TRINITY SUPPER PARTY.

"Qui plenos hausit cyathos madidusque quiescit,
Ille bonam degit vitam moriturque facetus."

IGNOTUS QUIDAM.

THE social entertainments of a community are always an object of interest to the stranger, and many things may be learned from them. It certainly gave me a new idea or two when, on the Commemoration Day in November, I attended a Supper of the Dons in *Combination Room* (an apartment over the hall, devoted to the suppers and desserts of those in authority), after which meal, we, that is such of the Fellow-Commoners as preferred grave society, sat with these college dignitaries round the fire playing whist for shilling points, and drinking bishop (mulled port), and a very enticing mixture appropriately called *silky*, the component parts of which, so far as I could judge from internal evidence, appeared to be made of rum and madeira.

Of ordinary undergraduate wine-parties there is no need to say much. Thackeray has summed them up according to their deserts: "thirty lads round a table covered with bad sweetmeats, drinking bad wines, telling bad stories, singing bad songs over and over again." The younger Fellows, Bachelor Scholars, and some of the more knowing among the older Under-

graduates, understood the thing better ; had good wine, with the simplest accompaniments, such as biscuits and oranges ; and when they extemporized a supper, did it with equal simplicity. At such regales, one met with the three conditions of a perfect symposium : good dishes and wine, an entire absence of display and pretension, and the genial conversation of clever men. Some exquisites may be disposed to turn up their noses at people who never used claret jugs or sugar tongs,* but the richest plate and china seldom witness the enjoyment which those primitive and yet dainty repasts afforded.

Occasionally, when the *συμμετέχοντες* mix in with the ordinary run of men, if their viands do not become less choice, their conversation may ; and their fun at times verges on the fast and furious, as the reader shall judge for himself.

“SHADY rather this composition : you never know where to put your *ἀν*’s. I think we *may* get you a First though, by a triumph of art, that is—How are you off for Mathematics ?”

“Very mild.”

“Ever read Euclid ?”

“Rather. Say eight years ago. Can get that up in two days.”

* How the custom of taking sugar with the fingers should prevail at the University and nowhere else in England, is somewhat singular, especially as almost every man owns a sugar-tongs when he comes up ; but such is the case.

"And Algebra?"

"When I was a boy, but never very brilliant in it."

"If you can get ten marks out of five hundred, it is better than nothing. Better go to Dunny (Dunbar) first and see what he can do with you. Don't try too much at once. I cut the Algebra and Trigonometry papers dead my first year, and came out seventh."

"*Verremos. δαίττον.*"

"Nay, stop the revolving axles of your feet a minute. Have you anything to do after tea? No? then come up and you'll find a few men at supper."

I went back to Letter E, New Court, read 80 lines of Aristophanes, and did a few more bits of illustration, such as noting down the relative resources of Athens and Sparta when the Peloponnesian war broke out, and the sources of the Athenian revenue (we had a book of Thucydides for one of our subjects), all which occupied me till half past nine.

"There will be some quiet Bachelors there, I suppose," thought I, "and a Junior Fellow or two, some of those I have met in combination," and so thinking, I substituted a dress coat and boots for the loose slippers and George-Sandish half frock-coat, half dressing-gown, which figured prominently in my ordinary evening costume. It was about six steps across New Court, and three to Travis's staircase in the cloisters. He kept in the third story, but long ere this ascent was completed the sound of voices and clatter of knives and forks gave token that the grub was under discussion. The outer, or "sporting" door was of course

wide open : passing through an interior one of green baize, I blundered up a narrow and totally unilluminated passage, and rapped instinctively at where the third door ought to be ; then, scarcely waiting for the emphatic "come in," plunged into the jovial assemblage. Dead sell for the Nugee and patent leathers ! *Abandon* reigned throughout. One man was in a blouse, another in his shirt-sleeves, the amphitryon himself in a shooting-coat. There were not a dozen of them, but they made noise enough for thirty. As quietly as possible I slipped into the chair reserved for me at the host's right hand.

✓ "Ah, B—!" and Travis squeezed my hand with a solemn and business-like affection. "Just in time. What will you take ? Ducks—grilled fowls—lobster *grating*, as our cook calls it—Lawson, here's a young gentleman will trouble you for some duck. Try some champagne—not so good as you get in America, I'm afraid ; we're waiting for free trade."

✓ The duck and champagne went to their appropriate place, and then, as every one was fully occupied, I had time to look about me and study the company. At the head of the table sits our worthy "coach," Tom Travis. His fine person is not displayed to full advantage in a loose plaid shooting-coat, and his very intellectual but decidedly ugly features are far from being improved by a black wool smoking cap of surpassing hideousness. Take him as he is, he is a rare fellow—with American versatility and English thoroughness. He knows nearly a dozen ancient and modern languages,

more or less correctly, and when you bring him out on Greek he would astonish a room-full of Yankee Professors. His mathematics are decidedly *minus*, but the use for them is past long ago. Two years ago he got up enough of his low subjects to go out among the Junior Ops, and then the way was easy to a high First Class in the Tripos; and, as he is well up in metaphysics, you may count on him for a Fellowship, probably his second trial. And after that what will he do? He is gay; a puritan might call him dissipated, but it is not wickedness aforethought, but an incurable passion for seeing *character* which drags him into all sorts of society—once he went off among the gipsies, Borrow-fashion, and stayed there long enough to learn their lingo. He is independent in politics and *juste milieu* (by his own account) in church matters, very fond of law and equally so of theology—fonder of the theatre than either. Perhaps he will be a nominal barrister and an actual writer for Punch and the Magazines. Perhaps he will go quite mad and write a tragedy. Perhaps some of his liberal friends at “the University we’ve got in town,” profanely called *Stinkomalee* by Oxonians and Cantabs, will make him Professor of Greek—or English or Zincali, it’s all the same to him—in that great institution. Or perhaps (here the reader, if a New-Englander, is requested to pull out his handkerchief, and borrow a *flacon* of salts) he will stay here for three or four years as an M.A. pupillizing constantly, and his clothes will gradually grow blacker and his cravat whiter, till some day there will be stuck up on the Hall screen a small notice to the effect

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that "Mr. Travis requests the college testimonials for orders." And after all there are worse parsons than he would make—yea, even in old Connecticut—for there is great earnestness in the man and benevolence extraordinary; he takes much interest in the poor and is very generous to them—too generous indeed, for he sometimes gives them his tradesmen's money—and he always minds his own business, but to be sure that is not so rare and Phoenix-like a virtue in England as with us. Any of these things Tom Travis may be (I ought not to omit the opinion of his *gyp*, who holds him in absolute veneration, that "Mr. Travis will leave the college a Fellow, and come back a Judge"), at present he is a Bachelor Scholar and a "coach" of rising reputation, in which last capacity it is that B— has the most intimate connexions with him, that young man being in a violent state of cram for the May examination, and very nervous about the result.

The Vice is Effingham Lawson, who puts you in mind of Bob Sawyer, "a dissipated Robinson Crusoe," generally dispensing with gloves and wearing a *red* P-coat, and an enormous stick. But under that unpromising exterior there is much learning, more common sense, and even considerable warmth of feeling. Break in upon him during the day, his deportment will be brusque and his replies monosyllabic; but give him a cigar and some whiskey-toddy on a winter night and after the third tumbler he will "discourse most exquisite" politics, literature, or theology, till morning chapel. He is older than Tom by a few years, say three,

which will make him twenty-six, and has only one more chance for a Fellowship, which, however, he is pretty safe for, as he will do very well all round, his classics being good enough to let his mathematics in, and his metaphysics brilliant.

On his right, diagonally opposite me, is a handsome little man with a predominating aquiline nose. Quite a youth, to look at, is Horace Spedding, but he is considerably older than you would take him to be—older in every way—and a very hard customer you would find him, not at all easy to sell or come over. He was an Etonian, and of course is an elegant Latin versifier, and captivatingly innocent of mathematics, which does not in the least prevent him from being an acute and dexterous logician. The most remarkable thing about him is his *εἰρωνεία*. This is a peculiarly Cantab quality, inexpressible in English save by a periphrasis; you may call it the *opposite vice to hypocrisy*. Thus to hear Spedding talk in a mixed company (particularly if there are any freshmen or country clergymen to astonish) you would think him a monster of depravity, just fit for one of Eugene Sue's heroes; whereas he is in private life a very quiet and temperate man of high principles and steady practice. The Rugby men can't abide him, taking this *εἰρωνεία* for natural wickedness; he in return laughs at them, and calls them *Arnold and water*. There is American blood in Horace, but you will not easily find a man with a more thorough abhorrence of democratic institutions. N. B. His father lost £20,000 by the U. S. Bank. To-morrow he is going in for

a Scholarship, and is sure to get one; for, much as the Dons dislike him, they always elect the best man. No one ever dared charge them with unfairness. And his Fellowship will follow in time. Then he will probably invest his small income judiciously, for he has a great talent for statistics and finance, and in some four or five years you may find him in town, coming home from 'Change to read Plato. After a while, his connexion, which is a good one, will procure him some attaché or legationship, and then woe to the foreign diplomat who comes in his way, for a *leerier* man than Horace is not on this side sundown.

That escaped-convict looking man, next Spedding, is the Hon. G. Dutton, Captain of the First Trinity. Though a peer's son, he has come up as a pensioner, not an unusual step now, the expenses of a Fellow-Commoner being so great. He is an Eironiast, like Horace, but with him it takes a more practical turn. There never is a gay boating supper party without George Dutton. The Barnwell girls know him well, and the Dons look askew at him. But the man is always walking through the fire and never getting burnt. Immovably capacious of liquor, cold and passionless as Pitt or Paracelsus, he is the wonder and the admiration of his weaker companions. To hear him talk now, you would think his only object on earth was the Boat; working his men up the Long Reach at the top of their speed running round the hall after dinner to see that none of them take sizings (pastry is bad for the wind, say the knowing ones); prowling about in all sorts of places, by night, and

pulling them out of all sorts of places to send them off to bed at a proper hour. Yet that rowdy, reckless boat-captain manages to clear his seven-hours' reading every day, and no one stands a chance for Senior Classic alongside of him, except one steady, well-trained Shrewsbury man. (Marsden and Dutton are sworn friends, by the way, each worshipping the other; so much for the evil effects of emulation, &c.) In more thorough bodily and mental training you cannot conceive a man to be; and there is no doubt of it that he will take a high stand at the bar—probably be, as was his father before him, a law-lord, some day—if there are any lords at all by that time—which there will be, the Democratic Review to the contrary notwithstanding.

And who is next Dutton? Who but the redoubted Romano? Is that man an Englishman, or an Anglo-Saxon at all? Short, dark, and much bewhiskered; his name too—*Romano*. Yes, he is very foreign, but an Englishman for all that, though he has lived much on the Continent, where he learned to speak three or four languages, play an instrument or two passably, and not only *tell* French dishes but absolutely *cook* them. Clever enough is Romano, but his university course has been a shipwreck, and he will probably end by going out unnoticed among the πολλοί. He stood well his first year, chose to be vexed his second, because he did not get a Scholarship at the first trial; migrated to a Small College; couldn't stand that, and came back again—just too late for a Trinity Scholarship. The only tangible result of his migration and re-migration was a

joke from Spedding. B— had unthinkingly asked, one day, "What *could* have made Romano migrate to Pembroke?"

"Why," quo' Horace, "when Rum'un obtained the dignity of a Junior Soph, he suddenly became religious; so much so, indeed, that he thought of going as a missionary to the South Sea Islands, when it was suggested to him that there existed an extensive field nearer home, in the Small Colleges."

Finally, on Travis's left sits Wilkinson, another shipwreck, so far as University distinctions are concerned. He came from Eton capitally prepared. Even now the classic poets are at the tip of his tongue, and when the fit is on him he will reply to you in extempore verse. For instance, I once met him in our beautiful grounds, just before four, our early dinner hour.

"Well, Wilkinson, are you going to devour beef in the hall, or shall we take a stroll here in the sun?"

"*Suave vorare bovem, sed suavius apicari,*"

replied the unhesitating manufacturer of longs and shorts. Could there be a prettier spondaic line? But alas! Wilkinson has little ability and less taste for mathematics. He will never get up enough of his low subjects to pass the Senate-house; so the Tripos is a sealed book to him. Still he *must* get his Scholarship, and *may* get his Fellowship; for in Trinity mathematics are not a *sine qua non*, though imperious Whewell is doing his worst to make them so.

But it is more probable that he will take a disgust at the whole business, and do something very mad; learn the flute, fall in love, or turn Romanist.

And now who is there on my side of the table? A stray Freshman or two like myself; a fat, beer-drinking captain of one of the second crews—Marsden; a quiet Scotchman, irreproachable as a classic and a whist-player, but not very brilliant in any other department; and—yes! that man asleep on the other end of the sofa is Fowler the Australian. He has just got out in a bye-term after being plucked once, and has been getting — something that begins with D or I, on the strength of it. The effects of the first spree he is sleeping off; by and by we may perhaps see him in his glory.

While my survey was going on the substantials have been consumed, the last morsel of the indispensable cheese demolished, the last stoup of beer emptied. The decks are cleared; Porcher, Tom's faithful gyp, appears with a mighty bowl. That *σχηρή ταμία*, Mrs. Porcher, produces the lemons and other punchifying appurtenances, and Travis himself hauls out from a "wee sly neuk" two potent bottles.

"Do they make punch in America?" says my fellow-pupil, Menzies (pron. Ming-ee), opening his mouth for the first time.

"Oh, yes; and other drinks manifold. Egg-nogg—sangaree."

"What is sangaree?"

"What you call negus."

"Negus is *ne gustandum*," broke in Wilkinson.

"Do open the window, Horace, and let that pun out."

"Sherry cobbler, mint julep, and—"

"Do tell us how mint julep is made;" and Travis in his curiosity actually looked up from the bowl, with whose contents he had been busy for the last five minutes; the third lemon remained uncut in his hand, and the knife fell vacantly on the table.

"You don't know!" I took confidence and drew myself up in conscious superiority of knowledge. "It's the drink of Elysium. The gods combined their energies to concoct it. Bacchus gave his most potent spirit. Venus sweetened it with her most precious kiss. Pomona contributed her most piquant fruit, Flora her most aromatic herb, and Jove shook a handful of hail over all." As I concluded this prose version of Charles Hoffman, a burst of applause went round the table.

"Bravo!" quoth my coach. "Fancy Flora walking up with both hands full of mint like Demeter in the Thalussia—"

δράγματα καὶ μάκωνας ἐν ἀμφοτέροισιν ἔχουσα.

"B—, what does *δράγματα καὶ μάκωνας* mean?"

I gave the proper answer, and Travis stirred up the beverage for the last time.

A growl from the vice interrupted us. Lawson had been for the last ten minutes ornamenting the fine features of the sleeping Australian with a huge pair of burnt cork moustaches. He now looked up from giving his victim the last

touch, and muttered, "Don't talk shop! Let's have a song!" "Very well!" responded Travis, to whom nothing ever came amiss, "Romano has just got a new one by letter from Oxford. Come, Rum'un!" And Rum'un did as he was bid. Be it premised, for the benefit of the uninitiated, that Oxonians call the sporting door "the oak."

"Here's a song to my oak, my brave old oak,
That was never yet left ajar;
And still stands he a stout bit of tree,
All duns and intruders to bar!
There's strength in his frown when the sun goes down,
And duns at his portals shout;
And he showeth his might in the broad daylight
By selling the tutor's scout.

CHORUS.

Then here's to my oak, my brave old oak!
That no heels, sticks, or pokers can mar;
And still may he last as in days long past,
All duns and intruders to bar.

When I came up to Queen's I knew I was green,
But I swore I would ne'er be gay,
So I sported my oak and read for a joke
Full sixteen hours in the day:
But care comes to all, being plucked for my Small,
And finding but grief for my pains,
I next like a brick ran up all sorts of tick,
So sported my door remains.

Then here's to my oak, &c.

I once knew the times, when the silvery chimes
Of a well-plenished purse met my ear,
When ' your small account, sir,' and ' very large amount, sir,
To make up,' for me had no fear.
Now duns rule the roast, as I find to my cost,
And a merciless set are they ;
But they ne'er shall get in to ask for their tin
While my door can keep them at bay.
Then here's to my oak, my brave old oak !
That keeps me all safe alone,
And still may he last, as in days long past,
Till a hundred duns are gone !"

After some applause and a moderate pause, Dutton was called on to volunteer (to speak Hibernicé), and promptly came forth with " Vilkins and Dinah," a rich Cockney ditty, one version of which may be found in Bentley's Miscellany for '43 or '44. It goes off very musically, even like a chime of bells, somehow thus :

" It was a lickermarchant in Londing did dwell,
Who had one only darter, a beautiful young gal—"

" Observe the accuracy of the rhyme," says Travis.

" Her name it was Di-nay, 'bout sixteen years old,
Who had a fine fortune of sillivere and gold ;"

and then proceeds to relate, with much humor and pathos, how " Villikins " wooed the lovely Dinah ; how the governor

(as governors always do) had another "lovyere" waiting for her ; how he mildly expostulated with his refractory offspring in these moving terms :

" O Dinay, my daughter, I pray you don't vex me,
For if you do, 'tis ten to one, I die of the apoplexy ;"

how

" Villikins, vile vollocking (walking) her garding around,"

discovered the " cold corpus " of his true love, and thereupon drank up the " pison " always provided in such cases ; and then the melancholy conclusion was speedily relieved by a *chœur foudroyant*, so long, so loud, that it actually woke the Australian. Being waked up, Fowler was satisfactorily put through his paces, talked an indefinite amount of nonsense, rubbed his face in happy unconsciousness of its extraordinary appendages, and thereby blacked it all over, to the inexpressible delight of the Freshmen ; sang a Parhyponcean song which will hardly bear transportation, and finally extemporized a vigorous hornpipe, doubtless to the great comfort of the small, precise Don, keeping immediately underneath, whom Tom had dubbed " Bloody Politeful," and was in the habit of paying various delicate attentions to, such as stealing his bread and drowning mice in his milk jug. This concluded the evening's entertainments, and the company broke up at half past twelve, except Lawson and the American, who stayed with Travis till three, talking theology.

Fortunately no one in Cambridge need go to morning chapel unless he chooses. Who shall say, after this, that England is not a land of liberty ?

.

THE MAY EXAMINATION.

"Paper, paper everywhere,
And all our hearts did shrink,
Paper, paper everywhere,
Paper, and pens, and ink."

RYME OF THE OXFORD BACHELERS.

It may have been observed from some allusions in the preceding chapter that, although still occasionally attendant at a jollification, I had partly shaken off my habits of idleness and set to work, and that this beneficial change was brought about by pressure of an approaching examination. In Cantab phrase I was suffering *examination funk*. This was my first chance of distinction. True, we had undergone occasional examinations in Euclid and Greek, but these were entirely at the option of our individual College tutors, and without any public result. Knowing but little as yet of the complicated system, I had paid but little attention to its workings in Triposes and University Scholarship examinations, though some knowledge of them was forced upon me by conversations in hall. When the great degree examination for mathematical honors came off in January and a "Small-College" man was Senior Wrangler, the announcement of this unusual occurrence did not particularly interest me; nor, just returned as I was from a winter expedition into

Dorsetshire, did I even go to see the ceremony of degree-taking and behold the lion of the day. The Classical Tripos next month I knew and cared something more about, partly because it was a subject that more concerned me, and partly from the very uncommon circumstance of there being no Chancellor's Medals adjudged that year.

All candidates for Classical Honors are first obliged to obtain a place among the *Junior Optimés*, that is to say in the third class of the three into which the Mathematical Tripos is divided. But besides this, two golden medals are given annually for classical proficiency to Bachelors, who are at least *Senior Optimés* or Second Class men in mathematics. It generally happens that one of the best two classical men in the year has this preliminary requisite, but an interval of three or four frequently occurs on the Tripos between him and the second Medallist. These Medallists then are the best scholars among the men who have taken a certain mathematical standing; but as out of the University these niceties of discrimination are apt to be dropped, they usually pass at home for absolutely the first and second scholars of the year; and sometimes they are so. Now it happened that this year the mathematical examination was very difficult and made great havoc among the classics. Three Trinity men, and four from other colleges, all likely candidates for the First Class, were utterly plucked, and several more "gulfed," that is to say, they did just well enough to save their degree, but not well enough to be placed on the list of Mathematical Honors; so that *their* chance, also, for

the Classical Examination was forfeited. As the First Class of the Classical Tripos seldom exceeds twelve, to knock out seven probable men considerably reduces its fair proportions; in fact, on the present occasion, it numbered only five. Moreover, of these five, the first three were *Junior Optimés*, and could not go in for the medals. There remained but two, bracketed at the foot of the Class, and these acquitted themselves so moderately, that the first two of the Second Class, who had been tempted into the Medal Examination by the scarcity of candidates, did just about as well. No one was good enough, according to the usual standard, for the First Medal; they could not give a Second, or two Second, without a First, and so none were adjudged. This caused a new outcry against the injustice to which Classical men were exposed, and frightened one Third-year man away to Oxford, while several declared that they would go out in "the Poll" (among the *πολλοί*, those not candidates for Honors).

In March, about the same time as the Medal Examination, took place that for the *Bell* (University) *Scholarships*, which concerned several men of my year, but not me. These Scholarships are open to Freshmen, who are sons of clergymen, and in moderate circumstances. The papers are chiefly Classical, a little Mathematics, as high as easy Mechanics, entering into it, chiefly for the sake of determining between the best candidates whose Classical merits are nearly equal. The Classical papers, being for Freshmen, do not include the more difficult authors, Thucydides, Pindar, Aristophanes, Plautus, &c., or Composition in Greek; but there is always

enough Latin Composition, both in prose and verse, to frighten the uninitiated. A good deal of Homer is set, and generally a fair allowance of Cicero. There is also a paper in Scripture History and Greek Testament. Two of these Scholarships are vacant every year. Trinity generally gets the first, and frequently both. This year, the first man was a Johnian.

The examination which was now approaching, and which particularly interested me, was the College Easter Term Examination, familiarly spoken of as "the May." The *Easter* is the third Collegiate Term, the other two being respectively called the Michaelmas and Lent. The nominal vacations are very long, and the actual ones still longer, so that there are not more than twenty-two weeks of real term time in the year—that is, lectures are delivered and residence required for that period only, and a gownsmen not disposed to study has the rest of the year to himself. For the reading men, the vacations are the busiest time, there being so much less temptation to idleness when all the idle men are away. The terms are still further divided, each into two parts, and, after "division" in the Michaelmas and Lent terms, a student, who can assign a good plea for absence to the *College* authorities, may go down and take holiday for the rest of the time, having already kept enough of the term to answer the *University* requisition. So, also, a student who is prevented by any accident from coming up at the beginning of either of these terms, may appear just before division, and keep the latter half. But with the

division of the Easter term, the Collegiate year virtually ceases; for, though the statute term does not end till the Commencement in July, the Commencement practically takes place in the Long Vacation, all lectures having concluded with "the May," and most of the men gone down.

The "May" is one of the features which distinguishes Cambridge from Oxford; at the latter there are no public College examinations. The Freshman is examined on the Classical authors which have been his lecture-room subjects for the year, and on First-year Mathematics, i. e. Euclid, Algebra, and Trigonometry. The higher Years are similarly examined, only with this difference, that, whereas in the Freshman examination Classics count twice as much as Mathematics, for the Junior and Senior Sophs Mathematics preponderate in an equal or greater ratio. There are slight differences in the details at different Colleges. Some divide the Classical and Mathematical Examinations, putting them a month apart; some have no examination for the Senior Sophs; some include in the Freshman Mathematical papers some Second-year subjects, such as Conic Sections; the Johnians give the most marks to Mathematics from the start: but the general scheme is nearly the same in all.

So much by way of preliminary.

"What a paper this has been for Menzies! By Jove! how he must have walked into that Athenian navy! He's safe now—that is, if they can read his writing. Who set this?"

"Goulburn."

"Ah! He's been studying Arabic lately, and may be warranted equal to any kind of hieroglyphics. I'm afraid this wasn't in your line altogether. How is it? Have you been performing with credit to yourself and satisfaction to your coach. What did *you* do with the navy?"

"Not much—it quite swamped me, except the Trierarchy business."

"Did you tell them the Attic Tribes and the Attic and Spartan Months?"

"On the contrary."

"Did you draw that map of τὰ ἐπὶ Θράκης and Brasidas' campaign?"

"Still less."

"What *did* you do? Did you explain the εἰσφορὰ, and the other sources of revenue?"

"Three pages of Büekh bodily."

"And gave them a nice little life of Thucydides, of course."

"Like bricks."

"And no end of Aristophanes?"

"Any quantity."

"Come, that's not so bad after all. If you did that, and the Constitution, *and* Aegina, *and* Nicias, *and* explained these passages, you *may* have got two-fifths' marks."

It was the third day of our May examination. Travis and myself were in the identical room that had witnessed the festivities recently recorded. The subject of our discussion

was a printed sheet, all four sides of which were closely filled. I can't give you a better idea of it than by copying the first page *verbatim et literatim*.

THUCYDIDES. LIB. IV.

TRINITY COLLEGE, *June*, 1841.

I. (1.) What do we learn of the life, station, and character of Thucydides from his own writings? (2.) What is assigned as the date of his birth? (3.) What account is given of his first vocation to write history, and with what probability? (4.) Is it probable that he survived the end of the war? (5.) What opportunities had he of acquiring information? (6.) What period of time is embraced by his history? (7.) By whom was it continued; and from what writers do we derive our knowledge of the history of Greece down to the time when it became a Roman province? (8.) How far do you concur in the opinion expressed of Thucydides in the words *δοκεῖ πολλὰ χαρίζεσθαι μὲν Λακεδαιμονίοις κατηγορεῖν δὲ Ἀθηναίων*? (9.) Quote from this book instances of the *ἐναργεία*, the *λέξεις ποιητικαί*, and the *παρονομιώσεις*, *παρισώσεις*, *ἀντιθέσεις*, and *παρονομάσεις*, attributed by Dionysius of Halicarnassus to the style of Thucydides? (10.) What writers have imitated Thucydides? Quote instances of imitation.

II. (1.) Give an account of the Athenian constitution as it existed at the period of the Peloponnesian war. (2.) How did it differ from that established by Solon? (3.) What were the principal political measures introduced by Pericles?

and what was their effect upon the Athenian character and polity? (4.) What were the principal parties at this time at Athens, and by whom respectively led? (5.) What is meant by ἡ δημαγωγία? Whom do we hear of as filling that station?

III. (1.) What is the date of Aristophanes' play of the *Ιππῆις*? Give a brief account of its plot. Translate the following lines and refer to the passages in this book which illustrate them.

- (2). καὶ πρώην γ' ἐμοῦ
 μάζαν μεμαχόμενος ἐν Πύλῳ Λακωνικὴν
 πανουργότατά πως περιδραμῶν ὑφαρπάσας
 αὐτὸς ἀρβέθηκε τὴν ὑπ' ἐμοῦ μεμαγαμένην.

'Ιπ. 54, 599.

- (3). ἐλθοῦσά φησιν αὐτομάτη μετὰ τὰν Πύλῳ
 σπονδῶν φερουσα τῇ πόλιν χίστην πλέαν
 ἀποχρεῖστονηθῆναι τρις ἐν τῇ ἐκαλησίᾳ.

'Ειρ. 665, 899.

(4.) Quote any other passages from Aristophanes which have reference to or illustrate events recorded in this book. (5.) Mention any instances in the tragedians of such allusions to the political events of the day. (6.) Quote the lines in Euripides supposed to have reference to Cleon, and the passage in Plato relating to the battle of Delium.

IV. Νίσαιαν καὶ Πηγῆς καὶ Τρωζῆνα καὶ Ἀχαιάν, αἱ οὖ

πολέμῳ ἔλαβον [ὁ Λακεδαιμόνιος] ἀλλ' ἀπὸ τῆς προτέρας
 ξυμβάσεως. Cap. 21.

(1.) What was the situation of Νίσαια and Πηγαί? Explain their importance to the contending parties, and refer to any passages of Thucydides which illustrate it. (2.) What was the political condition of Τροιζήν and Αχάια? (3.) What is meant by ἡ προτέρα ξύμβασις? Give its date and the circumstances which led to it. What was its effect upon the Athenian empire?

There, reader mine! Is that last page grave and solid enough for you? If not, I only wish you had to cram for these "Thucydides Questions," as I did, and to write out forty pages save one of *scribbling paper* (a trifle larger than foolscap) about them in four hours.

Examinations in our Colleges are seldom considered very important affairs to either party concerned in them. But at Cambridge the College and University Examinations are the staple and life of the whole system. They are the only recognised standards of merit, except a few prizes for essays and poems; their results are published in all the London papers, as regularly as the English Queen's last drive, or the Spanish Queen's last revolution; their rewards are not only honorary but pecuniary, coming to the successful candidates in the shape of books, plate, or hard cash, from the value of five dollars to that of five hundred or more; and in extent of reading requisite, accuracy of execution demanded, and shortness of time allotted, they are surpassed by no examina-

tions on record. At the detail of the requisites which they exact, and the performances which they elicit, I have seen grave divines and professors on this side the water shake their heads doubtingly; so I do not startle you too much at first, but begin gently with the first year's one, ranking as you might suppose among the easier examinations, for it is limited in its range and you have a general idea of the work before you, whereas in a Tripos the only thing you can be certain of is that there is nothing which you may not be asked.

During the three terms of your collegiate year, extending from the twentieth of October, or thereabout, nearly to the end of May, you have been lectured on three Classical subjects, a Greek Tragedy, a book or speech of a Greek historian or orator, and a ditto of a Latin ditto. Of course you are able to translate them anywhere, and explain all the different readings and interpretations. But this is not half the battle—scarcely a third of it. You require a vast heap of collateral and illustrative reading after this fashion.

Our play was the *Agamemnon* of *Æschylus*. Now for the question paper, or, as it is often called, the "cram" paper, you must first make yourself master of everything connected with the Greek stage arrangements, and the history of the Greek drama, for which you make large draughts upon *Donaldson's Greek Theatre*, *Müller on the Eumenides* (translated), and *Müller's History of Greek Literature*. Next, you get up all you can find relating to the history of the *dramatis personæ*; then all the parallel passages collectable wherein

Greeks, Romans, or English may be supposed to have imitated old Æschylus. Then you fortify your Greek geography, make maps of the signal-fires' route from Troy, &c. Finally, you ought to have read the other two plays of the Trilogy, for you are likely to be asked something about them; perhaps there may be a nice little bit of the Eumenides set, which is not to be understood by the light of nature. Similarly for the fourth book of Thucydides, you cram up everything you can about everybody mentioned in Thucydides generally, and this book particularly, taking in much Thirlwall, and Böckh, and Müller's Dorians, and the like. And for the Tenth and Eleventh Books of Cicero to Atticus, (that was our Latin subject), all your knowledge of the great men of that period, and of the legal matters incidentally brought in (*e. g.* marriage, inheritance, *Comitia*), will be put into requisition. One little bagatelle I had almost forgotten. You will have to turn English prose into Greek and Latin prose, English verse into Greek Iambic Trimeters, and part of some chorus in the Agamemnon into Latin, and possibly also into English verse. This is the "composition," and is to be done, remember, without the help of books or any other assistance.

Now either of the three subjects opens a pretty wide field before you, quite wide enough to bewilder a tyro, and here it is that the genius of your private tutor comes into play.

Private tuition is nowhere alluded to in the university or college statutes; it is entirely a personal and individual matter; yet it is, after the examinations, the great feature of the

university instruction, and the public lectures have come to be entirely subordinate to it. The English private tutors in many points take the place of the German professors ; true, they have not the same explicit university sanction, but an equivalent for this is found in the final examination for degrees which they have all passed, and no man who has not taken a good degree, expects or pretends to take good men into his team. Of course inferior coaches will do for inferior men—πολλοὶ for πολλοί. Of late there has been some outcry against private tuition ; but if not absolutely a *vital*, it is certainly an *important* element in the whole system, nor should it be suffered as a necessary evil, but admitted as a positive good. One effect of doing away with it would be to throw all classical honors into the hands of the public-school men. Your "Eton boy" is a *young man* of nineteen, at least two years in advance of a Yale or Harvard Valedictorian in all classical knowledge, and in all classical *elegancies* immeasurably ahead of him. The only way in which you can bring up an inadequately prepared man to "hold a candle" to such competitors is by diligent personal attention to him. Travis certainly put more into me in seven months than I could have acquired by my own unassisted labors in two years ; and of his exertions in my behalf, I shall always retain a grateful memory. But even with the best tutor—and it is not every man who can get a Travis to coach him—you must make up your mind to read six times as much as you can make use of on the papers, since you can only calculate the

general run of the questions in them without being able to make sure of any individual one.*

All this time not a word of mathematics. The question has often been put to me, "Why did you, with your classical tastes, go to Cambridge rather than Oxford?" To which I always reply that there is more classical learning to be picked up at Cambridge than I could ever hope to acquire. The truth is that the Cantabs are just as good scholars as the Oxonians, the former excelling in Greek, the latter in Latin; only at Cambridge you are dosed with mathematics into the bargain. But the College lectures and examinations for the first year embrace, as has been said, only Euclid, Algebra, and Trigonometry. The mathematical men have read these before they came up, and the classical men don't wish to read them till just before they go out. So between too much knowledge and too little inclination to know, the mathematical lectures are but carelessly attended, and as the three mathematical papers count little more than half as much as the six classical, this part of the examination is comparatively disregarded. A classical man may cut all the mathematics but Euclid, while the prospective Senior Wrangler dare not take such a liberty with the classical papers. In the upper years all this is reversed.

* All examination papers are printed at the Pitt Press in the most mysterious way, and only leave the printer's hands about five minutes before they are submitted to the students, when they are sent to the examiner in a sealed packet, by a trusty messenger.

I had not opened a mathematical book for more than two years, and certainly never intended to trouble the exact sciences again, but as the "May" approached I began to feel nervous, and in accordance with Travis's suggestion put on a mathematical tutor for the last month. But "Dunny" soon found there was not much to be got out of me on so short notice. My analysis was just sufficient to make it probable that I had at some period of my life seen the inside of *Wood* and *Peacock*.* So I had to fall back upon the Euclid. A great godsend is Euclid to the classical men, not only here, but in the scholarship and the awful, accursed mathematical Tripos, does he stand them in good stead. Our troubles were to begin on Wednesday; I devoted the two days immediately preceding to getting up the first four books and the sixth, and by eight on Tuesday evening had them ready for immediate use.

At nine next morning, the Hall doors were thrown open to us. The narrow passage between the screens and the buttery was as full as it usually is just before 4 P. M., but the Trinitarians were thronging to a different sort of banquet.

* The two principal text-books in Algebra. It must be borne in mind that Algebra, Trigonometry, &c., as taught and examined upon at Cambridge are very different from the things that go by the same name in our colleges. Thus, for instance, from one third to one half of the Algebra paper (to which five hours are allotted), is composed of such questions as they call *problems* at Yale, and give specific prizes for. So too, out of the 22 propositions in the Euclid paper, five or six are original ones—"deductions" they call them.

The tables were decked with green baize instead of white linen, and the goodly joints of beef and mutton and dishes of smoking potatoes were replaced by a profusion of stationery. Even the dais shared the general fate. At that high table where I had recently been feasting on spring soup and salmon, ducklings and peas, rhubarb tart and custard,* with old-sherry, *quantum suff*, to imbibe, and the learned wit of the Dons for seasoning, I was now doomed—such is the mutability of human affairs—to write against time for four mortal hours. In those days it was not easy to throw me off my balance, for if a boy has any modesty in him, the training of a large American college, speaking continually to largeish audiences, writing about everything, and reading your writings in public, &c., is pretty sure to knock it out of him; yet I did feel rather nervous that Wednesday morning, and could not for five minutes begin composedly to write out the *Pons Asinorum* which headed our paper, though it had been familiar to me ever since my school days. The pen-and-ink system of examination has been adopted partially at Oxford and almost entirely at Cambridge,† in preference to the *viva voce*, on the ground, among others, that it is fairer to timid and diffident men. The advantage in this respect is somewhat exaggerated: the excitement, though not so great

* The English eat tart and custard together, pouring the latter over the former. If we did this they would call it a dirty habit.

† We had a little *viva voce* in this examination, perhaps equivalent to a twentieth or twenty-fifth part of it.

for the moment, is more constant, and the scratching of some hundred pens all about you makes one fearfully nervous. Then too, any little slips you make in a *viva voce* may be allowed for, or may even escape observation, but *litera scripta manet*; everything that you put down here will be criticised deliberately and in cold blood. Awful idea!

At one, "close your papers, gentlemen," says the examiner who has been solemnly pacing up and down all the time. (This examiner is never your college lecturer or tutor, and of course never your private tutor.) At two the hall assumes its more legitimate and welcome guise, dinner being thrown back two hours; at four the grinding begins again, and lasts till eight; at night there is a supper put on specially for the occasion. How that supper is demolished! what loads of cold beef and lobster vanish before the examinees! Young ladies sometimes picture to themselves students as delicate, pale youths who live on toast and tea. Never was there a greater mistake. Men who study in earnest eat in earnest. A senior wrangler sat opposite me one summer at the Scholars' table, and to see that man perform upon a round of beef was a curiosity.

Thus passed four days; eight hours a-day thinking and writing together at full speed; two or three hours of cramming in the intervals (for though the principle and theory is never to look at a book during an examination, or indeed for two or three days before, that your mind may be fresh and vigorous, few men are cool enough to put this into practice); and long lounges at night, very different from the ordinary

constitutional. Thus far I had rather exceeded my expectations, but there was still impending Monday's Algebra paper, and the thought of that left me very little rest on Sunday. A friend who had obligingly backed me to the extent of ten shillings, endeavored to comfort me with the assurance that if I had done my Classics properly, I must be safe without the Algebra, and if I had not, all I could do on Monday would not make much difference. But this satisfactory assurance did not afford me full consolation. Far more refreshing was our stroll through the Trinity grounds, where Travis and I spent the greater part of the day. Would that I could borrow D'Israeli's pencil for five minutes—or I could even be content with Poe's—to describe these grounds as they really are. The north and south walks are natural arcades, thickly canopied with the boughs of glorious horse-chestnuts that fling their arms out fifteen feet, clear across the path, and down almost to the rails of the low paddocks in the midst. The west walk is protected from the high-road by a broad ditch and a double row of limes; and the east walk lies along the green sloping banks of the little Cam, which is so little here, and so regular even in its irregularities, that it looks more like an artificial stream in a pleasure ground than a real river. Come upon this bridge; it is before Whewell's reign, so you need not fear that that very worthy but somewhat dictatorial man will ride up to you with the information that "a bridge is a place of transit and not of lounge." Eastward you have just in front of you the Gothic gateway of the New Court; and north of it the

College Library, a simple and chaste structure, built of a fancifully-tinted orange and yellow stone, unequalled for beauty and durability. Look still further north, and over a bend of the Cam, on a spreading, sloping lawn, you see a large castellated building of the same yellow stone, with turrets and pinnacles in abundance. That is the "New Building" of St. John's. Southward are two more antique bridges and a profusion of green, with the majestic towers of King's looming above it. Turning westward, you look up the central path through an arching avenue of lime trees. It is not long, perhaps the eighth of a mile, but as you look up it from the bridge it seems to join with the Fellows' Garden beyond the road,* and continue in a straight line to the very steeple of Coton Church, which terminates your view several miles off.

The picture is not complete without the "men," all in their academicals, as it is Sunday. The blue gown of Trinity has not exclusive possession of its own walks: various others are to be discerned, the Pembroke looped at the sleeve, the Christ's and Catherine curiously crimped in front, and the Johnian with its unmistakable "crackling."† There is also here and there a town snob to be seen and a fair sprinkling

* Our fellows rejoiced in *two* gardens, one within, the other without the college grounds.

† All the different Collegians used to have slang names, derived from various animals; none of these have stuck except the "Johnian pigs." Their new bridge is popularly called *the Isthmus of Suez*, and the three stripes of velvet on their sleeves, *crackling*.

of servant-maids and children. Here it was we walked, adding marks, and calculating the chance of my First; and thus we made our calculations.

All the papers together are worth 3000, but no one gets full marks. This is owing partly to the great extent of the "cram" papers, which are purposely made to cover as much ground as possible, that every one may find something in them he can do; and partly to the fact that the same man is seldom (I may say never indeed) first both in classics and mathematics. The best man of the year has from 2000 to 2400. The ordinary limit of the First Class is 1200, but this standard is sometimes raised, for one feature of Cambridge examinations is, that they go by *breaks* rather than by actual number of marks, that is, by relative rather than positive merit; and it is this which makes it so difficult to predict your place with anything like certainty. As the greatest accuracy is required by all the examiners, and the greatest elegance by most of them, you must not only be solicitous for how much you have done, but for how you have done it. A little well polished up is worth more than a great deal turned off carelessly; and you often find in the fourth or fifth class, unfortunates who have covered as much paper as the head man. There are, say 130 Freshmen, who are arranged in nine classes, the First Class varying from twenty to thirty. Fifty marks will prevent one from being "posted," but there are always two or three too stupid as well as idle to save their "Post." These drones are *posted* separately as "not worthy to be classed," and privately slanged afterwards by

the Master and Seniors. Should a man be posted twice in succession, he is generally recommended to try the air of some Small College, or devote his energies to some other walk of life.

"You will get full marks or very nearly, for your translations," said Travis, "I hope. Put that down, 600. And it is safe to say half marks for the cram-papers—450. About your composition I don't know. Did you do any Latin Verse?"

"There wasn't time."

"Just as well there wasn't; and your Greek Iambics won't come to much. Then your Greek prose will count something—not a great deal, and your Latin prose is pretty fair: you *might* get two-thirds for it. Altogether, taking in your English verse, which will bring you some $\kappa\acute{\upsilon}\delta\omicron\varsigma$ from Bunbury,—you may have quarter marks on the whole—75 out of 300. Put in forty for the four *viva voces*. How much is that altogether?"

"1165."

"How much Euclid did you do? Fifteen?"

"No, fourteen; one of them was a deduction."

"Suppose one wrong: there are twenty-one on the paper, and the six deductions count half. Perhaps you have half marks and I should think not so much—say 170 out of 400."

"Then I did three whole questions in Trigonometry."

"Throw them in in case of accidents. This gives you 1800. You ought to be safe. Take my advice and don't fret about the Algebra."

But this very good advice the young man couldn't take, and did fret himself about the Algebra, so much that he slept not a wink all night; for if the paper was an easy one it might be possible to pile up a hundred marks or more on it, which would make the First safe beyond a doubt. Of course the paper was not an easy one, and I did perhaps four questions in it after staying in as many hours, then came out in a fit of disgust, and threw it into the fire; but my labors were over, at any rate, which was a great consolation. That day I eat dinner for two, went to bed before nine that night, and slept *fifteen hours and a half*. Some of my friends say I have never been fairly awake since. Next day I took a long gallop; ditto ditto on the days succeeding, and when not in the saddle read the new magazines, for May had passed into June, while we were in full scribble. By these relaxations I brought myself to a tolerably comfortable state of mind and body by Friday, so as to be prepared for the result. Meanwhile reports began to spread. Mis-translations leaked out, how one man had rendered *novas tabulas* "new furniture," and another *οὐκ ἐδρᾶς ἀκμή*, "there is no top to the seat." Discussions were raised about the first man of the year,* whether it would be Parsons, the Captain of Shrewsbury,† or Rothermann, the Newcastle scholar from Eton, or Henslowe of King's College, London,

* The names are placed alphabetically in the class-lists, but the first eight or ten individual places are generally known.

† The head boy of a public school is called the *captain* of it.

or Macintosh, from Glasgow (for there comes up a first rate Scotchman occasionally). At length, late on Friday evening, as I was preparing a solitary cup of tea, one of my friends came tumbling into the room with the gratifying intelligence that "we were all right." So I was paraded in all the Cambridge and London papers with twenty-three more, as First-Class men in the Trinity Freshman Examination, which honor moreover entitled us to a prize of books at the Commemoration, next November, towards which the college gave us nineteen shillings and sixpence sterling, and we added as much as we liked, for this kind of humbug is common to English and American Colleges.

THE FIRST LONG VACATION.—A BAD START.—THE CAMBRIDGE
CREDIT SYSTEM.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed."

"Contiguere omnes."

VIRGIL.

They all went on tick together.

FREE TRANSLATION.

THOROUGHLY recruited by a week's rest, and additionally inspired by the favorable result of the examination, I went down to London for a fortnight to deliver various letters of introduction and see a little of the Great Metropolis. It was the pleasantest and liveliest time of the year, the beginning of June, when even London boasts of a little sun, and the subterranean-looking wilderness of houses and interminable mazes of muddy streets are kindled up with a few stray beams. But I did not know people enough "in town" to dine out every day, and the stranger in London who does not is apt to find the time hang heavy on his hands—even if there is a general election going on as there then was; so before fifteen days had elapsed I was back again at Cambridge studying.

Studying in a vacation! Even so; for you may almost take it as a general rule that College regulations and customs in England are just the reverse of what they are in America.

In America you rise and "recite" to your instructor who is seated; in England you sit and construe to him as he stands at his desk. In America you go sixteen times a week to chapel or woe be to you; but then you may stay out of your room all night for a week together and nobody will know or care. In England you have about seven chapels to keep and may choose your own time of day, morning or evening, to keep them; but you cannot get out of College after ten at night, and if being out, you stay till after twelve, you are very likely to hear of it next morning. In America you may go about in any dress that does not outrage decency, and it is not uncommon for youths to attend chapel and "recitation-room" in their ragged dressing gowns, with perhaps the pretext of a cloak; in England you must scrupulously observe the academical garb while within the College walls, and not be too often seen wearing white great coats or other eccentric garments under it. In America the manufacture of coffee in your room will subject you to suspicion, and should that bugbear, the tutor, find a bottle of wine on your premises, he sets you down for a hardened reprobate; in England you may take your bottle or two or six with as many friends as you please, and unless you disturb the whole court by your exuberant revelry, you need fear no annoyance from your tutor; nay, expand your supper into a stately dinner and he will come himself (public tutor or private) like a brick as he is, and consume his share of the generous potables, yea, take a hand in your rubber afterwards. In America you may not marry, but your tutor can; in England you may marry and

he can't.* In America you never think of opening a book in vacation ; in England the vacations are the very times when you read most. Indeed, since the vacations occupy more than half the year, he who keeps them idle, will not do much work during his College course. Then in the vacations, particularly the Long, there is every facility for reading, that is, no temptation not to read or interruption to your reading—no large dinners, or wine or supper parties, no rowing men making a noise about the courts, no exciting boat-races, no lectures (owing to the private-tutorial system, the public lectures are, with some happy exceptions, rather in the way of than any help to the best men), the chapel rules looser than ever, the town utterly dull and lifeless. When I was ill at Cambridge during the greater part of two Longs, and could only read a few hours each day, I thought it the most lonely and desolate of places. It seemed a town without inhabitants. All the tradesmen who can, leave Cambridge, and of the 1800 students not 200 remain. Those that are left in each College (from half a dozen to forty as

* The married men at Cambridge are usually such as take Orders late in life ; they are men of some property and become Fellow Commoners of a Small College. A father and son were undergraduates together at Peterhouse in my time. There are some traditional jokes about this class of students, such as that one of them failed repeatedly in his endeavors to obtain a degree, and his son used to come running into the house with " Ma, Pa's plucked again ! " A married student is obliged to dine in Hall like the rest, and only freed from " gate " rules.

the size of the College may be) are all bound by the common tie of their studies; their very lightest talk has some *shop* in it, and if not personally acquainted at first they generally become so before the three months are over. Indeed, so attractive is the Vacation-College-life that the great trouble of the Dons is to keep the men from staying up during the Long. In the Small Colleges it makes a serious difference, for the few dignitaries of one of these lesser institutions often want to take a tour *en masse* and shut up the College, "like a boarding-school," say the Trinitarians and Johnians in ridicule. But at Trinity the Scholars and Sizars have a *right* to remain in residence just as much as the Fellows themselves, being equally "on the foundation;" and here the Undergraduate ranks are augmented by the Bachelors reading for Fellowships. But as the College authorities are in small force, sometimes not more than two or three Fellows being left, all students except Scholars and Sizars are warned off, save some few who obtain permission to stay by particular favor, and among these are always some Freshmen who have done well in the May. So assiduously does the reading-man set himself to his work from the very beginning.

I spent some six weeks in this way, reading *Æschylus* and *Euripides* and taking copious notes thereon. I had few acquaintances of my own standing; they were nearly all Bachelor Scholars; my private tutor was one of them, and we lived very quietly and pleasantly, knee-deep in books all the morning till two, and then strolling about the beautiful

grounds in the environs of the town. What little approach to out-door amusements one ever sees among the lower orders here is to be found at this season in the outskirts of Cambridge. About the end of June and beginning of July was a fair,* and we mingled among the people and went through the popular sports, rode in swings, attended the sixpenny itinerary theatres, and laughed at the tragic performance of "Ennery, King of Hingland," and Fair Rosamond. I remember the date from the Fourth of July occurring just afterwards, which I celebrated by a "hang-out," and my English guests drank claret with as much liberality as if they had had a personal or patriotic interest in the reminiscence. Our after-dinner meetings two or three times a week were very moderate, never exceeding a couple of hours, after which we fell to work again. It was a quiet and virtuous existence, plenty of occupation without fatigue or excitement, and enough relaxation to keep us in the best condition. The only drawback to our felicity was that during the Long, the Cambridge confectioners, like those of Little Pedlington, made no ice-cream unless it was ordered the day before; and this was not such a deprivation as it would be in New York, the English summers being not *quite* so warm as ours. I recollect being obliged to build a fire one day in this very July.

This kind of life had grown upon me so, that I resolved,

* Not *Sturbridge Fair* founded by King John, and formerly very celebrated, but a smaller one called *Midsummer* or *Pot Fair*.

though somewhat older than I could have wished, and a year above the average age of those in my standing, to go through the whole course, and consequently give up my original project of spending but one year at Cambridge and then proceeding to a German University. A very good resolution so far as the intention to make myself a scholar was concerned; unfortunately, immediately after it was taken, I went to work so as to destroy most of the benefits of it, by suddenly taking a trip homeward over the Atlantic, under the excuse of having to attend to my affairs. At my departure, I was in perfect health, stronger and nimbler than I ever was before or have been since, having practised vaulting over gates and leaping ditches, and other extempore gymnastics in vogue at Cambridge, till my performances actually astonished myself. But I left the thermometer at 70° in Liverpool and found it 90° at Boston, nor did it fall much below that for the two months I was in America. Finally, the confined air of a small state-room completed what the change of temperature had begun, and deranged my system so as to bring on a severe illness which manifested itself just as I was fairly settled at Trinity again in my new quarters, a very nice suite of Fellow-Commoner's rooms* (for

* There is always a great demand for the rooms in College. Those at lodging-houses are not so good, while the rules are equally strict, the owners being solemnly bound to report all their lodgers, who stay out at night, under pain of being "discommsoned," a species of College excommunication.

having come up late the first year, I was then obliged to take whatever I could get).

For seven months I lay in a precarious state, and for more than two years was exceedingly feeble, and unable to return home or to travel any distance from my place of residence. A palpitation of the heart, brought on by derangement of the liver and stomach, made it impossible for me to undergo any physical or mental exertion, and hardly allowed me to eat enough to support life. Having, as the first resource in this deprivation of ordinary employment, attacked all the miscellaneous reading I could lay hands on, my eyes began to fail and I was totally helpless. In this strait an opportunity was afforded me to test the value of English friendship, and obtain an insight into the best side of English character which otherwise I might not have done. Time was of great value to all my acquaintances that were Undergraduates or Bachelors (the idle men whom I had known in my first year were now absent, having been eliminated by the usual process) and the Fellows, though more at leisure, had still their routine of study and amusement which had not fitted them for, and was not agreeably varied by, the task of amusing an invalid who could do nothing to amuse himself and was even forbidden to talk. But these men sacrificed hours to me night after night, doing all in their power to divert and alleviate my unpleasant situation. Pecuniary embarrassments were added to my other troubles at this time. It was just after the failure of the U. S. Bank of Pennsylvania, when a distrust of American securities and

American debtors was beginning to spread in England, my College tutor, to whom I was indebted, had no knowledge of my ultimate solvency, yet he acted toward with the utmost delicacy. Great as the accommodation was, it never struck me so much as the kindness of those who used to visit me, six or seven in an evening, and whose interesting and cheering conversation made the tedious hours of my illness move lightly by. It would make too long a list to enumerate them all, but there was one so particularly kind to me that I cannot help making mention of his name here. If JOHN GROTE ever sees this page, will he accept of this public acknowledgment of my obligations to him for this testimony to his kindness towards a sick and helpless stranger? The goodness and amiability associated in his private relations with the name of GROTE, rival the talents and learning which have long been publicly connected with it. More cannot be said; and had I said less, I should have to tax myself with ingratitude.

While thus unable to take part in the studies and occupations that were going on about me, I nevertheless observed and heard not a little respecting them. "Shop," or as it is sometimes here called "*Calendar*,"* necessarily enters to a large extent into the conversation of the Cantabs, and it is one of my weaknesses to be amused by it. Of all kinds of personal gossip it is certainly the most harmless—

* Because the *Cambridge Calendar* contains all the lists of names, poses, Prizemen, &c.

degree such a man took in such a year, who are likely to be the next Scholars and so forth. But, besides, I looked beyond this, to the light which such matters threw on the general system; indeed, the only way I had of improving my time, was to pick up all the particulars I could about the various colleges, and the most distinguished private tutors, and the modifications of study pursued at and under each. But before proceeding to detail any of these, a recent remark requires some explanation. * I have spoken of being in debt to my tutor.

It is pretty generally known that young men at the English Universities often contract debts as Undergraduates which seriously impoverish their families, or cripple themselves in after life. The University authorities have often been blamed for this, but it is easier to blame them than to state what they ought to do and can do to prevent it. The parties most in fault are the tradesmen, who without taking any pains to ascertain beforehand a Freshman's means and wants, tempt, solicit, and worry him into making purchases. The academical powers have made a rule that all bills shall pass through the college tutors; for the students' further protection they have enacted that any tradesman bringing a suit against an Undergraduate shall be "discommensed," i. e. all the Undergraduates are forbidden to deal with him. Many suspicious or doubtful characters are similarly treated, so as to warn the students that if they will hold any communication with them, it must be at their own risk. It is indeed said that the Dons set a bad example, by living

extravagantly themselves. If all the loose exaggeration pared away from this charge so as to bring it down to the nucleus of truth, the amount of it is that the Fellows eat and drink rather more luxuriously than is necessary. But this does not justify the Undergraduates in doing the same more than a son has a right to spend as much money as his father does.

It must not be supposed, however, that extravagant and imprudent young men are the only ones who get into debt. There is another and less mischievous development of the credit system. When a young man of scanty means and good talents and disposition it is common for his college tutor to trust him for a portion (half or more) of his college bills (frequently including the sent-in tradesmen's bills) during his second and third years, so that he may be free to avail himself of private tuition and other advantages, and not be crippled during his competition for honors. When the student takes his degree, he obtains by his earnings enough to render further assistance unnecessary, and begins to pay off his debt, and when he gets his Fellowship he clears himself very speedily. It is in fact pledging his labor and time two or three years ahead, and though a mortgage may in some cases prove an awkward arrangement, the general result is good: it enables many first-class men to get a first-rate education, which they could otherwise have obtained. Sometimes a young man in this position falls ill or acquires bad habits, and his tutor loses the whole.

The tradesmen are in the habit of complaining that the tutors receive from their pupils money to pay them, and then keep it back for months or years, thus defrauding them of large sums in interest. Hearing this charge repeated beyond the University limits, I took the trouble to investigate it myself. The result of my inquiries was that the tutors' bills are paid on an average one term before the tradesmen's—and that the tutor on the average of his pupils has to wait five terms, so the tradesman must wait six, or two years, and the tutor gains from two to four months' interest, which makes at English rates about $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. commission on all the money that goes through his hands—little enough for his trouble, even putting his occasional losses out of the question.

THE SECOND YEAR.—A CHANGE OF DYNASTY.—THE LI
GO.—CONFLICT OF UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE SYS
VARIOUS EXAMINATIONS.

Inclutus Albertus, doctissimus atque disertus,
Quadrivium docuit et omne scibile scivit.—

AFTER the trial heat of the first May examination, the of candidates for Honors begins to assume something calculable form. The *ruck* falls off rapidly, and the men settle down to their pace. Many of them are no the first time under crack private tutors—for it frequently indeed usually happens, that a “coach” of reputation de taking men into his team before they have made tir public. When the Freshman has not a public-school re tion, and sometimes even when he has, the result of the decides whether he will go out in Honors or not—th whether he will be a reading or a non-reading man (for all but the very badly prepared, going out in Pöll is ec lent to doing nothing—so far as University studie concerned—for at least half the course). If his succe such as to encourage him, he begins his work again, a been observed, early in the Long vacation, towards the of which, however, he takes a real vacation of a month (generally provided for in all engagements with p

tutors, or for reading-parties), so as to come to his work fresh at the beginning of the college term. Though not so decisive in its results as the third year, this second year is the turning point for not a few. Some who have done very well in low mathematics, break down after passing the Differential Calculus.* Some grow indolent and fall off from depending too much on their first year's success. Some Trinity men are disgusted by not getting a Scholarship at the first trial, and strike work in consequence.

A Foundation Scholarship being the requisite stepping-stone to a Fellowship,† is naturally one of the first objects of our reading man's aim. At several of the colleges these Scholarships are given to the students who acquit themselves best in the first May. At Trinity there is a special examination, held about the beginning of the Easter term, in which all Second and Third-year men are eligible candidates. To an American Collegian who has no motive for anticipating the routine of a fixed course, such a competition must seem singular. *Sophomores* and *Juniors* he would consider a very unfair match; and he would be still more surprised to hear that in these contests for Scholarships, the successful Second-

* The Differential is considered *the first step* in a really mathematical education; the next is to attack Geometry of Three Dimensions. One of our mathematical coaches used to divide mankind into two classes, those who had read Geometry of Three Dimensions and those who had not.

† Except in some rare cases, as when a member of another college is chosen Fellow.

year men beat all the Third year—it is a *sine qua non* that they should—those who have not another chance being naturally favored above those who have, *cæteris paribus*. But this is partly accounted for by the fact that five or six of the best men in the third year are out of the way, having themselves been chosen scholars in their second year. The whole number of men making up the two years is about one hundred and seventy, and some seventy of these usually present themselves for the vacant Scholarships, which are from twelve to twenty in number, but generally less than fifteen. The successful candidates of the second year are usually to those of the third in the proportion of five to eight. This examination does not differ from the May merely in being optional; another very important distinction consists in the absence of subjects fixed beforehand; the candidates go in trusting to their general knowledge. At the same time there is not an *unlimited* selection from the Classics, as in the Tripos and the University Scholarships; the candidate need not expect to find any Pindar, Aristophanes, or Aristotle, any Persius, or Lucretius, on the papers; and seldom will there be any Plato, *Æschylus* or Theocritus, Plantus or Juvenal. In Greek, Homer, Hesiod, Sophocles, Euripides, Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, and Demosthenes; in Latin, Virgil and Horace, Cicero, Livy, and Tacitus, are the authors usually selected from; and this still leaves a pretty wide range, some of these authors being sufficiently voluminous. The Mathematical papers do not go higher than may be supposed to fall within the ordinary reading of a Third-

year aspirant to Mathematical Honors. They are only half as many in number as the Classical papers, and probably do not count more than half as much ; at any rate the examination is more favorable to Classical than to Mathematical men ; a good Classic may get a Scholarship with the least possible quantity of Mathematics—say twenty marks out of four hundred—a Mathematician equally deficient in Classics must be first-rate indeed in his branch to succeed. In the present year (1842) it looked as if these proportions were to be somewhat more equalized, owing to a change in the head of affairs. Our master, Dr. Christopher Wordsworth (brother of the poet), had resigned and was succeeded by Dr. Whewell.

Dr. Whewell's accession to the Mastership of Trinity might well have been an era in the history of that "royal and religious foundation." The new Head was a gentleman of most commanding personal appearance, and the very sound of his powerful voice betokened no ordinary man. He was a remarkably good rider even in a country of horsemen, and the anecdote was often told, and not altogether repudiated by him, how in his younger days, about the time of his ordination, a pugilist in whose company he accidentally found himself while travelling, audibly lamented that such lusty thews and sinews should be thrown away on a parson. With these physical advantages was combined a knowledge almost literally universal. Some people are said to know a little of everything ; he might be truly said to know a great deal of everything. Second Wrangler of his year, Professor

of Mineralogy, and afterwards of Moral Philosophy,* author of a Bridgewater Treatise, and writer on a diversity of subjects, scientific and ethical, he kept up his Classics to an extent unusual for a scientific man, and did not neglect the lighter walks of literature. His name is on the list of the Cambridge Prize Poets, and is also known in connexion with several translations from the German. In conversation it was scarcely possible to start a subject without finding him at home in it. A story is current about him, not absolutely authenticated, but certainly of the *se non vero ben trovato* sort that some of the Dons who were tired of hearing him explain everything, and enlighten everybody in Combination room laid a trap to catch him in this wise. They determined to get themselves up thoroughly in some very out-of-the-way topic, and introduce it as if by accident on the first convenient occasion. Accordingly they pitched upon something connected with China, either—for there are two versions of the story—Chinese musical instruments or the Chinese game of Chess. Various odd books, and particularly a certain volume of a certain Cyclopædia, were dragged out of their dusty repose and carefully perused. Next Sunday when the College dignitaries and some stranger guests were marshalled over their port and biscuit, the conspirators thoroughly primed, and with their parts artistically distributed, watched their time and adroitly introduced the

* Technically called *Cassistry* in the University, and sometimes *Moral Theology*.

prepared topic. One after the other they let drop most naturally a quantity of strange erudition, marvellously astounding, no doubt, to the Small-College Dons present, and apparently puzzling to the object of attack, for he actually remained silent for a full quarter of an hour, till just as the parties were congratulating themselves on their complete success, he turned to the principal speaker, and remarked, "Oh, I see you've been reading the article I wrote for such a Cyclopædia in such a year." They gave it up after that.

A man that knows so many things cannot know them all perfectly, and is scarce likely to know any one of them with the accuracy attainable by a man who has made that particular branch his *spécialité*; and in England where the division of mental, like that of mechanical labor, is carried out to a degree which must be witnessed and experienced to be conceived, it easily happened that Dr. Whewell was looked down upon in each of his pursuits by the man who had no other pursuit but that one. In this respect he has been compared to Lord Brougham, the extent of whose knowledge has destroyed all chance of his accuracy and polish in any one branch of it; but there is this important difference in Brougham's favor, that in one thing—oratory—he stands among the first of his age, while it could not be said of Whewell that he had attained a similar pre-eminence in any one branch. The mass of his general knowledge, taken together, constituted his strength. There were few men of like pretensions to weigh or appreciate the strength of this; he

was judged piecemeal, and part of him taken for the whole, by men whose whole development and training was partial. Sydney Smith's saying of him, "that omniscience was his forte, and science his foible," was very generally circulated and applauded.

But this ridiculed omniscience well fitted him for the head of a great College, numbering among its members and pupils men of so many different pursuits. In liberality and reach of study, and acquaintance with general and foreign literature, Cambridge is always before Oxford, and the Trinity men considerably in advance of the other Cambridge collegians. It might have been supposed that Whewell's accession to the Mastership was the very thing they wanted. Yet this event was anything but welcome to the majority of both Fellows and Undergraduates, who, if their wishes and votes could have influenced the matter,* would certainly have chosen either Dean Peacock or Professor Sedgwick to rule over them. This repugnance towards a gentleman so distinguished arose from some unfortunate propensities of his, which had been conspicuous enough during his Tutorship, and which it was correctly supposed would be rather intensified than diminished by his elevation. The Professor of Casuistry was an intolerably *fussy* man—a rigid martinet, weakly punctilious about trifles. Such a man, however great his learning, or talents, or merit of any sort, may perhaps make a great Schoolmaster, but can never be a good

* Most of the College Headships are at the disposal of the Crown.

presiding officer over students of mature years. By treating like schoolboys those nearly or quite arrived at the age and dignity of men, he chafes and worries them to no purpose, and some portion of the annoyance must at times react upon himself. While leaving untouched actual abuses (of which Trinity, like most old institutions, could boast a few fat ones), our new master enforced petty and long neglected regulations about walking over grass-plots, and crossing the court without a cap and gown at certain hours; he revived obsolete laws against the domestic variety of tiger, which interdicted the possession of that useful animal to any but Noblemen or Fellow Commoners;* he exacted the most rigorous personal etiquette, causing it to be openly promulgated or secretly circulated by the tutors that when Undergraduates were invited to the *conversazioni* at the Lodge, they were expected never to sit down in the Master's presence. By these and similar proceedings he made himself very unpopular with the mass of the students, and the Classical men were particularly annoyed at an avowed intention of changing the plan on which Scholarships had been given. It was semi-officially announced through the various tutors and other College officers (the Master is not supposed to hold any *personal* communication with the Undergraduates in his

* There were but few Pensioners who "hung out" servants of their own, which gave a worse air to the rule, as it seemed like a *privilegium* against those few. Fellow-Commoners used to be an exception to all laws, human and divine, at all the Colleges. I am not sure but they are so still at some of the small ones.

official capacity), that a certain modicum of Mathematics—I forget how many marks, but certainly more than many of the Classical men had been in the habit of aspiring to—would be absolutely insisted on, and the Classical papers of those who did not come up to this standard would not be looked at. The discontent that ensued was not of much importance in itself, but has some interest as illustrating the antagonism of Classics and Mathematics, and the absolute detestation in which a majority of Classical men hold purely scientific studies. Even in our Colleges this is easy to remark, but in a foreign University where both branches are carried out much further and more thoroughly, the line is very strongly drawn. “Double men,” as proficient in both Classics and Mathematics are termed, are very rare; to make one, not only diversity of talent, but a strong constitution is required. The work demanded of a man reading for high Honors in both Triposes is *tremendous*, and every year increasing; and the Calendar does not show an average of *two* “Double Firsts” annually for the last ten years out of one hundred and thirty-eight graduates in Honors and more than twice that number of graduates altogether.*

The Classical men found the University Tripos regulations which required them to go out in Mathematical Honors before they could sit for Classical, exceedingly oppressive, but they endured them as sturdily as their elders do the taxes; it was some compensation and consolation to be able to

* There were *fourteen* Double Firsts between 1840 and 1850.

do without the much disliked study at Trinity, and get Scholarships and Fellowships by dint of Classics alone. For Trinity scholars had been so utterly unmathematical as to go out among the *πολλοι*, and yet were elected Fellows after it. The cases were not very common to be sure, but they were numerous enough for a precedent. To introduce into the College examinations any restrictions like those which embarrassed the University ones, was invading the votaries of Classic lore in their very citadel. What particularly annoyed them was the threatened loss of time—having to get up a certain quantity of mathematics twice or three times instead of once; since whatever they imbibed would be lost again in the intervals from the middle of the second to the middle of the third year, and thence to the last Long, or the term before the Degree; the intermediate presence of Classical work being sufficient to drive it out, even if it had interest enough in itself to stand any chance of being retained—which was not the case. They were willing to undergo the unpleasant dose once for all at the end of three years, but to take it once a year for three years in succession, was unendurable. Even the Mathematicians did not all agree with the Master, their College pride getting the better of their professional and scientific *amour propre*. Not believing that Trinity could be brought up to the Mathematical point of Johns, they feared he would only endanger its Classical superiority by his experiments. Ultimately this requisition of a stated amount of Mathematics in the Scho-

larship, after being enforced for a year or two, can be practically a dead letter.

But there is another interruption to which all students, whether Classical or Mathematical, and whatever colleges they belong to, are subject in the middle of their second year, which is noteworthy as showing the mutual independence or in fact conflict between the public and private instruction often to be observed at Cambridge. This interruption is the Previous Examination commonly called the *Little* (at Oxford the *Smalls*), being the former of the only two examinations required by the University for the B. A. degree. It is held near the end of the Lent (second) Term. The subjects are partly constant and partly variable; the constant ones, of which notice is given a year in advance, are a Greek author, a Latin author, and one of the four Gospels. The only constant subject at this time was Paley's *Evidences of Christianity*. The last sentence must be taken in a limited sense as denoting one Book of Homer, Herodotus, Livy, or Tacitus, or two short dialogues of Plato, one Greek Tragedy, or the like. The examination involves a little *viva voce*, and it was formerly the case that if a man did his *viva voce* well, none of his papers was looked at but the Paley. As it is only a *pass* examination, the examinees are arranged alphabetically, except a comparatively few, perhaps a fourth or fifth of the whole number, who have only *just* passed, and for whose special benefit the Second Class is provided.

It will be seen from the above statement that the

nothing in the *Little Go* to occupy a good schoolboy of fifteen more than three or four months ; and for a Second-year Cantab of good standing, there is really nothing to prepare except the Paley ; he might without danger trust to the light of nature for his Classics, or if scrupulous to run no risk, read them up sufficiently for practical purposes in three days, and the same time properly applied would make him master of his Evidences.* Nevertheless the Classical men do grumble a little, chiefly I imagine on account of the two or three days consumed in the examination, which some of them can ill spare at that juncture, and because they can gain no credit in a pass examination and may get disgraced by dropping into the second class through some carelessness in Paley. On the Mathematical men it comes rather harder ; some of them, especially in the Small Colleges, are much behindhand in their Classics, and require some time to get up their subjects. But I believe no one of any mathematical eminence ever was plucked for the *Little Go*, though some have been placed in the second class ; and it is so obvious that a Second-year collegian ought to know Classics enough to pass such an examination, that no attempt has ever been made to alter it in the way of *diminution*. But within the last three years, as one of a system of changes tending to equalize

* Some of the technical memory artifices for getting up Paley were not unamusing, for instance the eleven proofs of New Testament authenticity were abbreviated into two barbarous Hexameters, thus :

Quoted, *sui generis*, distinct tit., publicly, comment.

Both sides, gospel, epist., adversa., catalogue, apocry.

the requirements from Mathematicians and Classics, two books of Euclid and ordinary Arithmetic were added ; and about the same time a knowledge of Old Testament History was made a requisite.

There is a Third Examination during the Lent Term, in which Second-year men may be candidates, though the number who avail themselves of the opportunity is not large—the University Scholarship. I say *Scholarship*, for though there are several on different foundations, it has been so arranged that one is vacant every year and seldom more than one ;* the examiners and style of examination are the same for them all, and they may be practically considered as one and the same. The examination is open to all Undergraduates, but the competition lies chiefly among those of the Third year. It includes more Latin composition than the Tripos, and even a wider range of authors, embracing Athenæus, the Comic fragments, and such out-of-the-way subjects which enter into no other examination. Yet it sometimes happens that a Second-year man is the successful candidate, and there are rare instances of a Freshman gaining the prize. A large proportion of the candidates are from that year ; the Freshman, not being definitely settled to his work, or having his relative place at all assigned him, tries more experiments than

* There have been two vacancies together three times in the last ten years. The Foundations are four, the *Craven*, *Battie*, *Davies*, and *Pitt*, to which a new one, the *Porson*, has just been added. The annual emolument varies from £30 to £75.

the Junior Soph, who having more definite and immediate objects in view, is unwilling to be drawn aside by a useless competition with better men. It might be supposed that the exercise and practice afforded by the examination would attract many in all the years, and so no doubt they would, if the individual results could be got at; but as only the best ten or twelve have any means of hearing even in the most indirect way how they have acquitted themselves, the great end of an examination—to correct errors and ascertain progress—is not attainable. Where but one man's standing is to be decided out of some eighty, of course the first object is to eliminate the candidates who have no chance, and whom a few of the Composition papers may effectually dispose of. Probably there are never more than a dozen or fifteen whose papers are carefully collected, and whose comparative standing the examiners themselves could tell with accuracy. This year (1842), a Johnian gained the Scholarship, which usually falls to a Trinity, or Kings' man.

All the examinations above mentioned take place after the first term. But the Johnians have split their May, throwing back the easier subjects into an examination at the end of the Michaelmas term. In the third year of Whewell's administration he introduced a somewhat similar examination into Trinity, but only for the Junior Sophs. These *half examinations*, from being partial and not very difficult, have only a moderate importance attached to them. They make their First Class rather smaller than that of the Freshman May. When it is stated in addition that some of the Small Colleges also split

their Second-year examination as well as their Freshman, and that some of them have a voluntary Classical examination, we have completed our enumeration of the tests, College and University, voluntary and compulsory, to which the Second-year man or Junior Soph is liable, and in which he is personally interested up to the end of his Lent Term. But these do not usually occupy his attention so entirely as to prevent him from taking a lively interest in the great University examinations, the Mathematical Tripos in January, and the Classical Tripos in February. For he now begins to understand more of the working of these, and to know, by reputation at least, the prominent candidates for Honors from his own College, and to be anxious about this Mathematical friend who hopes to be among the first Ten, and that Classical acquaintance who is in danger of the gulf.

It has been mentioned that the University Scholarship was this year borne off by a Johnian. *En revanche* we triumphed in both Triposes, having in Mathematics the Senior Wrangler (who is almost always as a matter of course a Johnian), and in Classics the Senior Classic and Senior Medalist, as usual. Some circumstances worth mentioning attended these examinations. Our Trinity Senior Wrangler (we have one so seldom that he is prone to be an object of curiosity and a pet) was a crooked little man, in no respect a beauty, and not in the least a beau. On the day of his triumph, when he was to receive his hard-earned honors in the Senate House, some of his friends combined their energies to dress him, and put him to rights properly, so that his appearance might not

be altogether unworthy of his exploits and his College. He had generally the reputation of being a mere Mathematician, which did him great injustice, for he was really a man of much varied information, and that on some subjects the very opposite of scientific—for instance he was well up in all the current novels, an uncommon thing at Cambridge, where novel reading is not one of the popular weaknesses. His Johnian competitor, who was a fearfully hard reader, and had once worked *twenty hours a-day* for a week together at a College examination, almost broke down from over exertion just as the time of trial was coming on, and found himself actually obliged to carry a supply of ether and other stimulants into the examination, in case of accidents. Nevertheless he made a good fight of it, and having great pace as well as style in addition to his knowledge, beat the Trinity man a little on the bookwork, but was beaten two hundred marks in problems, which decided the contest. One of the low bookwork papers to which three hours were allotted happening to be rather shorter than usual, the Johnian, either as a bit of bravado to frighten his opponent, or because having done all that could be done he had no reason for waiting longer, came out at the expiration of two hours, having floored the paper in that time. His early exit did not escape notice, and the same evening a Trinity Senior Soph rushed up in great fear to the room of his friend, on whom the hopes of our College depended. "C——! C——! they tell me S—— floored the paper this afternoon in two hours. Is it so?" The Mathematician, who was refreshing himself after

the fatigues of the day with the innocent and economical luxury of a footbath, looked up at the querist from his tub with the equanimity of a Diogenes, and replied: "Likely enough he did. I floored it myself in two hours and a half." The examination for the *Smith's Prizes*, which takes place immediately after the result of the Mathematical Tripos is declared, and which serves to rectify or confirm the arrangement of the first three or four Wranglers, had a similar result; our man beat his opponent, but with nothing to spare.

The Senior Classic was a nobleman's son, also distinguished as one of the best oars on the river. He had moreover been Captain (Head) of the Poll, for it is a privilege of noblemen's sons that they go out in Classics by first passing the *ordinary* degree examination instead of the *Mathematical*. This, and obtaining a degree by seven terms residence instead of ten (making just a year's difference),* are the only unfair privileges they enjoy. The reason assigned for both is the same—that they may be wanted in public life at an earlier age than the other students; and the intention evidently was, that those going out in Classics through the Poll should do so after a residence of two years and a half. But as this, though the spirit, is not the letter of the law, some of them take advantage of the double chance, and enjoy the same length of time for Classical preparation as the other students, without being hampered

* This also involves their exemption from *Little Go*.

by the Mathematical examination. On the other hand there are instances of young men who have chivalrously refused to avail themselves of this advantage, and have gone out in the Mathematical Tripos along with the mass of Classical students. The privilege holds good, even if the nobleman has entered as a Pensioner, but it does not extend to the Chancellor's Medals, *all* candidates for which are required to be Senior Optimes. The great damage done to the Classical men the year before, and the outcry it occasioned, made the Mathematical examiners very lenient this time. No Classic was plucked, and the Senior Optime list stretched down to include as many as possible. But some of our Scholars had already gone out among the *πρῶτοι* through fear of the result. Both the Medalists were Trinity men; the Second was only sixth on the Tripos.

When the examination for the Trinity Scholarships arrived, it may be supposed I was in no condition to present myself. Indeed I had a double disqualification exclusive of illness. First, as a Fellow Commoner, for they, being considered men of fortune, are not eligible to a Scholarship or Fellowship involving a stipendiary emolument. (This is not the case everywhere; Fellow Commoners can be scholars at some of the Small Colleges). Secondly, as a *bye-term man* or one between two years. Although I had entered into residence at the same time with those men who were to go out in 1844, my name had not been placed on the College Books, like theirs, previous to the commencement of 1840. I had therefore lost a term, and for most purposes was considered a

Freshman, though I had been in residence as long as any of the Junior Sophs.* In fact I was *between years*—a position rather advantageous to a man who comes to the University with little knowledge of it, for he can measure and test his acquirements and capacity, and then choose whether he will go out in Honors a year earlier, and thus virtually degrade.† And if he becomes a Scholar of Trinity, and wishes to go out along with those with whom he entered into residence, he will have an additional year to read for his Fellowship, for though he makes the Mathematical examination with them, his B. A. will consequently be later than theirs.

At the time of the examination I was not in Cambridge at all. I had gone to Paris for medical advice, in concert with my friend and former coach, who having gained his Fellowship the October previous, and not being quite decided as to his future plans, was not a very regular resident. He had not overburdened himself with pupils. He took care of me and bantered me alternately—a treatment which did me no harm in the end, and amused him greatly for the time. An invalid who cannot ascend two pairs of stairs will

* Twelve terms are required to be kept by the Statutes, but only ten during which the name is entered, and that during which the degree is taken, are included in the number, making only ten terms of residence.

† *Degrading*, or going back a year, is not allowed except in case of illness (proved by a Doctor's certificate). A man degraded for any other reason cannot go out afterwards in Honors.

feeling the worse for it, is not exactly in a condition to appreciate or enjoy the pleasures of the gay French capital; my stay was only long enough to consult (without benefit) the physician to whom I had been recommended.

I shall not easily forget the difference between this and my next visit to Paris. It was in the spring of 1845, when I was restored to almost perfect health, and had just been recruiting after my final examination (the Classical Tripos), by a month's idleness and generous living. For eight days I had been lionizing Belgium under the disadvantages of continual rain, and during those eight days had worn out more than one pair of boots over the pavements of Bruges, Ghent, and Antwerp. The rainiest day of all was that on which I left Brussels in the Diligence for Paris, and a weary trip I had, arriving somewhere about midnight at my destination. The next morning was Sunday. The sun shone out as brightly as if he had been undergoing repairs and decorations during his temporary retirement—warm but not sultry, as an April sun is wont to shine between the rains. My *entresol* looked out on the gardens of the Tuileries, which I could see were thronged with people in their holiday clothes. I began to have recollection of the time when I used to play exquisite in Broadway, and the thought occurred to me as I proceeded to overhaul my trunks, that a man who had hardly been out of his University for three years was likely to be somewhat behind the Parisian fashions—or any other. However I did the best I could with myself, and strolled into the crowd. It seemed as if all the inhabitants of Paris had

poured into those gardens—men, women, and children, all equally well dressed, gay, happy, and as sparkling as the beautiful fountains that were flashing in the sunshine. Such a contrast to my English associations, and to the Belgic mud and rain I had just encountered ! On, on I walked, through the Place de Concorde, and up the Champs Elysées, among the stalls, and the itinerant merchants, and the goat-omnibuses full of rejoicing children, and the children of a larger growth who looked so merry on every side ; and it was only at the foot of the Arc d'Etoile that I began to feel the want of that necessary fortification for the day which consists in the matutinal repast. Certainly there is no city or place in the world like Paris for pure amusement, no such place to recruit after hard work, when you have a few weeks to devote to idle enjoyment, good dinners, and collecting apparel for the outer man, and trinkets for your friends. How far it is a place for a foreigner to reside in who has any rational and permanent object of life in this world, or any serious thoughts of the next, is another question.

The result of the Scholarship Examination had just been declared when I returned to Cambridge, and the Master's threat had been partially executed. Some Classical men of the third year, and one in particular of the second, had been thrown overboard for doing no Mathematics. Besides this, there was the usual number of disappointments. One of the unsuccessful candidates *migrated*—a common event on these occasions. A migration is generally tantamount to a confession of inferiority, an acknowledgment

that the migrator is not likely to become a Fellow of his own College, and therefore takes refuge in another where a more moderate Degree will insure him a Fellowship. A great deal of this migration goes on from John's to the Small Colleges; Sidney is almost a colony of second-rate Johnians; at Christ's for three years successively while I was an Undergraduate, the first man was an emigrant from John's. Sometimes the migrating man turns out a dark horse, and stands very high at last; it proved so in the present case. More rarely it happens that a good man from the start migrates out of John's or Trinity to save himself trouble, because at another College he will be given a Fellowship merely for his Degree—that is, for his place in the Mathematical or Classical Tripos, without having to undergo the additional subsequent examination. Sometimes also, a Bachelor migrates for the same reason. The Small College Scholarships and Fellowships, it may be remarked, are not inferior to those of Trinity in pecuniary value; on the contrary they are generally more lucrative. It is a question of profit against honor.*

The five or six Second-year men who gain Scholarships at their first trial are considered to have won some honor

* There are some *Bye-Fellowships* however in the small colleges, whose value is merely nominal—some £5 or £6 a-year. These are in no great demand and are usually given to inferior men. Sometimes they serve to keep good men from being *superannuated* (in Colleges where a man cannot be made Fellow after he has attained a certain [University] age), since a Bye-Fellow can be elected to one of the regular Fellowships when a vacancy occurs.

thereby, and to have a fair prospect of being among the best men of their year in the University. But this does not invariably follow. It frequently happens that some of them take a lower degree than those who are chosen Scholars at their second trial. Clever and industrious men who have come up not too well prepared sometimes take nearly two years before the effect of their "coaching" shows itself, and then take a great start and develop rapidly in the third year; while those who begin on an excellent preparation are not unfrequently rendered lazy by their second year's triumph. The cases which have occurred of a man who missed his Scholarships altogether beating in the Senate House one who gained his at the first trial, may be in a great measure attributed to this, want of success having piqued the former to exertion during the important "last Long," while success, perhaps unlooked for, at an early period has made the other careless and indolent. Something, however, is due to the difference of the examinations in some essential particulars. The narrower range of authors in the College Scholarship has been already noticed. But besides this, it contains no Greek composition, and Greek composition in the Tripos counts more than Latin, and is indeed one fifth of the whole examination. Then the time is allotted on a much more liberal scale. You are allowed four hours for a less amount of work than that to which the University assigns three. In the Classical Tripos *pace* is of the greatest consequence; a slow man stands a bad chance. In the Trinity Scholarship there is plenty of time to polish up. Sometimes it happens that a

Second-year Scholar does badly in the University examinations, and then acquits himself well for the Trinity Fellowship. Three out of the six successful candidates in the present year thus fell and recovered themselves, owing to the combined influence of both causes.

When the new Scholars are declared, but a few weeks remain before the May examination. The printed lists of this show the telling of the pace in more ways than one. In the first place the whole number of men in the year is sensibly diminished, about one fifth having fallen off. While from a hundred to a hundred and twenty go in at the first year's examination, only from eighty to a hundred present themselves at that of the second.* Then the first class is cut down to half or less than half its original dimensions, averaging about eleven. This, however, is not altogether owing to the hard work having its effect, and men giving up or breaking down in the second year who were industrious and successful in their first. The examination this year is principally Mathematical. The only strictly Classical paper is one on some dialogue of Plato. There is another on the Diatessaron (the Four Gospels) chiefly "cram," and three short papers in "morals"—Paley's *Natural Theology*, Stewart's *Outlines*, and *Butler's three Sermons on Human Nature*. These three, with the Eleventh Book of Euclid, are put into one

* The number of *posts*, *agrotats*, men absent on leave, &c., no more than seven or eight in any case, is about the same for both years.

long session of five hours. The other six papers are Mathematical, Statics, Dynamics, Theory of Equations, Conic Sections, Spherical Trigonometry, Differential and Integral Calculus, and one paper of Problems on all the subjects. Now it is quite possible for a Classical man, by polishing up carefully the Morals and Greek Testament and Plato (with the aid of the Euclid which is given him as a sort of sop), to get marks enough for a First Class, especially as the standard is two hundred marks lower than it was the first year. But the prize is not generally considered worth the expenditure of time. The votary of Classics is now beginning to keep a single eye on the Tripos, and is not easily drawn aside from his pursuit of a high place in that, and no one thinks the worse of him for being as low even as the Sixth Class in the May examination. Indeed, so far from success now insuring it to him hereafter, to stand high in the second May is rather against his chance of a good position on the Tripos, as the time which has been devoted to the particular "cram," is so much taken from his general practice in translation and composition. On the whole there is not very hard working for this May as compared with the first, except among the best two or three in Mathematics, who are beginning to struggle for their places, and with them it is rather the result of their contemporary reading with their private tutors than of special study for the examination. If he who has been decidedly the best Mathematician in his first year comes out as decidedly superior in this, he may be considered pretty safe for the highest Wranglership out of Trinity; but if one or

two others who were then close behind him are now a second time not far, in his rear, there is a very good chance that their places may be changed next year, or at any rate in the Degree examination. Some men drop out of a good place this year by temporary misdirection and want of concentration of their powers, and not having their Mathematical abilities as yet fully developed by steady and exclusive application. These come up again in the third year, and are ultimately among the high Wranglers. From a variety of causes, the principal of which have been enumerated, the standard of marks is comparatively low ; frequently the first man has not more than fifteen hundred.

Once or twice during the winter, as fallacious symptoms of recovery showed themselves, I had vague thoughts of reading for this examination ; but I never was well enough to master even the Classical subject, and after reading a few pages of the *Phædo*, and attending three or four lectures on it, was obliged to give up from sheer weakness and inability to sit an hour in a crowded room. It was a great deprivation to me, for our Plato lecturer was a remarkable man, and though his readings had not at that time the University celebrity which they afterwards acquired, for it was only the third year of his course, they had already deservedly attracted a large attendance. I was compelled to remain in the busy place an idle looker-on. The dancer with a sprained ancle, the horseman with his bridle-hand disabled, the rower with a broken oar, the epicure condemned by his physician to hospital diet—are all to be pitied for their tantalizing plight ;

but none of them are so deserving commiseration as a young man eager for the acquisition of knowledge, with everything around tempting him to it, and every one about him engaged in the pursuit, yet forced by the instinct of self-preservation to be systematically idle, and lie like a boat aground, seeing others float by him. Something of this has been my lot ever since; I cannot even now write or study eight hours a-day for six days consecutively (even with the most simple and abstemious regimen), without being quite worn out and obliged to strike work at the end of the week.

The examination was over and the students dispersing. One who has continued to be a reading man up to the end of the second year is generally pretty safe to go on as such, but it not unfrequently happens that he now drops the intention of being a "double man," and concentrates himself upon Mathematics. I was left for a while almost alone. Some were going on reading parties, some taking a holiday before settling down to their work in the "Long." About this time I did one wise thing, which was to "throw physic to the dogs," and thenceforward I began slowly to improve. Recovery being evidently a work of time, I resolved to stay quietly where I was, and some mental occupation being necessary, began to read a little again merely for diversion. First I attacked Aristophanes, as the most amusing author, and working a couple of hours every morning went through seven plays, which, added to my former knowledge, enabled me to say that I had read the old Comedian all through, and though from the circumstances of the case my reading was

not very thorough, still it laid a foundation for future revision, and I had mastered the author's vocabulary, no small part of his difficulty. My work was done at a standing desk ; I was not able to stoop or bend over a table. Very many of the students, even those in the best health, have, as a means of keeping so, adopted the plan of reading on the feet, which I believe is also very common in Germany. It is certainly the healthiest way, and after a few trials not at all fatiguing even to an invalid, though one is apt to think it must be before trying it. In the evening I used to take Horace and revive my old recollections of the Latin and Epistles, using an edition with copious notes, which I could look over while leaning back in my arm-chair, and seldom having occasion for a dictionary. This was light occupation, in which an hour or sometimes more passed away pleasantly. After finishing in this way the review of Horace, I took up the Tusculan Questions, the First Book of which I had read before (indeed had stood an examination at Yale on the whole five), but even in that First Book I had enough to learn. Still the verbal difficulties were not numerous ; and to read Cicero leisurely, translating his elegant Latin into the choicest English you can find, is an interesting and not unprofitable occupation. After Aristophanes, I took up Thucydides, and read the Sixth and Seventh Books, but not in a way to know much about them—indeed, it is not until after having gone over it for the third time, and that very carefully, that you can feel at all sure of any difficult passage in that author. With the Hippolytus of Euripides I did more,

getting it up well, and not merely in a philological, but also in a literary point of view, for the purpose of comparing it with Seneca's *Hippolytus* and Racine's *Phèdre*, which I read immediately after, and made a comparative synopsis of these three plays on the same subject. This sketch I found among my papers while writing these pages, and insert it here, as it may not be without interest to some. I have never seen the three plays collated in detail elsewhere.

EURIPIDES' HIPPOLYTUS.

The scene is laid at Trœzene.

Aphrodite prologizes.

Hippolytus brings a crown of flowers to Artemis (thence the name of the play *Ἰππόλυτος Στεφανήφορος*). An attendant advises him to pay homage to Venus, which he refuses to do.

The chorus mourns the condition of Phædra, and wonders whether it is caused by some offended Deity or by bad news of her husband.

The nurse extorts with difficulty her secret from Phædra. The Queen cannot bring herself to pronounce the fatal name, but draws it from the nurse by a question. She confesses to the chorus her irresistible passion, and resolves to die. The nurse endeavors to persuade her that her desires may be gratified, but failing to do so, pretends that she has a potion

which can alleviate them. The chorus sings the power of Aphrodite as illustrated in the cases of Iole and Semele.

Hippolytus enters reviling the nurse, who implores him not to betray her. Here occurs the famous line,

ἡ γλῶσσ' ὀμῶμοχ' ἡ δὲ φρήν ἀνώμοτος.

(My tongue has sworn it, but my mind has not.)

He accuses the whole race of women, and leaves them in horror. Phædra reproaches the nurse. The chorus laments her fate. She hangs herself.

Theseus returns from *Delos* whither he had gone as a *θεωρός*. He finds a letter from his wife accusing Hippolytus of having forced her. He imprecates the curse on him. Hippolytus is loaded with reproaches and driven away. The chorus prays for a humble fortune, and laments his banishment.

A messenger announces the death of Hippolytus (the monster is simply described as *ταῦρος ἄγριον τέρας*). The chorus confesses the power of Aphrodite and Eros.

Artemis appears, and discloses the truth to Theseus. Hippolytus is brought in dying. He forgives his father, and Artemis declares that she will avenge him, and that due honors shall be paid to his memory.

THE PSEUDO-SENECA'S HIPPOLYTUS.

It is the most simple of the three plays in its *action*.

The scene is laid at *Athens* (not *Troezen* as in Euripides and Racine).

ACT I.

Hippolytus gives his servants directions for the chase. Phædra and the nurse enter. The fatal secret of Phædra's passion is *already known* to the latter. She exhorts the Queen to subdue it. Phædra still clings to the idea that it may be gratified, but at length, convinced by the nurse, prepares to kill herself. The nurse is now overcome and departs to broach the subject to Hippolytus. The chorus sings the power of love.

ACT II.

Phædra directs her servants to attire her as an Amazon. The nurse implores the aid of Hecate (!) and addresses Hippolytus, advising him to taste the joys of social life. He replies with a beautiful panegyric on rustic felicity, one of those *purpurei panni* which frequently occur in the pseudo-Seneca, winding up with a general condemnation of the fair sex. Phædra enters and faints in his arms. She avows her love *herself*. He is about to slay her, but at her entreaties spares her life, throws away his sword as polluted by her touch, and flies horror-struck. The nurse cries for help, and accuses him of having violated his step-mother. The chorus prays that the beauty of Hippolytus may not prove his ruin.

ACT III.

Theseus returns from Hades, where he has been four years. He finds Phædra about to slay herself. She *herself* accuses Hippolytus. Theseus imprecates the curse of Neptune upon

him. *Hippolytus and Theseus do not meet.* The chorus complains that the gods do not regulate the affairs of men so carefully as they do those of the inanimate world.

ACT IV.

A messenger announces the death of Hippolytus. The monster is described with great minuteness of detail. The question of Theseus which leads to this description ("Quis habitus ille corporis vasti fuit?") has a bad effect, as it breaks the unity of the narrative. The death of Hippolytus is also described in detail. He is represented as literally torn to pieces and his body scattered in so many fragments that it is impossible to find them all. The chorus sings the instability of fortune, introducing, *inter alia*, this queer conceit.

"Metuens cœlo Jupiter alto

Vicina petit" (strikes the places that approach it in height.)

ACT V.

Phædra confesses her falsehood, and kills herself before Theseus, who laments his condition, and *puts together the pieces of his son's body for burial.* This is enough to show that the play was only intended for the closet.

The chief peculiarities of this play are, 1st, that the author makes no attempt to diminish Phædra's culpability, but rather strives to set it forth in all its odiousness. She laments not so much the unholiness of her passion, as that it

meets with no return. Nor does the nurse prevail on her to do wrong (as in Euripides and Racine), but on the contrary she persuades the unwilling nurse to aid her. 2d, that the nurse knows Phædra's love from the first. 3d, that Theseus and Hippolytus do not meet after the accusation.

Three great defects.

RACINE'S PHÈDRE.

Racine has followed Euripides more closely than the pseudo-Seneca did.

The scene is laid at Troezen.

There is a secondary plot, the love of Hippolytus for Aricia, the sole surviving descendant of Pallas.

ACT I.

Hippolytus declares, to his preceptor Theramenes, his intention of going in search of his father, from which the other vainly endeavors to dissuade him.

Cenone, Phædra's nurse, wrings from her the fatal secret. (It is disclosed by means of a question as in Euripides.) Phædra declares that she has long struggled against her passion, but in vain, and must die.

Panope, an attendant, announces the death of Theseus. Cenone suggests a marriage with Hippolytus.

ACT II.

Hippolytus, who has asked an interview with Aricia,

declares his intention of making her Queen of Athens, himself taking Troezen, and Phædra's son, Crete. He also confesses his love.

Phædra who has likewise asked an interview with him, confesses her passion *herself* (here Racine has followed the pseudo-Seneca). He does not load him with reproaches, but what he says is to the point. She implores him to kill her, or at least to lend her his sword, which she takes. Cœnone carries her off. Theramenes announces that Phædra's son has been chosen king, but that there is a rumor of the return of Theseus.

ACT III.

Phædra and Cœnone resolve to try Hippolytus with the offer of empire. On learning that Theseus has returned, Cœnone persuades the Queen to let her accuse Hippolytus of having *attempted* to violate her.

Theseus returns from *Epirus*, whence he has escaped after being imprisoned there six months by the Molossian king, whose dogs had devoured Pirithous. (Racine here follows the Euemerizers.) Phædra shuns his embrace, and Hippolytus declares his intention of quitting Troezen.

ACT IV.

Cœnone accuses Hippolytus. Theseus reproaches him and imprecates the curse on him. Hippolytus in defending himself confesses his love for Aricia, and hints that Phædra by her descent is more likely to be moved by unnatural

passions than himself. (He may say this, not being bound by an oath as in Euripides.) Phædra, on learning that Hippolytus loves Aricia, becomes desperate and drives CEnone from her presence.

ACT V.

Hippolytus promises Aricia that he will wed her at a temple beyond the gates. She endeavors to convince Theseus of his error. He begins to doubt and demands CEnone. But she has drowned herself. Theramenes announces the death of Hippolytus. (The monster is described with much spirit, more minutely than by Euripides, less so than by the pseudo-Seneca). Hippolytus is represented as having lived only long enough to address a few dying words to his preceptor. Phædra confesses the falsity of her accusation and dies, having poisoned herself. Theseus declares his intention to adopt Aricia.

All such diversions would have been illegitimate for a regular reading man, but I read only for healthy mental occupation, and because I could not leave the place which I should have been too glad to abandon, could I by any possibility have reached home.

As my work, even in the dilettante manner in which it was carried on, had to be limited to less than four hours a day, some of the time during which I was forced to be idle on principle used to hang heavy on my hands. Miscellaneous novel reading I had been pretty well surfeited

with in my younger days in New Haven. Exercise I could take none worth speaking of; I could not ride, nor run, nor row, nor even handle a billiard cue, and my walk was not more than a saunter. I used to stroll about the College grounds, thinking of my native city, which distance, and the impossibility of returning thither, had invested with a coloring of romance and sentiment for me. When I received a letter or newspaper from over the water, it was a white day in my calendar. The next greatest pleasure was the hebdomadal appearance of *Punch*, then in its very prime. I can recollect every article of Thackeray's, and the circumstances under which I read them—the hour of the day (it was just after my scanty dinner that the paper used to arrive), the green-curtained window looking out on the grounds, the big arm-chair I sat in, and the little compromise between a stand and a table in front of it. It happened that there were fewer men up this Long than usual, and of the Dons besides the Librarian, only one Fellow, who was supposed to be at work on an endless book always advertised by the University booksellers, but never likely to appear in actual type. Even his company I could seldom enjoy, being scarcely even able to dine in the Hall.

There was one event which broke in on the monotony of this vacation. The Commencement, usually little more than a form, was made a grand show by the Installation of a new Chancellor. The Chancellor is the nominal Executive of the University, but all his duties are performed by

the Vice-Chancellor, one of the Heads chosen in rotation, so that the office is merely an honor to compliment some nobleman with. The Commencement takes place during the first week in July, and is the nominal ending of the Easter Term, which has virtually concluded a month before. The real business done is conferring the M. A. degrees, and reading the prize compositions—that is to say, the Classical ones and the English poem, for the recitation of the Theological Essays would be rather a tedious affair, as they sometimes make a tolerably sized book. The Latin Essays are read a few days before Commencement. Almost the only parties in attendance are those personally interested. A few of the reading-men up for the Long may drop into the galleries, and some straggling townspeople be in the body of the house. But on this occasion the scene was changed. Cambridge was turned into a show place for that day only. Gold-embroidered gowns of noblemen mingled with the red gowns of Doctors of Divinity and Physic. Crowds of well-dressed strangers thronged the beautiful College grounds, looking as unamused as the great Anglo-Saxon race usually does when it gets together in a crowd. The Senate-House was thronged. All manner of big-wigs graced the scene and augmented the dignity of the Duke of Northumberland. Some one of the royal family was there—I forget who; but recollect two officers pushing the people out of his way. Prince Albert came up to be made something or other, and put on some extraordinary dress. Illustrious foreigners were

not wanted. Everett and Bunsen were created D. C. L's, and had red gowns put over their diplomatic uniforms. The scandalous conduct of some members of the other University to our distinguished countryman when the same degree was conferred on him there some time later, is unhappily notorious, but it is not so generally known that a difficulty—though of a different sort, founded not on religious but on political grounds—was near occurring at Cambridge. Some precise member of the Senate started this objection: "We give Honorary Degrees only to persons of royal blood, and Ambassadors are admissible to them merely in their quality of representatives of crowned heads. Now Mr. Everett does not represent a crowned head; how then can we give him a Degree?" Fortunately some one recollected that the American Minister was a D. C. L. of Trinity College, Dublin, members of which are admitted *ad eundem gradum* at Cambridge, which solved the difficulty at once; indeed it was settled so quietly that not many people were aware of its existence.

The unusual throng made the winners of the Browne medals, the Porson, the Camden, and the Chancellor's English medal, extraordinary lions, as instead of an audience of half a dozen old Dons, and twice as many Undergraduates, they had a crowded house of beauty, nobility, and fashion to recite before. The Browne medals are three in number, for an ode in Latin Alcaics, an ode in Greek Sapphica, and a brace of epigrams in Greek and Latin.

The Porson prize (of books) is for a translation from Shakspeare into Greek Iambics; the Camden medal for an exercise in Latin Hexameters. The subjects of these exercises are announced at the end of the First Term, and the candidates have about three months to write them in. These prizes are sometimes taken by the best men in the year, sometimes by second-rate ones. The continually recurring reason that they make too much inroad into the preparation for the Tripos, prevents many of the first Classics in the year from trying for them, particularly in the case of the Greek ode, which is an altogether out of the way exercise, Greek Sapphics not being written in any of the examinations. On the whole I believe the Porson was considered the most honorable, and there was more competition for it among the good men. But there is a generally prevailing idea in the University that success in an extensive examination on general knowledge of language, not specially prepared for, is a fairer test of merit and ability than gaining a prize which has been elaborately worked up in private, and it not unfrequently happens that the Senior Classic has never written for a medal or Porson. The general run of the English poems may be guessed at. There are some good men among the Prize Poets—Praed, Macaulay, Tennyson. The last was for a long time the only one who broke loose from the trammels of Heroic couplets. He wrote in blank verse with a *forged* motto from Chapman. It was said that he gained the prize by mistake. Smyth the Pro-

fessor of History, had been long looked up to by the other examiners, who were accustomed to be guided by his decision. Having lit on Tennyson's poem, and being much puzzled by it (it *was* something out of the common, and just the thing to astonish an ancient Don) he pencilled on the outside, "*Look at this!*" meaning thereby merely to call the attention of his brother examiners to it as a curiosity. But it happened that he was taken ill or called away from Cambridge on business, and the others were obliged to meet and decide in his absence. His note of admiration was mistaken for a sign of approval, and the palm adjudged to the future Laureate. Such is the legend; some say that the poet's *apostolic* friends invented it to palliate the discredit of his having gained a prize poem. Some years ago another bold youth wrote a poem in Spenserian stanzas, which took the prize. This broke the charm, and a variety of metres have since been attempted with success—the success that is of getting the Chancellor's medal.

On the present occasion the six prizes were divided among three men, and five of them between two of our year. The Greek ode and epigrams were carried off by the Trinity man who had headed the first May, and was one of the three favorites (all from our College) for Senior Classic; the two Latin prizes, and the English poem by a Small-Colleger, whom this triple success introduced to the University world in which he was destined to make a distinguished figure.

As the Long vacation drew to a close, I gave a symptom of returning vitality by passing my Little-Go. There is a post-examination for this in the beginning of October—a sort of appendix to the regular one for the benefit of plucked men and *ægrotats*. As the former constitute the greater portion of the thirty or forty who present themselves, the few reading-men whom sickness or other accident has placed in their company, show particularly well by comparison. A man passed at this examination who had been plucked three times. One does not know whether such a person's want of capacity is more worthy of pity, or his fortitude and perseverance of admiration.

THIRD YEAR.—A CHANGE OF POSITION.—SCATTERING SHOT,
 THAT SOME MAY HIT.—COLLEGE DECLARATIONS.—LITE-
 RARY FRIENDS.—“THE APOSTLES.”—ACCIDENTS OF THE
 MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS, AND OF THE UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIP.—A DESERTER FROM THE FIELD OF BATTLE.—
 AN OUTSIDER WINS.—UNIVERSITY LECTURES.—PLATO LEC-
 TURES.—UNION ROWS.—DISAPPOINTMENTS AND CONSO-
 LATIONS.—A VISIT TO OXFORD.

‘Ὁ πῶ σφιν ἐξίτηλον αἶμα Δαιμόνων.

INCERTI FRAG. APUD PLATONEM.

“Abili, evasit, excessit, erupit.”—CICERO.

“They love the winner of the race,
 If only he who prospers, looks
 At prizes with a simple grace.”—ANON.

Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime,
 Il faut aimer ce que l'on a.

“We start, for soul is wanting there.”—BYRON.

WHEN the collegiate year recommenced once more, I threw off the blue and silver, and turned Pensioner. It was rather an uncommon step, but there had been a precedent for it not long before. A friend of mine after one year's experience of Fellow-Commoner life, had changed his grade, partly from pecuniary motives, and partly to be eligible to a Scholarship. I had both these inducements, and a third still more pressing—my health, which made it necessary for me to shun the luxurious dinners of the upper table. It was coming down a step in life,

and a sort of confession of poverty on the face of it, but I had the satisfaction of finding that none of my old acquaintance among the Dons, to whose friendship I attached any value, changed their conduct and bearing towards me in the least. And I have generally observed this to be the case, that when a man freely confesses his pecuniary inability to maintain a certain position, he is not held at any discount for it, but his honest determination is rather applauded. It is your keeping up appearances, Spanish grandee shift and deceit, trying to be what one is not, that provoke sneer and coldness. My most intimate friends generally congratulated me on the step, as now having a better opportunity to profit by the advantages which the main body of the students enjoyed.

Being now able to work a little in earnest, I started on the principle of shying for several things at once, in the hope of getting some of them ; a proceeding which better suited my physical condition, more fitted to accomplish small separate pieces of work than to aim steadily at a remote end, and a task of indefinite amount. To a Trinity student in his third year, more opportunities of this sort are open than in his first two. He has a chance for all the University prizes open to the Freshmen and Junior Sophs, with additional training for them, and the Members' Prizes for Latin Essays besides ; and in his own College, an English Declamation, a Latin Declamation, and an English Essay. I determined in the coming year to make shots for all these four, and also for a College Scholar-

ship and a First Class in the May; and as I ultimately attained three out of the six objects, the speculation was not altogether a bad one.

The *Declamations* are what in Yale College language would be termed *Disputes*. At the beginning of the Michaelmas Term a number of questions are giving out "on subjects connected with the History of England," say the terms of the founder of this prize, but as the intervention of England in European affairs has taken a pretty wide range, so these questions take a pretty wide range in European history. Every third-year-man chooses his question, and writes on it, giving in his exercise at the end of the term; during the next term ten or twelve of the best are publicly recited in the chapel, and about the time of the Scholarship examination silver goblets are adjudged to the best three, the first worth £20, the others £10 each. To the best two Latin Declamations prizes of books are adjudged. The "moral, antiquarian, or literary" subject of the English Essay, is publicly notified at the beginning of the Collegiate year, when the prize for the former year's essay is adjudged, and the exercises need not be given in till next July, so there is no lack of time to the Senior Soph who makes a point of getting it. But he must take care not to attempt compassing his object by mere quantity and weight of paper. That would be fatal to his success, even were his production in other respects worthy of favor. It is distinctly required that the essay be not of greater length than can

be conveniently read aloud in half an hour; and much shorter limits are assigned to the Declamations. Two cases came under my observation where very good men lost their chance because they had "written a book," as one of the examiners expressed it. Questions referring to the History and Policy of the Stuarts, the Wars of William and Anne, the History and Benefits of Colonies, the Crusades, the Monastic institutions, the Social, Political, and Literary condition of the English people at different periods, distinguished characters in English History compared with one another or with illustrious foreigners; such were the ordinary subject-matter of the English declamations. The Latin ones were usually on some topic of Classical history. For the English Essay I recollect such subjects as *the Life of Erasmus, the Influence of Alexander the Great's Conquests on the Arts and the Literature of Europe, the Platonic element in Cicero's Philosophy, the Abuse of Political Theories, the Military Orders of the Middle Ages, the Colonial Policy of the Ancients*. They generally lean to the historical or antiquarian, but are sometimes purely literary or philosophic. The prize, ten pounds, is generally converted (part of it at least) into books by the prizeman.

The competition for these English prizes is remarkably moderate; sometimes, indeed I may say generally, there are not more than three or four competitors for the essay. Even the Latin Declamations are not always taken by the best Classics of the year.

The *Members' Prizes* of fifteen guineas each, given by the representatives of the University in Parliament, are four in number, two open to all Bachelors, two to all Senior Sophs, or all men *who have resided seven terms*, even though Bye-term men like myself. The subjects are on all possible topics—historical, moral, theological, literary, philosophical.

The preparation of these exercises, coming as they did successively, and not all at once, did not hinder me from going on with my more regular classical work to a certain extent. I put myself under my old friend and coach Travis (I suppose I may as well continue to call him by that name), and worked up two plays of *Æschylus*, besides reading *Juvenal*, not too thoroughly, as I afterwards found by sad experience in the *Tripes*, and by myself I ran over some *Cicero* and *Livy*, to get up my Latin style for the Declamation and Members' Prize. Still, being as yet able to average only about four hours' work daily, and compelled to abstain from all study at night, I had to cast about for ways of passing my evenings amusingly, and not altogether unprofitably.

And first I took up the "Union" again, for I was not only able to talk, but to make myself heard, and the moderate excitement of making a speech proved rather a beneficial exercise.

Any American Collegian who may chance to read this book, will have wondered long ago why I have said nothing about the "speakers" and "writers." Equal if not greater

would be the surprise of an Englishman, when told of the important position which these two classes of students—or as he would deem them non-students, non-reading men—occupy at an American College.

“Only think!” said Travis once to an acquaintance after I had been trying to explain to him the state of things at Yale College, “it is there just as if we were to consider the President of the Union a greater man than the Senior Wrangler.” “How strange!” replied the other. Writing English as a means of acquiring reputation or honor is almost unknown among the Undergraduates. The only incentives to it are Declamation Prizes in a few of the Colleges, for the University prizes for Moral and Theological Dissertations go by learning more than style. To tell a Cantab that such an Undergraduate had a fine English style, would seem as irrelevant as the information that he knew a good deal of law or physic. Even when a precocious politician contributes to the London papers (as one did about this time), it does not materially enhance his reputation. I was once talking to a friend about my exercises for the Trinity prizes, and how difficult I found it to practise one style for an oration and another for an essay; he was much surprised that I had had sufficient practice in English composition even to attempt such a variety. This same man understood perfectly the difference between Aristotelian and Thucydidean Greek prose, and could write either as occasion required. With public speaking the case was nearly similar. Conceive one general debating Society for the whole University, which has about

twelve hundred Undergraduates in residence for two terms, and sixteen hundred for the third. What protracted debates our students would have in such a case, and what scrambling for the seven offices every term. But at Cambridge not half the Undergraduates are members, and many of these are attracted solely by the reading-room. The debates are sometimes adjourned in half an hour for want of speakers; the offices frequently go a begging, and at a contested election there are seldom more than three hundred and fifty votes polled, and not often that number. Occasionally, however, on exciting public questions of the day an animated debate would be got up, and I have heard very good amateur speaking. The Union has its periodical fits of brief excitement, and at this particular period its affairs were at a favorable crisis. The rooms had just been newly fitted up and enlarged, and there happened to be an influx of men in the new Freshman year who were just the very persons to give the thing a start. These were of no great numerical force, but a few men with a will can do a great deal in such matters. Poor Henry F. Hallam was one of them, though he seldom spoke in the Union himself. But he was instrumental in getting up a small debating society of about forty members, called the *Historical*, at which tolerably lively debates were kept up, and the members of which attended the Union pretty regularly so as always to form the nucleus of an audience there. Another was a peer's son, now a Member of Parliament, who had a love of public affairs and a precocious seriousness almost American. A third was a

Dissenter, somewhat above the average age of Freshmen (two peculiarities which made him a character at once), having a flow of speech and a faculty of thinking on his legs which an Englishman seldom possesses unless he is a professional talker—i. e. a barrister or an M. P. of long standing—and not always even then. There were other aspirants to the name of orator, ambitious Small-College men, and a hard-working Trinity Scholar or two carried away by the novel impulse. We got up stirring political debates—democracy against aristocracy, toleration against church exclusiveness, old common sense against Young England—and soon had crowded houses for nights in succession. A debate on such an evening was an animated and interesting sight. The doors were open to all University men, members or not, and the audience amounted at times to four or five hundred. The English style of speaking and of *hearing* is very different from ours. Expressions of approbation and disapprobation on the part of the audience being frequent, the speaker aims more at points than with us, and when he has said a good thing or what he means to be such, looks out for the *hear! hear!* as a matter of course. It is much more agreeable to him (except at the very beginning of his career) than our solemn silence. The applause cheers him, the disapprobation piques him; both rest him and give him time to take breath—or a glass of water—and arrange himself for a fresh start.

Whenever there was a contested election for the Presidency of the Union, it turned more on the personal popu-

larity than on the actual services and reputation of the candidate, and generally came to be a contest between the reading and "rowing" men. When it came to a hard fight the former usually succeeded; the same industry and ability that aided them in their studies, generally enabling them to triumph in the canvas. There was but one exception to this rule. When the rowing men were lucky enough to get hold of a title who would run for them, they were safe to win. There is no resisting John Bull's lord-worship. Charles J. Vaughan, one of Arnold's favorite pupils, a University Scholar and Senior Classic, at present Head-master of Harrow, and altogether a gentleman of great abilities and merits, was put up for the Union presidency when an Undergraduate, and beaten by a Johnian nonentity who had *Sir* before his name; and the exception was verified a second time at my own expense this very year.

But as the Union and Historical only took up two nights in the week, there was some other amusement to be looked out for, as my friends who used to hold what at one time we called "Whig parliaments" in my rooms, now that I was able to take care of myself, had left me to myself. In some cases it was only transferring their trouble from one place to another, as I would lounge about into the rooms of those whom I knew for general literary conversation—even to talk Calendar if there was nothing else to do. Sometimes I would tumble in upon a reading set who were amusing themselves in their way, after a hard day's fagging at Composition or Mathematics, with Aristophanes or Ovid, in a knot of three

or four together, making an extempore addition to their temporary club. But this was too much like work for me, and my style of reading and comment too desultory for them, so I did not practise it often. It was more in my way to find some one who had done his day's work entirely so far as Classics or Mathematics were concerned, and chat quietly over endless cups of tea—or even potations more generous. Now at Trinity there was more cultivation of general literature than at any other College, and there were an unusual number of Freshmen at this time who took an interest in rhetoric and public speaking as well as subjects of general literature, in which matters I had some reputation, on the strength of my country ; so that there was not much difficulty in finding places to spend my evenings in.* Several of the men with whom I was most intimate, belonged either at this time or subsequently to a society which although a strictly private club, and in no way putting itself prominently forward, has exerted and does exert a very considerable influence on the literary train of thought in the University of Cambridge, and on the opinions of the English literary public—the Cambridge Apostles.

There is an association founded by the contemporaries of the late John Sterling, and called from him the *Sterling Club*. It comprises among its members men distinguished in various and somewhat different walks of life : theologians,

* The English now rather exaggerate our facility of speaking in public and believe that every American is born a debater.

like Maurice of King's College, London, and Stanley, Arnold's biographer ; poets like Tennyson and Milnes ; novelists like Thackeray ; some universal geniuses. They are mostly Cambridge men, Stanley and some few Oxonians, Thomas Carlyle, I believe, the only non-university man among them. By way of school or nursery to this club, there was a club at Cambridge of Undergraduates, popularly called *the Apostles* (it was said because they had usually thirteen members in residence). Some of them took high Honors, more generally in Classics than in Mathematics ; some of them did not compete for Honors at all ; but they all had a certain fondness for literary and metaphysical pursuits in common, and none of them were *solely* reading men. They were always on the look-out for eligible members to supply the place of those who had left the University and stepped into the regular club, and were very ingenious in making the acquaintance of men that were in any respect lions, and drawing them out to ascertain if they were of apostolic material. Sometimes they were very successful in catching celebrities just as they began to develope themselves. At one time, for four years in succession, the University Scholar was an apostle ; but shrewd people remarked that in three cases the lucky man had been elected into the club *after* it was pretty certain that he would be University Scholar. These men did not make any parade of mystery, or aim at notoriety by any device to attract attention ; they did not have special chambers for meeting, with skeletons in the corner, and assemble in them with the secrecy of con-

spirators ; nor did they wear breastpins with initials of bad Greek sentences or other symbolic nonsense on them, as our young Collegians do. They did not attempt to throw any awful veil of secrecy over their proceedings ; it was known that they met to read essays and hold discussions, with occasional interludes of supper. I have more than once seen the compositions which were prepared for these meetings : the authors did not seem to think that either the interests or dignity of their club suffered materially from letting an outsider so far behind the scenes.

Their immediate and tangible influence in the University amounted to just nothing. But imperceptibly they exercised much. Their association together had a great mutual effect on the formation of their minds and characters, and thus indirectly on the whole body of men, since an apostle was not cut off from his other friendships by belonging to this Society ; and the parent club taken in connexion with its embryo, formed a most innocent and effective *camaraderie*.

It is just possible that some of my apostolic friends would not be over-flattered at the application of the term *innocent* to them, as they usually prided themselves on being *leery*, and having such virtue as they possessed rather Platonically by ἐπιστήμη than through original instinct and want of experience like a child or a woman. But what I mean by calling the Sterling Club an innocent and effective *camaraderie*, is that its members, controlling as they did among them many avenues of approach to the public and means of influencing the public mind, were able to benefit one another

and help on one another's reputation very much, while at the same time they did so with a fair and legitimate partisanship, not by blowing up factitious renown with wholesale puffery, or in any way imposing on the public and corrupting their taste and judgment. Thus when a member of the club publishes, one of the fraternity has a footing in the Edinburgh, another in the Quarterly, a third in Fraser, a fourth in Blackwood, and so on—among them all there is a pretty good chance that his beauties will not be hid, or the reading community allowed to overlook his merits. Nor is it by such formal and systematic efforts only that they set forth his claims. In ordinary casual conversation they have continual opportunities of putting them forward. One man, I remember, who was a remarkably good reader (for a small room), used to have a knack of bringing in Tennyson so as to read portions of him, and the poet lost nothing in his mouth. Tennyson and Thackeray may be particularized as owing much to their comrades for setting them prominently before the world. But in all this there is no false pretence or deception. Let any, for instance, look at Sterling's review of Tennyson in the Quarterly, or the review in the Edinburgh also by a brother apostle; there is no daubing or whitewashing in them, no putting on the butter of adulation with the knife of profusion—none of the extravagant and unmitigated praise with which the members of a Mutual Admiration Society here would *criticize* one another's productions.

It is not possible for any clique, however excellent and liberal its individual component members, to be without some

shop and cant of its own. The cant of these men was inveighing against cant. It must not be supposed that they were mere imitators of Carlyle in this—the names of some of the members are enough to show that they had plenty of original men among them; but they all affected much *earnestness* and a hearty dislike of sham and formula, which rendered them far from popular with the *High and Dry* in literature, politics, or religion. The younger members at the University were eyed with terror by grave, plodding Johnnians, as something foreign, German, radical, altogether monstrous—they hardly pretended to know what. About the Society proper—the Sterling Club—some immense mares' nests were discovered at different times, and I am sorry to say that some Evangelical newspapers let loose a great deal of trash on the subject once or twice—indeed they talked as much nonsense as the Puseyites. The Society was represented as established for the promotion of infidelity on the German plan, the denial of Christ, Templar-fashion, and other things "horrible and awful," but which the accusers did not deem it "unlawful" to name at length. As many of the members were in Orders, and some of them indeed dignitaries of the Church, the charge became a pretty serious one. All the ground for it was that poor Sterling, who, though the eponymous hero of the club, does not seem to have been the leading man in it, was shaken in his religious faith towards the close of his life; *therefore*, the association must be an infidel one. If he had gone mad and cut his throat, it might with equal justice have been called a suicide club. What particular great and

chief end the Society had I do not pretend to say—it is not exactly necessary that it should have had any. I suppose a number of literary men may club together in a quiet way without any other purpose than that of mutual amusement and improvement. At any rate, whatever objects they had were literary, not religious or irreligious; religion only entered into their discussions as it must into those of all serious men and real *philosophers—lovers of wisdom*. Nor was their faith exposed to any peculiar danger beyond that which threatens all men engaged in high intellectual cultivation and living in a literary atmosphere—the danger of rating the intellectual too high in comparison with the moral.

The heresy which I found in these men was a purely intellectual one—an utter under-valuation of and almost contempt for rhetoric and oratory. My acquaintance was chiefly confined to the younger men, my contemporaries or juniors at the University, but the influence of the older men was visible in the younger—and it certainly was a general feature of them all that they looked down upon the art of public speaking as something necessarily shallow, insincere, and ignoble. They owned that the ideal orator was a great man, perhaps the greatest man conceivable; but the actual attempts at approximation to him they deemed mere charlatanism, and this dislike seemed to be accompanied (as is often the case with our dislikes, physical or intellectual) by an unfitness for success in that line—a turn of mind not popular, more philosophical than oratorical. Besides Hallam, I never knew but one of the members who was really born and cut out for a

public speaker, and that one was never an enthusiastic member of the Society, and seemed to have been taken into it when they were short of recruits, or in some other way to have got in by mistake. With Hallam the opposing influences were curious to observe. He was made for a debater, the very neatest and most elegant extempore speaker I ever heard. His unprepared speeches were more critically and tastefully worded than most men's written compositions; and this elegance of manner was based on great power of thought, the polish never impairing the strength, and supported by startling dexterity in argument. Most of his collegiate friends urged him forward in the career for which he seemed so signally marked out. But his co-apostles threw cold water on his taste, and I have little doubt it was their influence which so long held him back from speaking at the Union. They doubtless really believed it to be an inferior occupation for him. When I mentioned to some of them in no measured language my opinion of his talents for public speaking, they regarded it as little as if I had praised him for riding well, or getting up a supper with taste. I seemed to them to pick out one of his minor excellencies as a subject for praise. However, we debaters had the best of it for a time, and our great triumph was when an M.A. Fellow Trinity, perhaps the most anti-rhetorical in his professions of all the apostles, actually came down to the Union, and made a long speech in which he showed much anxiety to acquit himself well.

With the New Year came on the great University examinations, which excited the usual interest. The Senior Wrangler

this time was Adams of John's, since celebrated as *the other* discoverer of Le Verrier's planet. He won in a canter, so to speak, having three thousand marks to the Second Wrangler's fourteen hundred, so that there was more numerical difference between them than between the Second Wrangler and the *spoon*. A singular case of *funk* occurred at this examination. The man who would have been second (also a Johnian), took fright when four of the six days were over, and fairly ran away—not only from the examination but out of Cambridge, and was not discovered by his friends or family till some time after. As it was, he came out ninth in the list of Wranglers, the high papers of the last two days affecting sensibly the places of only the first ten or fifteen. By getting the Second Smith's Prize he might have retrieved his prospects of a Fellowship, but here our best man from Trinity, who was only Third Wrangler, and but for the accident would have been fourth, cut him out. We wanted some little consolation of the sort, being in a terrible minority this year. In the Classical Tripos where we generally looked for one or both Medalists as a matter of course, we had but one man in the First Class, and he only eighth of the eleven composing it. People began to put the blame on our Master, unjustly enough, as the men of that year had not entered under his auspices. The fact was, that a few years before there had been a great scarcity of Trinity Fellowships, so that men to whom the emoluments of learning were an object had become afraid to enter there until the supply of good candi-

dates was thinned out a little. But in the University Scholarship where the Third-year men of crack reputation came into play, our College met with a worse, because more unexpected disappointment. There were four Trinity men expected to fill the first four places in the Classical Tripos of 1844, and three of these were now to fight for the Craven, with no danger except from one Kingsman. King's College stands in an anomalous position with regard to the rest of the University. It is a mere prolongation of Eton School. Its half-dozen Undergraduates, who have been the best "Collegers" at Eton, become Scholars and Fellows of the College as a matter of course, and also get their degree from the University without passing any examination for it. As a necessary consequence they have no opportunity of distinguishing themselves in either Tripos. But the University Prizes and Scholarships are open to them, and here they prove formidable rivals of the Trinity men. As the dangerous Kingsman was in his Second year, it was calculated that besides the chance of three to one against him, the not unjust preference, *cæteris paribus*, shown to candidates who have no more opportunity left, would turn the scale against him. But now an outside competitor appeared in the person of the Pembroke Third-year man who had carried off three prizes at the last Commencement. I was almost the only man in Trinity who knew him personally, and having very early in our acquaintance formed a high idea of his ability, and especially his quickness and *pace* (an important element of

success),* ventured to talk of him as a likely candidate. The idea of a Small-Colleger beating all Trinity was deemed preposterous, and such a hint looked upon as a sort of treason to the College. Nevertheless it proved true; he came out the winner, with the Kingsman and one of our three close at his heels, and all the rest nowhere. Thereupon he became quite a lion. Still there was a strong party not prepared to admit that he would be Senior Classic, and the Trinity man with whom his College had declared to win (he who had been next to the successful candidate for the Craven), was regularly booked and entered for the head of the Tripos against him. It bid fair to be a very pretty race. The Trinity man was the best in Greek, the other in Latin; and Greek, especially Composition, counts more than Latin, in the Tripos. On the other hand, the Pembroke man had the *prestige* of the Scholarship, and superior rapidity of work, while his opponent had more accuracy and polish. Then again, he of Trinity was already well prepared in Mathematics, and the other had all his to get up, and as he must be a Senior Optime to contend for the Medal, this was a great dead weight upon him. But again, the Trinity man's knowledge of Mathematics might tempt him to read for a Double First, and thus distract his attention from the one object. Friends of the

* In this examination, we had thirteen lines of Milton for Latin Hexameters, fifteen lines of English prose to translate into Latin, and nine lines to translate into Greek, and but two hours and three quarters for the whole.

candidates made bets (not very large ones to be sure: I ultimately won seven pounds on my man) and the whole affair with its calculations and contingencies was like a race or an election—except that there was no foul play.

I went in to this examination in common with some sixty more outsiders, chiefly to find out by experiment if I was strong enough to sit through the Trinity Scholarship next term, and also to become used to the feel of an examination, as I had not passed one since my first May, with the exception of the short and easy Little-Go. Beginning thus with the most difficult examination in the University, I probably wrote a great deal of trash, but no one seeing it except the examiners, it was of little consequence. During the rest of the Lent term I was reading and writing for the Members' Prize, which besides the labor of Latin Composition required much Roman History "cram." Also I read with a friend some low Optics with a view to the May examination—a very foolish speculation as I had been over no Second-year Mathematics, and was not in a state to get up the subject in a reliable way. I moreover attended the Greek Professor's Lectures on Pindar and the College lectures on Plato to the Second year.

The small number of students attending Professors' Lectures has often been remarked upon, and the most unfavorable conclusions drawn thence as regards the character of the instruction given, and the diligence of the instructed. The Divinity Lectures are crowded, because attendance on them is necessary to insure testimonials for orders, but

otherwise the Professors' rooms are apt to exhibit a beggarly account of empty benches. Dr. Whewell, notwithstanding his high reputation, had comparatively a small class when I attended his Lectures on Moral Philosophy, probably not more than fifty. Very possibly it has been much increased since the establishment of the *Moral Science* Tripos. Professor Sedgwick had an attendance of not more than thirty at his Geological Lectures in the year 1841. The Greek Professor's Class in 1843 was rather under than above thirty. In all this there was nothing so bad as Buckland's lecturing on Geology to *three* hearers at Oxford; but I was actually myself one of a class of three who attended Professor Cumming's supplementary course of Chemistry in the year 1841.

But there could be no greater error than to take the attendance at Professorial Lectures as any test or indication of the studious or non-studious propensities of English University men. It is *because* they are working so hard that the great body of reading-men do not come to the lectures—working with their private tutors (who correspond to German professors in some respects, as has been observed) for the Tripos, the Scholarships, or the College Mays. If the Greek Professor were really called on to teach the University Greek, he would be lost at once—he could not even attend to the hundred or hundred and twenty men of the three years who intend to go out in the Classical Tripos. There is no Latin Professorship in the University. The number of men likely to take up

and pursue any one of the single Natural Sciences, Botany, Chemistry, Geology, &c., for use or amusement in after life, is probably not greater than the proportion who really attend the lectures on these sciences.

With regard to the College lectures delivered to the Junior and Senior Sophs, there is frequently, it must be owned, a very moderate attendance at them also. Sometimes this is owing to the limited nature of the subject. For instance, one of the best Mathematical Fellows at Trinity or John's is lecturing on some high branch of Mathematics—something of which the Differential Calculus is merely the alphabet; none but high men can take interest in, or derive profit from, such lectures. Now as there are only on an average twelve Wranglers from John's, and nine from Trinity every year, the class is of necessity limited to a dozen, and the lecture takes very much the form of an examination. In Classics it depends chiefly on the lecturer whether he has a good class or not. The lectures, though mainly for the benefit of a particular Year which is to be examined at the May in the subject lectured upon, are open without extra fee to all the College, and a lecturer who has made one author his *spécialité*, and can translate and explain him in an interesting manner, will be sure to have a large attendance. Our Plato lecturer at Trinity furnished a striking example of this. His room was always crowded; his audience comprised not only the Junior Sophs for whom the lecture was specially intended, but Senior Sophs, Bachelors, and even Fel-

lows. Nay, some men of other Colleges applied to be admitted; but this, if I remember rightly, was contrary to the College rules and usages. The lecturer was tall and handsome, of a commanding and dignified appearance; when he played bowls the grace of his attitudes reminded one of an ancient statue. His translations were exquisite; he would preserve the force of every Greek particle (except, of course, such as $\mu\epsilon\upsilon$ and $\delta\epsilon$, which only served the Greeks for points) while using the most elegant English; but his illustrative comments were the great attraction. The knottiest philosophical theories were illumined by his dry jokes, which lavished equal satire on ancient and modern speculators. I attended three of his courses for three successive years, with unabated pleasure. Of the Protagoras, which was the subject this year, I had been careful enough to provide myself with an interleaved copy, and the notes then taken are among my most cherished manuscripts.

This term I was called on to recite both my Declamations, English and Latin, in the chapel. Every Senior Soph is nominally required to write an English and a Latin Declamation, but many beg off one or both; probably about fifty of each are sent in. The eight best of each had been selected for recitation, to five out of which sixteen, the five prizes were to be awarded. It was officially intimated in the Lecture-rooms that the Master would be pleased by a general attendance of the students, but in spite of this manifesto we had a very slim audience,

not more than a dozen. I recollect poor Hallam posting himself right opposite the high desk or tribune, where I stood, keeping me under fire of his eye-glass the whole time; and when I came to a period of which I had given him a private rehearsal during a constitutional on the previous Sunday, going off into a quiet laugh that almost disconcerted my gravity even in the awful presence of Whewell.

The Union Debating Society, which had taken such a start at the beginning of the academic year, was now growing too lively, and evincing an Irish sort of vitality by a succession of rows. To keep up an interest in the debates, we had persuaded men of reputation to come forward as candidates for the offices, and a Trinity Bachelor Scholar of high standing was put up for the presidency of the Lent Term. He was carried after a hard contest, and the defeated party tried to console themselves by making a disturbance, and annoying the assembly, especially on business nights. I may say here that English young gentlemen at a public meeting are more ungentlemanly than *any* class of our people (for a meeting of Irish or other foreigners in New York is not to be considered an American meeting); they never look upon the occasion in a serious light, but seem to consider it the most natural one for a lark. Two of the members got into a dispute on the floor of the house, which was afterwards continued out of doors. The whole affair at length would make a very pretty bit of Trollopania; but when gentlemen by birth and education do not behave as such, it is not pleasant to dwell on their disgrace, even for the pleasure of retaliating

on Mr. Dickens. Suffice it to say, that one of them promised to horsewhip the other, and the threatened man assaulted his threatener with a "life-preserver," knocking him down and nearly killing him ; which coming to the ears of the College authorities (both parties were Trinity men), the wielder of the bludgeon was *dismissed*—not expelled*—from the College, and subsequently took a degree at one of the Halls in Oxford. An attempt was made to turn him out of the Union also, which, after a noisy discussion of two or three nights, ended in our getting a large majority, but not the requisite two-thirds vote. This happened just at the end of the term, and immediately after the "rowing men" put up for the next term's presidency a Freshman who had no qualification in the world but being an Honorable. Our side had become so disgusted at the late turmoil that no prominent man would come forward ; at last I volunteered to stand the fight, for the express purpose of keeping out the other. But the title was a talisman not to be overcome, and I was left in a minority. After this the debates fell off, and did not rally till late in the next year, when the Yöung England and Monastic questions brought them up again.

About this time came the College Scholarship Examination, at which I presented myself, but having somewhat arrogantly underrated the Classical standard and scarcely attempted to prepare myself in Mathematics, I cut no very

* An expelled man is shut out from the learned professions, as well as from all Colleges at either University.

distinguished figure. The Declamations also were now adjudged, and I missed both the Latin, but was consoled with the first English. It was my first success since returning to work, and about the showiest prize I could have taken. The best Mathematical man of the Second year having failed to get a Scholarship for want of Classics, it was taken as an earnest of the Master's intention to require "double men," and some Freshmen were frightened and migrated in consequence, whereby we lost a high Wrangler or two for 1846.

There was an amusing mistake made in this Scholarship examination. One of the extracts for translation began—"In equo Trojano scis esse in extremo ; sero sapiunt," which one man—and he was a clever fellow too, but liable to be muddle-headed at times like many clever people—translated "You know it was on the tail of the Trojan horse," &c. These mistranslations are part of the by-play of and relief to an examination, and the accumulation of them forms a sort of University Joe Miller. Travis is responsible for this one ; I suspected him of inventing it, but he assured me that it was really made by a schoolmate of his younger brother.

"Cæsar captivos sub corona vendidit." "Cæsar sold the captives for less than five shillings."

And this one he credited to a pupil of his own—

"Est enim finitimus oratori poeta ; numeris adstrictior paullo verborum autem licentia liberior." "For a poet lived next door to the orator, too licentious in his language, but more circumspect than numbers."

In the *Tripos* of 1841, a beautiful passage from Theocritus was set. It is in the *Thalysia* (7th Idyll), where the poet and his friend, after a hot summer walk, sit down to repose in a sylvan retreat; trees over their heads, running water at their feet, birds singing above them, bees humming around, cicadæ chirping, loads of fruit dropping into their very mouths; and then says the jolly bard—

“τετραῖσιν δὲ πύθων ἀπελώστο κρατὸς ἄλσιφαρ.”

“The cement of four years’ old was loosed from the top of the jars,” *nempe*, to have a merry drinking-bout of it, as the context goes on to show; but with this line the examiner had stopped his extract, leaving the matter somewhat obscure; and one man, deceived by the zoological character of much that had gone before—the mention of various kinds of insects and birds—rendered the line thus: “And the ape was removing from his head the dirt of four years’ standing”—the beauty of which is that, so far as syntax and construction are concerned, the words might have this meaning: ἀπελώστο might be a deponent, and there is a form πύθων for πύθηκος.

In the “Moral Papers” very odd answers are sometimes given. Paley is an author quite capable of being turned into nonsense by a slight mistake, and he and some other “moral” authors come much into play in the Poll and Little Go, where a large number of the examinees are likely to make more than slight mistakes in attempting to write out what they have attempted to get up. One unfortunate who had confounded together the opening paragraphs of the

Evidences and the *Natural Theology*, having "cut" a paper in despair, the examiner found at his desk, on one of the sheets which he had been vainly trying to fill, only this commencement of a sentence, "If twelve men find a watch."

Another luminary gave as Paley's *definition of virtue*, "Man acts more from habit than reflection."

During the short Easter term there is not much hard work done among the Senior Sophs, except by two or three of the best Mathematicians who are fighting for the head of the year. Those who have got their Scholarships are inclined to indulge themselves a little, those who have lost them usually get a fit of pique, and don't care where they are in the Examination. The Classical men generally are looking to their Tripos, up to which they now have a straight course of nine months before them, and are not willing to break in upon their routine by preparing "Morals," Greek Testament, and Mathematical subjects ahead of their regular order, for the May. The Mathematics at this, the last regular College examination, are pretty high—Astronomy, Integral Calculus, the most difficult Dynamics, and the latter part of the Principia, general Questions and Problems in all branches—nothing that can be done without Differential, except parts of the Optical and Hydrostatical papers. To give the *πολλοί* and Classical men something to do while the Astronomy, Problems, and High Dynamics are going on, they have two papers of translation from the subjects for the ordinary degree examination of next year, and one of low Mathematics, on which papers marks are given enough to keep a

man from being "posted," but not enough to influence perceptibly his standing in the classes. The papers not Mathematical correspond nearly to those of the Second-year examination—one on the Acts, two half papers on "Morals" (Butler's *Analogy* and Paley's *Evidences*), and one on some portion of Aristotle. Our Aristotle lecturer was a master of his subject, and his lectures were well attended. They came in very *apropos*, after those on Plato of the term before. Every man, it has been said, is either a Platonist or an Aristotelian; and the Trinity students had a capital opportunity of making their choice, by hearing the distinctive merits of the two great philosophers set forth to the best advantage by their able and enthusiastic admirers. It has often surprised me, considering the very practical character of Aristotle's greatest extant works, and the perfection of common sense which they display, that no attempt has ever been made to introduce any part of them into our Academic course. A great many of the suggestions in his *Rhetoric* and *Politics* are perfectly true to the present day, and have never been improved upon; and his *Ethics*, however inferior to those of the Christian dispensation, may, whether regarded in an ethical or a metaphysical point of view, teach much to our new-light reformers. True he is a difficult author, but not more so than others that have a place in our course, Sophocles for instance. *Verb. sap. sat.* I hope I may live to see the experiment tried.

The First Class in this year's May examination varies from five to eleven, the whole number of examinees being about

eighty. Its usual number is eight. The standard for admission into it had fallen rather low about this time, for while the first man in it could, and sometimes did get twenty-four hundred marks, the last had on some occasions less than eight hundred and fifty. This emboldened me to work for a First Class, though I had but three papers out of nine to rely on, as all the Mathematics I could hope to do were a few questions in Optics, some elementary propositions of the science and the description of an instrument or two, perhaps fifty marks in all. So I ground away, cramming Acts and "Morals" and polishing up three Books of the Nicomachean Ethics as well as I could, and also writing Greek prose, which entered into the paper. The experiment was not successful. I had underrated the range of the New Testament paper and did not clear one half of it, and on the Morals I afterwards found that my answers, though correct, were not long and explicit enough. In the Aristotle paper I did better, standing third on it. It was the only paper of the last day, and as such had five hours assigned to it, and five hours hard work it took, comprising as it did translations of the most difficult passages, critical illustrations, questions on the history of Aristotle himself, the history of his works, the history of metaphysical and ethical schools, and to finish off with, a nice little bit of English to be translated into Greek. Our best Classic had not time to floor the paper. To destroy any chance I might have left, the standard of the First Class was run up; it contained only six men, the lowest of whom had above eleven hundred marks. Several candidates for Wran-

glerships kept me company in the Second Class, and I was given to understand that I ought to think myself very well off in not being lower.

While the result of this examination was pending, I went for a few days to Oxford, where the virtual term ended rather later than ours. My stay being only three days, I had no great opportunities of personal observation, but by comparing what I did see with the result of my knowledge obtained at various times through others, I could note very considerable differences.

The general impression that we in this country have of the two Universities is that, Mathematics are studied at Cambridge, and Classics at Oxford. The reader has seen that there is no want of Classical Study at Cambridge. The Cantabs are stronger in Greek, the Oxonians in Latin,* but they both read Classics; the Cambridge men however read Classics *and Mathematics*, the Oxford men Classics *and Logic*. This is the great pervading difference.

There is but one Undergraduate gown for all the Colleges at Oxford, and the gold-tufted cap which at Cambridge only designates a Johnian or Small-College Fellow-Commoner is here the mark of nobility. Instead of Pensioners and Fellow-

* It might also be said that the Oxford Scholarship was more *elegant*, the Cambridge more *accurate*. The mutual banter of the Universities well illustrates both these distinctions. The Oxonians used to say that the Cambridge men never could write good Latin prose; the latter retorted that there never was an Oxford man who knew the difference between *ei* and *μῆ*.

Commoners, the students are called *Commoners* and Gentleman-Commoners.

The academical year is divided into *four terms*—Michaelmas, Hilary, Easter, and Trinity—instead of three as at Cambridge; but as they are proportionally shorter, the period of residence is about the same.

There are *two* annual periods of general admission for students, and correspondingly *two* great University Degree examinations, one at the end of the Michaelmas Term, the other at the end of the Easter. The Honor and Poll men are all examined together, as they used to be at Cambridge, and the candidates are arranged in five classes, the fifth and largest of which corresponds to the Cambridge Poll. The Aristotelian mental and moral philosophy, as found in the Ethics and Rhetoric, constitute the base of the necessary part of this examination. Next in importance come Herodotus and Thucydides. Beyond this the Classical part of the examination is in a great measure voluntary; a student sends in a list of the *books*, i. e. authors on which he will be examined—*twelve* I have understood to be a sufficient number for a First Class, though of course it is possible to take in more than this and only get a third—and the *viva voce*, which forms an important part of the examination, is confined to them. Composition there is of course, but more Latin than Greek, and some *original* Composition. "Morals" also come in to a certain extent, as arising out of the Aristotle. The cram is tremendous, the authors being read for matter more

than language, which constitutes another great difference between it and the Cambridge *University* examinations ; the College Mays at Cambridge are more like the Schools at Oxford. The First Class averages six, which as the examination is half-yearly, makes it about equal to the average of the First Class at Cambridge. The examination in Mathematics takes place subsequently, being a voluntary after the Classical, just as at Cambridge the Classical is a voluntary after the Mathematical. The candidates are not numerous—about ten in each examination, or twenty in the year. The First Class does not average more than *three*. The standard of it, so far as I could learn, corresponded to that of a low Wrangler in Cambridge. The whole number of candidates for Honors is nearly the same at Oxford as at Cambridge ; if there is any difference, the average at the former is a trifle less. Both in Classics and Mathematics the men of each class are alphabetically arranged, so that there is nothing corresponding to the Senior Wrangler or Senior Classic.

How the standard of a First Class in Classics at Oxford compares with one at Cambridge is a much disputed point. The Oxford men claim that theirs is much higher, and allege as one proof that several crack Classical men who were either absolutely plucked in the slaughter of 1841, or frightened away on the same occasion, migrated to Oxford, and after remaining there some time came out only in the Second Class. But as it was, though probable, by no means certain that these men would have been in the First Class at Cambridge, this argument does not go for a great deal. Even if

such a thing were to happen as a Cambridge University Scholar migrating to Oxford and taking a Second Class, it would be no more than has happened to the Ireland University Scholar at Oxford, which shows that the Degree examination there has peculiarities of its own, independent of general Classical ability. I knew an Oxford Second-Class man who certainly was a first-rate scholar in several things. He could not be floored anywhere in Pindar, even if put on in the middle of a sentence ; and it was told me that when called up to *viva voce* in the Latin poets, he knew by heart all the passages given him to construe, so that merely glancing at the first line he repeated the rest in the original, and then translated it without further reference to the book. He said he had been floored in the Logic and Morals. Now I do not think breaking down on one paper would keep a man out of the First Class in the Cambridge Tripos, if his performance in the others was first-rate. But on the other hand the range of authors for the Cambridge Tripos is wider—in fact is only limited by the limits of the Classical ages in Greek and Roman literature ; while I have heard of an Oxford First Class man who had read no Plato, and another who had read no Demosthenes ; and this I fancy could hardly happen at Cambridge.

Of the four classes which are considered Honors, the *Fourth* is in popular estimation preferable to the *Third*, because it is customary when a student only goes in to pass, but does very well in some of his papers, to lift him up out of the Fifth Class into the Fourth. You cannot tell therefore, from a

man's being in the Fourth Class whether he has broken down in Honors or done well in the Poll, while a Third Class is an unmitigated failure in Honors ; those only being in it who have tried for Firsts and Seconds, and sent in their lists of authors accordingly. While on this point I may mention the fate of a personage somewhat notorious by name among us, *the Rev. Isaac Fidler*, who once wrote a book about his experience in America. On our side the water he is not unfrequently classed with Trollope and Dickens, but in his own country is a prophet altogether without honor and never mentioned in such good company. I fancy that abusing America only gives a man a sort of prestige in certain quarters in England, a kind of *prima facie* claim to be heard, like doing well at the University ; but will not be sufficient of itself to make his reputation, unless he follows it up with something better ; and Mr. Fidler having written his book of abuse, but not backed it by any other fictitious productions, made no renown for himself. This gentleman, with all his pretence to learning, had never taken a University Degree at home, and when he attempted the experiment, rather late in life, and considerably the senior of his examiners,* he came out in the Third Class, and his name is there to this day on the list for the Easter Term, 1840, as any one may see who possesses a copy of the *Oxford Calendar*. The best of the

* At Oxford as at Cambridge, the Degree Examiners are all of the Young Don species. The Scholarships and Fellowships are examined for by older men.

joke is, that, according to the delightful geographical and political confusion of ideas which Europeans now and then exhibit in reference to things American, he was taken at the University for a countryman of ours! because he hailed last from Canada!! and I had some difficulty in persuading an Oxford man that this was not the case. In the minor examinations at Oxford the same general features are observable in distinction to those at Cambridge; the presence of *viva voce* as an important element, the absence of Mathematics, and the student's selection of the books on which he is to be examined. At the *Smalls*, as the previous Examination is here called, each examinee sends in his Greek and Latin *book*; but the term *book* must be taken in a larger sense than that of *author* at Cambridge—for instance three or four plays might be required at Oxford to make a *book*. It follows that the *Smalls* is a more formidable examination than the *Little-Go*. The rest of it consists of Logic, for which the student may, if he please, substitute two or three Books of Euclid. The College examinations, called *collections*, are strictly private. Each student chooses a Greek and a Latin book once a term, and is examined on them by his College tutor. No rewards are given for proficiency in these examinations. Prizes for essays, verses, &c., either at the particular Colleges or in the University at large, are much fewer than at Cambridge, indeed the great point at Oxford seems to be to concentrate all the interest of the three years and a half upon the final examination.

Some particulars of separate colleges are worth noticing.

Christ Church, the great college of Oxford, answering to Trinity at Cambridge, which might be as populous as Trinity if it chose, confines itself to about a hundred and fifty Undergraduates, wishing to keep up a reputation for being aristocratic and exclusive. You cannot get into Christ Church without having good connexions and influence, so it is said. Trinity men also are wont to distinguish themselves in the University examinations, which is another difference between that college and Christ Church.

All Souls has no Undergraduates; nor does this arise from any corruption or abuse: it was originally founded for Fellows only, who, according to the statutes, are to be "*bene nati, bene vestiti, et moderate docte in arte musica.*" It is in fact a pleasant club of well-born, gentlemanly men, with some literary or scholastic tastes, who reside or not, just as they please, and are paid £100 a-year for no particular merit or act, except the negative one of not marrying.

All the Colleges at Cambridge have equal privileges and rights, with the solitary exception of King's,* and though some of them are called *Halls*, the difference is merely one of name. But the Halls at Oxford, of which there are five,

* The peculiar position of King's has been alluded to. Besides the privilege mentioned of taking a degree without passing any examination, its members, when on their own premises, are not subject to the Proctor's authority. The government of the College is very pedantic and despotic, at least it was in my time. *Exeats*, or permission to go down during term, were never granted but in cases of life and death, and an unusual number of chapels were exacted.

are not incorporated bodies, and have no vote in University matters, indeed are but a sort of boarding houses at which students may remain until it is time for them to take a degree. I dined at one of these establishments; it was very like an officers' mess. The men had their own wine, and did not wear their gowns, and the only Don belonging to the Hall was not present at table. There was a tradition of a chapel belonging to the concern, but no one present knew where it was. This Hall seemed to be a small Botany Bay of both Universities, its members made up of all sorts of incapables and incorrigibles; one man had been dismissed from St. John's, Cambridge, for driving a tandem into the college grounds, and over a Don or two; another from Trinity College, Cambridge, for some equally gross offence; a third from an Oxford college for a third flagrant misdemeanor; and a fourth had been plucked an incalculable number of times, and stayed long enough at the University, he said himself, to be a Doctor of Divinity.

The Oxonians profess to be more of gentlemen than the Cantabs; they certainly have more wealthy and titled men among them, and therefore more luxury, and possibly more refinement of manners. On the other hand, I shall not be suspected of envy or accused of misrepresentation, when I assert a notorious fact, that they are, as compared with the members of the other University, unacquainted with general literature, unpractical and very antediluvian in all matters of politics and world-knowledge. A Cambridge friend of mine who had migrated from Oxford, told me that he did so

because there were only two sets of men there, one who fagged unremittingly for the Schools,* and another devoted to frivolity and dissipation;† that he could find nothing between the two—no literary men who knew something besides their cram-books and *shop*—no half reading half literary men of leisure, as at Cambridge. I have never met with persons who knew so little of what was going on out of doors as the Oxonians I had the fortune to encounter at my visit there. Even of the question which was then agitating their University—the Puseyite movement—they seemed to possess no certain knowledge. “We leave all that to the M. A.’s,” said one to whom I put some query respecting the state of feeling among the Undergraduates on the subject. The question was asked in a room full of Christ Church men, twelve at least, and I do not think the same number could have been brought together at Trinity who would have showed such incompetence to amuse or be amused by, to teach something to or learn something from, a stranger.

There is an absurd, irritating, boarding-school-like system of petty rules prevailing at most of the Oxford Colleges, making a state affair of the merest trifles, such as getting half a cold fowl from the buttery, which must belittle the minds of all concerned either in enforcing or suffering it.

* The place of examination, as the *Senate House* is at Cambridge.

† It is the character of the Oxford idle man to be less violently dissipated than the rowing Cantab, but more frivolous than the fast one. The exquisite in dress, a rare bird on the banks of the Cam, is not uncommon on those of the Isis.

Confectioners are not allowed to send ice-cream to a student's rooms; it has to be smuggled in. On asking the cause of this peculiar prohibition, I was told in sober seriousness that the enactment was first made at the time of the cholera in 1832, and that *as it was not the custom to alter any law at Oxford that had once been passed*, it had remained in force ever since.

Even in their specialities of Classics and Logic, the Oxonians have given few outward signs of vitality. Take away Scott and Liddell's *Greek Lexicon*, a valuable book certainly, and Linwood's *Lexicon of Æschylus*, and all the rest is owing to men like Whately and Arnold, anti-Oxonian in feeling and opinion, and quite out of place there.

A determined radical might attribute this backwardness of the Oxford men to the old Tory character of the University and the greater number of noblemen and rich men here than at Cambridge; nor is it improbable that these causes have something to do with it. An admirer of science and contemner of the dead languages might account for the different intellectual condition of the two Universities by the compelled study of Mathematics at Cambridge, and their almost entire absence at Oxford. But unfortunately for this solution, it happens that at Cambridge the Classical men are usually the ones most distinguished for general literary knowledge and enlightened views. Trinity, the great Classical College, is the great Whig College also, and St. John's, the nursery of Senior Wranglers, is equally the hot-bed of bigotry. Indeed it was this that always puzzled me when speculating on the

subject; the general plan of the Oxford system seemed more liberal and liberalizing than that of the Cambridge. No compulsory Mathematics; what was compulsory the study of one of the most practical and acute authors, not merely of his own age, but of any age, sufficient *viva voce* to give readiness and confidence, yet the actual result proved just the other way, whether I relied on my own experience or trusted the testimony of others; there was far less general knowledge and love of literature, and infinitely less liberality of sentiment at Oxford than at Cambridge. Without pretending to explain the discrepancy, I shall make bold to hint at one or two things that may have something to do with it.

There is one way in which the Mathematical element at Cambridge may make that University more progressive than the other. The higher branches of Mathematics certainly require and exercise *originality* more than Classical studies, and accordingly, the good Mathematicians who come up to Cambridge (for *making* a man a mathematician who is not so naturally I consider a very exceptional case, and we must therefore look rather at the influence which the Mathematicians have on the University than the influence which it has on them) may infuse more originality of thought and speculation into the whole body. Against this, however, must be set off the engrossing nature of the study of Mathematics, which demands the learner's whole concentrated attention, and gives him a perilous bias one way; but this does not apply to the Graduates and Fellows, who have leisure to turn their thoughts to other subjects. Again, there is an evident

tendency at Oxford to read authors too much in reference to their matter only, so that with the exception of the Composition—and that depends in a great measure on early practice and drill—a memory of extraordinary capacity is the great reliance in the Schools. Now our feeling at Cambridge was rather against an extraordinary memory, unless it was accompanied by extraordinary talent: as standing instead of talent, it was looked down upon, and deemed an accomplishment for a boy rather than for a man. Such a one would do better, I often heard it said, if he had not so good a memory; he depends too much upon it, and does not think enough. I suspect, too, that the absence of College examinations at which honor can be gained, and the paucity of College and University prizes at Oxford, have an unfavorable effect. Moreover, the Scholarships and Fellowships are, with some noble exceptions,* usually *close*; they depend on favor or locality of birth-place or school. It must happen that many good men grow tired of reading three years for a single end, without any intermediate diversion or stimulus, and are tempted into the ranks of the idle and dissipated; while those who continue their reading become cramped and rusty from the fixed pursuit.

These remarks on Oxford are very imperfect and unsatisfactory, I am well aware. The incurious nature of most Oxford men, and the difficulty of getting any information out of them, must be my excuse.

* Such as the *Balliol* Fellowships, open to the whole University by examination.

PRIVATE TUITION.

σὺν τε δὲ ἐρχομένῳ, καὶ τε προὐδ τοῦ ἐνέσθεν.—ILIAD x. 224.

ON returning from my short visit to Oxford, I set to work for the English Essay, and soon after finishing and sending in my exercise (name under seal as usual), was encouraged by taking *solus* the University Latin Essay Prize. Before this, however, I had started with the intention of going out next year in both Triposes, and had accordingly put on two coaches. My old friend Travis being no longer a resident, I had recourse to a Johnian, one of the few Classical men of that College, as different a man from Travis as might be, but quite a character too in his way. He was so large and dignified in person as to have acquired the *soubriquet* of *Jupiter*—in those miserable, drizzling, spitting days of which the English climate boasts an extra share, we used to appeal to him, by this name, to exercise his influence with the clerk of the weather—one of the best-natured and one of the laziest of mortals : his end and occupation and pleasure seemed to be to lie all day on a sofa, writing Greek and Latin verses, which he did beautifully, or reading English poetry. For Mathematics—having to begin from the beginning, the six months before me were not too long a time—I took shelter in a great refuge of Classical men, who had a wonderful reputation for putting through incapables, and

worked some thirty or forty pupils regularly. This "putting on two coaches for the last Long," is an ordinary practice; and there are few terms or vacations during which a student is not engaged with one tutor at least. Being so important a feature in the University system, private tuition demands a more particular examination and description than the occasional references to it hitherto incidentally made supply.

The private tutor at an English University corresponds, as has been already observed, in many respects to the *Professor* at a German. The German professor is not *necessarily* attached to any specific chair; he receives no fixed stipend, and has not public lecture rooms; he teaches at his own house, and the number of his pupils depends on his reputation. The Cambridge private tutor is also a Graduate, who takes pupils at his rooms in numbers proportionate to his reputation and ability. And although, while the German professor is regularly licensed as such by his University, and the existence of the private tutor *as such* is not even officially recognised by his, still this difference is more apparent than real; for the English University has *virtually* licensed the tutor to instruct in a particular branch by the standing she has given him in her Examinations. Thus a high Wrangler may be considered *ipso facto* a competent instructor in Mathematics, and so on. But the private tutor's office is somewhat peculiar in the details of instruction, owing to the causes which first called the system into being and now perpetuate it.

The publicity given to College and University Honors, and the importance assigned to them, have been already more

than once alluded to. They exceed anything of which we have any conception in our academical institutions. True, the publicity does not come in the same way ; there is no crowding of Commencements to hear the young men make speeches ; but if a comparatively small number of the public come to gaze at the successful student, his name goes forth to all who read the papers—for in every newspaper not only the results of the Degree Examination and the University Prizes, but all the College Examinations and College Prizes are conspicuously reported. When I was elected Scholar of Trinity, Dr. Whewell thought it worth while to write express to Mr. Everett, announcing the fact in advance of the press, as if our Minister would be justified in regarding it as a sort of national matter. When an acquaintance of mine, who was related to a member of the Cabinet, wished for a start in the diplomatic line, the statesman's first advice to him was, "be sure to get a Wranglership." As to the first men of the year, they are no end of celebrities for the time being. A small biography of the Senior Wrangler is usually published in some local paper near his native place, thence transferred to the Cambridge papers, and from them copied widely into other journals ; while the School which sent up the University Scholar and Senior Classic generally takes care that something shall be said about him. But the honor is far from being the only point of the temptation. All these Examinations, except the two Triposes,* bring with them

* And even these indirectly, as they lead to Small-College Fellowships.

some solid testimonial in the shape of books, plate, or money—more generally the last, and sometimes to a very considerable amount. A Trinity Scholarship is worth £60 a-year, if the holder remains constantly in residence—£40 to most men, according to the extent to which they usually avail themselves of it. Some of the Small-College Scholarships are worth £100 *per annum*. A Fellowship gives an income of from £200 to £400. A friend of mine was, during his third year, between School “Exhibitions,” College Scholarships and Prizes, and the University Scholarship, in the receipt of more than *Seventeen Hundred* dollars; and as his expenses did not exceed half that sum, he was a gainer to the amount of the other half by receiving his education. Indeed, it is a common saying, and hardly an exaggerated one, that a poor student by taking a high degree supports not only himself, but his mother and sisters for life.

Now it is evident that students come up to the University with all degrees of preparation—some from the public schools, already accomplished Classics, and requiring only to enlarge their sphere of reading, get more philosophical conceptions in syntax, and increase their pace in Composition; but with very scanty knowledge of Mathematics—some from private tutors, who have perhaps read two years ahead in Mathematics, but are rather *shady* in Greek and Latin—others from private schools or tutors, not too well prepared in anything. Moreover, while the public-school man has had a previous training for the Classical examinations of the University in those of his own school, many of his fellow-

students are not in a position to apply their knowledge with the best effect to the system in which they find themselves. To make up for former deficiencies, and to direct study so that it may not be wasted, are two *desiderata* which probably led to the introduction of private tutors, once a partial, now a general appliance. Now, it is true, that the extent of ground to be gone over in Classics is too great for any one who enters *very* deficient in them to be worked up by any means so as to take a good degree, yet even here a great deal may be done, and a very inaccurate and superficial knowledge be filled in and polished up to a surprising extent ; while in Mathematics, the student who comes up knowing only his First-year subjects, but with a very good capacity for science, has time enough, under proper direction, to get a place among the first twenty Wranglers, or even the first ten. And it is through his tutor's aid that many a Classical man, who could never have passed of himself, saves his distance in Mathematics, or is even pushed into the Senior Optimés, so as to be qualified for a Medal ; and that many a Freshman takes a First Class in the May Examination, and is thereby encouraged to go on reading for Honors, instead of being disgusted and killed off at the outset. Moreover, even for the subjects in which a student enters well prepared, the coach is most useful to keep him at his work and prevent him from losing ground. The daily or ter-weekly attendance has a beneficial effect in making the pupil work regularly, nor is the tutor in most cases at all slow to blow up any of his team who give signs of laziness. Indeed this was an acknow-

ledged requisite of a good coach. "I am afraid of going to T——," you may hear it said, "*he don't slang his men enough.*" In working up a clever man whose previous training has been neglected, in cramming a man of good memory but no great brilliancy, in putting the last polish to a crack man and quickening his pace, so as to give him a place or two among the highest in either Tripos—in such feats a skilful tutor will exhibit consummate jockeyship; he seems to throw a part of himself into his pupil and work through him.

The student reading with a Classical tutor translates to him from some (prepared) author, brings him Composition prepared at home, and writes out in the tutor's rooms, examination fashion, both translations and compositions, which, after being corrected, are compared with the tutor's models. As much of the pupil's reading must be done by himself, the great object of the tutor is the Composition, but he also serves as a general commentator and last resort in difficulties; it is also his business to make selections of hard passages from authors whom the student may not have time or inclination to read the whole of, and to point out proper books for "cram" and philological information.

In Mathematics, examinations—that is, working examples and problems—are the principal exercise, most "book-work" difficulties being sufficiently explained in the books, though some tutors consider their own manuscripts better than any of the books, and make their pupils copy them. The men are continually writing out book-work, either at home or

in their tutor's rooms ; they practise it to get pace as well as accuracy.

An ordinary tutor takes five or six pupils a-day, giving an hour to each. One of great celebrity will have twice as many if a Classic, or four times as many if a Mathematician. A mathematical tutor can drive a much larger team than a classical ; the latter cannot well have more than three men construing to him at a time, nor can he look over and correct the Compositions of more than ten in a day with the care and accuracy desirable ; the former can be making explanations and setting examples to a squad of eight or ten together. The one to whom I now resorted used to give his thirty pupils regular " fights " as he called them ; he would set ten or twelve of them to write out a paper on some subject, and give them marks for it just as in an examination ; and the results of these *fights* papered the room during a whole term or vacation, till there was no place left on the walls for any more.

The men who have taken the very highest degrees. do not always make the best tutors. The most celebrated coach for high Mathematical men was a seventh Wrangler ; our friend of the *fights* an eighth Wrangler.

To many of the πολλοὶ coaches are no less necessary, though the quality in demand is of an inferior kind. The chief requisite of a Poll coach is patience, as his pupils are likely to be very stupid or very lazy, and in either case very ignorant ; a man of any ability and knowledge going out in the Poll is able to be his own tutor for the occasion.

The regular fee of a private tutor is £7 a term, if you go to him on alternate days, or £14 if every day. Noblemen and Fellow-Commoners pay more, and Sizars about one half. The charges for the vacations are proportional.

The intercourse between the private tutor and his pupil varies of course according to the character and age of both parties, but it is usually of the most familiar kind, the former seldom attempting to come Don over the latter. When they are personal friends, as is not unfrequently the case, it becomes very free and easy, sometimes blending amusement with instruction in a rather comical way. When I was recovering from illness sufficiently to "put on" Travis again, he used to come to me, to save me the ascent of his three pair of stairs, and a man who had been my fellow pupil with him from the beginning of our Freshmanship, would meet him there. We were reading *Æschylus*, and something had possessed us to attack the *Supplices*, which we afterwards concluded was rather a waste of our time, the corruptions and difficulties of the play being so great that it is scarcely ever set except in University Scholarships, and the poetry not of a character to repay the trouble of making out its meaning. Here is the sort of scene we three used to have.

[A cosily furnished room about twelve feet square. Present Travis and his two pupils ; also any number of lexicons, seven German commentators, and two English ones, scattered about in various places. The owner of the apartment attired in a very old dressing-gown and slippers, half

buried in an arm-chair, and looking what some young ladies call interesting, i. e. pale and seedy, and hardly able to support the two or three books which he is holding at once. Menzies, a little man with a very positive eye-glass, perched on a sofa, and just visible among a pile of learned tomes surrounding him. Travis standing with a much interlined and dog's-eared Æschylus in his hand, and occasionally walking about, or rather turning round, for the limits of the chamber do not admit more. The manner of instruction is this:—the pupils construe five or six lines alternately, the construer stopping himself or being pulled up short by Travis, at the end of every line, and a long discussion and annotation intervening between that line and the next, accompanied with consultations of some or all of the nine commentators. One of the sufferers has just been reading half-a-dozen lines of the almost unknown tongue, and takes a long breath before attacking the translation.]

Travis. Now then, Bristed, go on !

B. "But respect thy suppliants, O earth-holding, almighty Zeus, for the male race of Ægyptus, intolerable in their insolence;" ὕβριν an accusative, with κατὰ understood, isn't it ?

T. Don't say κατὰ understood ; call it an *accusative of reference*.

B. "Pursuing me in α,"—can you say *hurriedly* for δρόμοισι, as you would for δρόμῳ, in Herodotus ?

T. Yes ; what's the construction of μετὰ ?

B. Tmesis with δειμύνοι. "Seek to take forcibly me a fugitive ;" βία adverbial, I suppose.

T. Of course ; go on ; πολλοῖς μάταισι.

B. Μάταισι is an ἄπαξ λεγόμενον, isn't it ?

T. No, I believe not.

[*A hunt for μάτη among the commentators and lexicons. Menzies, who has the Linwood nearest him, announces that it occurs also in the Choëphoræ, meaning a crime, and here means wanderings.*]

B. "Noisy wanderings"—will that do ?

T. Μάτην—μάταιος—it may mean crimes, or rashness here, perhaps. I thought it did. (*Scribbles down a memorandum for future reference on the margin of his book*). I'll think of it. Go on, Menzies.

[*Menzies reads seven or eight lines ; the first two or three are not very difficult, and he charges them with great determination.*]

M. "The beam of thy balance is over all, and what without thee is accomplished to mortals ! O ! O ! ah ! ah !"

T. Never mind the interjections.

Menzies makes a long pause. "Ὀδὲ μάστιγι, "this snatcher," ναῖος "at sea," γαῖος "on land." I'm at sea altogether myself.

T. "This snatcher from the ship is now on land." Don't go to sleep, Bristed. Well, Menzies.

M. "May you labor for these things."

T. "Before these things, snatcher, may you perish," that is, before you carry me off.

M. The ἑα is Egyptian, isn't it ?

T. Probably ; not Greek, at any rate. (*Some one knocks at the door.*

B. I thought my sporting door was shut.

T. Never mind, don't answer; he'll go away.

M. Here's some more Egyptian, or something—*χάχαχα* *vo* *δύϊαν*.

B. [*looking up out of a German edition*]. Haupt reads *χαββας*. A very good emendation. It is the herald, then, that speaks, *χαββας* "come down here," *βοαν ἀμφάινω*, "I tell you."

M. And what about *vo* *δύϊαν*?

T. *δύϊαν* must have something to do with *δύη*, but *vo*—*vo*, no, I don't know what that means.

B. [*Diving up from among three editors with an air of great exultation*]. They all give it up as hopeless.

T. Well then we'll give it up as hopeless.

[*Outsider knocks at the door*]. Our friend don't give it up as hopeless. "Come down, I tell you."

[*The outsider probably hearing the last words imperfectly, and construing them into an invitation to come in, enters without more ceremony*].

B. Ah, Dunbar, how are you?

[*Dunbar, a grave heavy Scotchman, walks into the middle of the room (which only requires one step), becomes aware of what is going on, says "oh, you're busy," and is slowly turning to go out*].

T. Don't go. We'll soon be through. Sit down and take a book.

[*B. hands Dunbar a Niebuhr's Rome, stuck full of ragged bits of paper, to mark places where cram is to be got*

up. Dunbar opens it at the largest of these marks, and sits down to a dissertation on the nexus and addictus—about as interesting as Fearn on Contingent Remainders. B. reads some more Greek and proceeds to translate.]

"I see these preludes are introductory of forcible miseries to me. Go in flight to the protection of the shrine"—that's what they say ἀλκάν means—"Ferocious he revels"—κλιδῶ active here!

T. No, no; take both your adjectives adverbially.

B. He revels ferociously of purpose, in a way intolerable both at sea and on land. O king, anticipate him by your orders"—

T. There you go again! What voice is ἀγοράσσει?

B. Middle.

T. Well then, "arrange yourself before us—stand before us." Now, Menzies! οὐκ οὐκ οὐκ οὐκ.

M. [*Making a desperate dash at the passage and rendering it with a literalness that would have gladdened the heart of a New England tutor.*] "Won't there be, wont there be pullings, pullings, and stickings, very bloody, murderous cutting off of the head!"

[*Dunbar shuts up his book, looks at Menzies as if he had some doubts of his sanity, and walks solemnly out of the room.*]

M. Whom does she say that of, herself or the herald?

B. Which you please, my dear, as the man said of the puppet-show.

T. She says it of the herald—threatens him with the king's vengeance. That will do for you.

[*B. reads a few lines and proceeds to translate.*]"Go, ye cursed wretches to the cursed"—I say, Travis, ἀμῖς means *matella*. It's very improper and besides doesn't agree with the context. *Another long turning over of commentators—ultimately it is decided on Dindorf's authority that ἀμίδα has crept into the text ridiculo errore for ἀμάδα which Hesychius explains to mean a ship ἀπὸ τοῦ ἀμᾶν τὴν ἄλα*, because it sweeps the brine.

"Then along the briny path of many currents with a master's insolence, yea, all bloody from my studded staff will I put you"—*pauses and looks up, suspecting something wrong because Travis has let him translate four lines without interrupting him.*

T. [*who has been looking out of the window for the last two minutes.*]"O Menzies, there's *such* a pretty girl just gone by! Bristed, have you had your walk to-day? Put on your boots and let's go out and see her. [*Exeunt Travis and Menzies.*]

It should be observed in palliation of their haste, that a pretty face is a rare sight in Cambridge. You don't see one once in three months on an average.

Scenes like the above make coaching appear rather a farcical performance, and must not be taken as a general type of the operation. Yet even where the communication of knowledge takes this jocose turn, it is not the less true that much knowledge is communicated.

It would indeed be too much to say that every private tutor is a conscientious man; probably that could not be affirmed of *any* body of instructors amounting to several

hundred. Some of the instances where men who have gone out in the Poll take Poll pupils, especially to go on a reading party, are the grossest cases of *governor-doing*, being merely associations for the more convenient pursuit of idleness and dissipation on the part of all concerned, tutor as well as pupils. But such cases are happily exceptional. Nevertheless advantage has been taken of them by a College dignitary here and there, jealous of the lucrative and independent position enjoyed by some of the tutors who have married (either giving up their fellowships or not waiting to get them, or even having failed to get them, for the competition at Trinity and John's sometimes excludes very good men), and support a family on the proceeds of their teams. But there is little likelihood that the practice will be abolished or essentially modified unless the whole system of the University and College examinations should undergo a fundamental change. The present staff of College Lecturers could not, except in some few of the smallest Colleges, supply the demand for instruction; in the large Colleges their number would require to be multiplied by a very large factor. Nor, even were they thus increased, could any public lecturer have the intimate knowledge of his pupils' acquirements, deficiencies, capacities, and wants, that the private tutor has, nor would he be likely to take so strong a personal interest in each individual of them. The etiquette and official distance between the two parties go a great way to prevent this. Moreover any College arrangements would leave the vacations unprovided for, and it is in the vacations that the

greater portion of a reading man's work is done. For my own part I am sensible of having derived the greatest advantage from the gentlemen with whom I read at different periods, and am convinced that, without them, I should have gained but very moderate benefit from the public instruction of the College; and I believe every man except those from the public schools would say the same thing. They, having undergone a similar drill previously, could better do without private Classical instruction, but even many of them would be hard put to it without a Mathematical coach. Nor would it be possible, even were it desirable, to put down private tuition in fact, though it might be done in name. It could not be made unlawful for two men to assist each other in Classics and Mathematics reciprocally. A little of this goes on as it is. A B.A. friend of mine reading for a Fellowship, coached me very successfully in Mathematics for one examination, and I paid him in kind by assisting him in Classics the next Long. Were the legitimate private tutors abolished, this sort of arrangement would become more frequent, and it would carry with it many of the alleged evils of private tuition as now existing—such as its being unauthorized, interfering with the public lectures, &c.—with the additional evil that the work would not be so well done.

It certainly must be annoying to a College Don that a man who has perhaps taken a lower degree than himself, and has no legal or formal place in the University, should yet enjoy a larger income and a greater local reputation in addition to the comforts of a family. But the latter is a penalty

which the Don must pay for his official dignity and extra-local reputation ; out of the University the private tutor is only B. A. or M. A. or at most "late Fellow," the Dean or tutor of a College is always somebody on a title page, whether he edits a Classic or publishes a sermon. And as to the former, it has been already shown that a lecturer who wants a large class and a reputation for lecturing, and has the ability to deserve them, need never fail to have a crowded room. On the whole we may say that, *admitting the present examinations as fixed facts*, the private-tutorial is the best mode of preparing for them. It is dear—but England is a dear country, and everything connected with an English University education is expensive—and there is this peculiar compensation in the case of the expense of the private tutor, that *it repays itself by its own operation*. The poor Undergraduate who pays his £7 or £14 a term to his tutor, receives the same amount from his pupil when himself a B.A.

LONG VACATION AMUSEMENTS.—INTRODUCTION OF AN ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGER.

“Judicious drank.”—POPE.

I HAD set to work in earnest to read for both Triposes. With my Classical tutor I attacked the *Œdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles, an author into whose difficulties I was just beginning to have a little insight, and also wrote Composition, not in his rooms like an examination, but leisurely at home, as well as translations of the most difficult passages in the Third Book of Thucydides. With my other coach I began Mathematics from the beginning—that is to say from Algebra. It was a melancholy reflection that I had first been set to work on the mystery of x and y eight years before. During that space of time my advance in literature and general mental development had been definite and appreciable; in Mathematics I seemed to have been standing still. This was the fourth time I had begun Algebra, and essayed with no weakness of purpose to get it up properly. But it was as slow and disagreeable work as ever, and one day after I had been blundering along for a fortnight without getting into Trigonometry, I suddenly resolved to give up the idea of going out in Honors, for that year at any rate. Being a *bye-term* man I could choose the year below without formally

degrading, and this would put me on an equality with other men by giving me a second chance for a Scholarship. So I threw Mathematics up, and having only Classics to devote myself to, read with my tutor five plays of Sophocles and some Demosthenes, and by myself, all Theocritus and all the twenty plays of Plautus—which was one of my weaknesses and considered a great loss of time, as Plautus is no help in Composition and few men read more than three or four plays to get a vocabulary. As my health gradually improved under the even temperature of an English summer, I also began to look about for some little amusement, not a very easy thing to find in a Cambridge Long. Discovering that I was strong enough to play billiards,* I entered into the exercise with much ardor, but it soon became so fascinating and took up so much time that I was obliged to wean myself of it.

It happened that there was this summer, beginning before the vacation and lasting to the end of it, an unusual influx of American visitors, no less than seven, at as many different times, some just landed on the shores of Europe, others on their way back from the East, and each of these visits was an incident in my tolerably monotonous life, and an occasion of festivity. But the most marked and important feature of this Long was my introduction to another stranger, which took place thus.

* Billiard-rooms were not legal at that time, but their existence was generally winked at. They are now regularly licensed both at Cambridge and Oxford.

Among the men up this Long, who were all reading-men of course, I was especially intimate with two sets. One consisted of three or four Apostles, men who belonged to different Colleges but were united by the bond of their club, and most of whom I had known previous to their joining it, indeed I had introduced some of them to each other. For I had become at this time a *medium*—not exactly in the signification in which the term has become popular in our newspapers (yet somewhat in a *spiritual* sense too), but a man who knew and “hung out to” clever and pleasant people, and introduced agreeable lions to one another. These men were all immediate aspirants for high Honors and consequently in a fearful state of work. The Pembroker was booked to lead the Tripos, and at the same time had the pleasant prospect of getting up all his Mathematics for a place among the Senior Ops; the Kingsman was the favorite for the next University Scholarship; and one of the Trinity men, tempted by an unusual number of vacancies, was making a tremendous rush for a Fellowship, though it was not his last chance. I noticed these men’s habits of reading, and it was curious to mark the difference. The Pembroker had not *physique* enough to work more than nine hours daily, which indeed is one beyond the average time allotted by experience and tradition. He would have attempted more, but I used to haul him out by main force, and compel him to take an hour’s walk every day, under the plea that I had money on him and was bound to look after his training, besides making him talk and be idle for an hour or so occasionally of

evenings. He of King's, a most regular and well-ordered man in mind and body, with a clear head, a good digestion, and a sound conscience, read straight on his ten hours a day, and assured me that he never felt better, and was ready to run and jump like a boy when he went out for his constitutional. The Trinitarian had a peculiar style of his own. He differed from most reading men in keeping late hours. He rose at ten, read from eleven to half-past three, then took a short walk ; after dinner, he lounged or read the papers till seven, when he fell to work and never stopped till two in the morning. This man (he is the *Horace Spedding* of the supper party) might almost be said to know the Greek Drama by heart ; if you gave him a line in any prologue, or soliloquy, or messenger's speech, he could go on with the next.

Of my other set of acquaintances I saw more from meeting them every day in hall. They were Trinity Senior and Junior Sophs, some Scholars, some candidates for Scholarships next time, were chiefly reading men without any pretence to literature, or metaphysics, or "earnestness" of any sort except in work ; and all looked up to the Trinity candidate for head of the Tripos as their great man. They took their work more leisurely, though getting through a fair share of it ; even the Coryphæus, who had most at stake, was not inclined to give up his rubber when there was a chance of one in the evening ; and they found time to get up continual breakfast, wine, and supper parties. One of the foremost in these agreeable variations of academic exercises, was a man considerably the senior of his year—probably close upon

thirty. He had entered his name on the books nearly ten years before, then turned Methodist, and actually become a Methodist preacher, after which he changed back again and entered the University, as a preliminary to taking Orders in the Church of England. In all ordinary topics whereon men are apt to disagree, he and I disagreed, for he was Young England in politics and Puseyite in Church matters, but we had a kindred bond of union in a love for, and a certain knowledge of that branch of the fine arts which relates to the æsthetics of the table. He was a connoisseur in venison and mutton, and a judge of old wine (one of the only three Englishmen I ever knew to have good Madeira), and possessing sufficient property of his own to indulge in these innocent tastes, bid fair to make a worthy member of the Church jovial. It was a very early weakness of mine to be curious in good dishes and drinks,* and I was just now dabbling in the science with all the zest of a man who has been for twenty months obliged to weigh and ponder over every morsel he eats and drop he drinks, and is at last beginning to be able to live a little like other people. At this very time the anti-American part of *Martin Chuzzlewit* was in course of publication, in which occurs, it will be remembered, a description of sherry cobbler. This description struck F's

* According to Grahamite and tee-total rules I ought to have been a confirmed drunkard and glutton long ago, yet I never find any difficulty in living on vegetables and water for a week at a time, when I want to work hard in hot weather, or have any other reason for following a spare diet.

fancy amazingly. After meditating upon it for some time, he broke out one day, when six of us were discussing in his rooms the luxuries of the season—strawberries, and raspberries, and various other sorts of berries, which in England flourish all together, and the whole summer through—and imbibing the eternal port and sherry—one fine summer afternoon I say, while we were thus occupied, he broke out with,

“Bristed, did you ever drink sherry cobbler?”

· I confessed that I had.

“Can you make it?”

This was a question that took longer to answer. Though it was many years since I had last been engaged in the process (on which occasion a young lady from the neighboring nation of South Carolina had particularly insisted on my putting in *enough sherry*), I probably recollected enough of the theory to put it into practice again; but there was a difficulty in procuring some of the requisite materials—ice for instance. Here they looked astonished, *ice*, as it is commonly understood in England, that is *ice-cream*, being a very common article of consumption at Cambridge. But simple ice, sufficiently clear to be put into a beverage, was at that time unknown in England; they have become familiar with it since, thanks to Lake Wenham. However the original mover of the matter thought he had sufficient influence with the confectioners, or, failing that, chemical knowledge enough of his own to obtain the rare luxury by artificial means; and two others of the party undertook to procure the necessary description of straws. So I invited the company to meet

in my rooms three days from that time and *try sherry cobbler*.

It was not necessary to put a private laboratory at work for freezing the ice. The crack confectioner of the place undertook to supply it, though somewhat puzzled by the order, coupled as it was with one for soda-water glasses, or tumblers of the largest size; and equally puzzled were the milliners' girls at the application of our foraging party for straws. But all these preliminary difficulties being happily overcome, the six assembled on the appointed day, in my *summer* room (I was luxurious enough to have two) to test the transatlantic beverage. I was conscious of ten curious eyes watching my every movement, as I proceeded to concoct the cobbler. Having at length arranged it to suit my taste, I took an experimental suck, put in another straw and handed the glass over to our authority who, grave as a judge, proceeded to the trial. The eyes of the party were now directed to him with an anxiety in which I alone did not participate, the few drops imbibed having satisfied me that the national beverage was able to take care of itself. F—— laid hold of the straw and applied his lips to it for a few seconds without manifesting any emotion in his features. Then he paused a moment, took a longer draught and rolled up his eyes, making a great display of the whites—a trick he had learned during his excursion into the Methodist Church—then removing his lips reluctantly from the straw, he uttered his oracular decision, "*It will do.*" Forthwith every man seized a knife and a lemon, and the manufacture of cobblers went

on. I do not undertake to say that these were the first made in England, but they certainly were the first made at either University: it did not take long to naturalize them at Cambridge. As the beverage is a much weaker one than the Cantabs had been in the habit of drinking, besides that it requires to be imbibed more slowly than unmixed wine, I may congratulate myself on having done something to promote the cause of sobriety, as well as of table æsthetics. But republics are not the only communities that show themselves ungrateful to their benefactors. In less than three years the origin of the drink was forgotten. Before I left the University, an Eton Freshman at a wine party, asked me, *if we drank sherry-cobbler in America!*

A SECOND EDITION OF THIRD YEAR.—A CRACK CLASSICAL COACH.—COMMEMORATION SPEECH.—I BET ON THE WINNING MAN.

κάμψαι διάβλον θάτερον κῶλον πάλιν.—ÆSCH. AGAM. 344.

JUST at the end of the vacation every one feels it a duty to himself to go *somewhere* for a little while. I went to visit a friend residing near Cheltenham. Mesmerism, the Water Cure, and some other German novelties, had just then possessed the good people in that part of the country. and I was induced to try the prevailing panacea, which I underwent five days—and never before did I fully appreciate the force of the metaphor, *to throw a wet blanket* on anything. Even now it presents a sadly ludicrous spectacle to my mind's eye, as I recall myself helplessly swaddled in seven blankets over a wet sheet, powerless to move hand or foot ; or squatted in a sitz bath, trying to keep myself warm by reading the fire in Schiller's Bell-Song. At the end of the fifth day, the process had to be given up in self-defence, as, in addition to certain physical obstructions, it brought on a lowness of spirits which rendered life a burden to me.

I am aware how dangerous a thing it is for a layman, with necessarily limited knowledge, to meddle with professional subjects. In delivering any opinion upon them, he

runs a great risk of stultifying himself. But it must be recollected that the Water Cure was essentially unprofessional in the outset; that it was invented—its differentia or specific features that is to say—by an illiterate peasant; and, though some of the faculty have been induced partially or entirely to countenance it, proclaimed itself from the first antagonistic to the ordinary treatment of regular physicians. In making, therefore, a very brief digression on the Water Cure, I do not consider myself intruding on any professional or scientific ground.

The idea of drawing bad humors out of the body, through the action of the skin, excited by the application of cold water, is a neat, simple, and plausible theory; but its disciples overlook one important counteracting fact, the tendency of continual external applications of cold to produce congestion and a stoppage of the animal functions. A person with a tendency to imperfect circulation, and the ordinary consequences of it—cold extremities, constipation, irregular action of the heart, &c., will find all these symptoms fearfully increased by any attempt at the Water Cure; indeed the operator upon me confessed, *after* I had thrown him up, that those in whom the last-mentioned symptom existed ought not to attempt undergoing the treatment, although he had admitted me as a patient, with full knowledge of what my chief difficulty was. No doubt, great benefit has been derived from the treatment in some cases. When a man with a naturally strong constitution has fallen into idle or sedentary habits, and by luxurious living and insufficient

bodily exercise has clogged a machine originally good, the shock and irritation produced by the cold applications may give him a fresh start, which is aided by the altered regimen. Literary men with means enough to live well, and addicted to a profuse use of tobacco, are often in this plight. But the rough-washing which succeeded so admirably with the hide-bound cow that was the first hydropathic patient, and answers for many a strong man who has *hide-bound* himself by working his stomach and brain too much and his legs too little, will be death to a weak man or a delicate woman. And it may further be questioned whether these strong men grown rusty, do not derive most of the benefit they gain from the *accessories* of the system—from the regular hours, the long walks, the simple and unstimulating diet; and whether, if they adopted the same early rising, the same out-door exercise—enough to give a man a good sweat every day, *which every man ought to have*—the same temperate regimen, with such use of cold water as cleanliness and comfort prompt—they might not receive just as much benefit without going through the daily purgatory of wet sheets, sitz baths, and the like, and with less waste of the vital powers.* Certain it is

* A man's whole system is renewed (physiologists tell us) once in about seven years. One effect of Hydropathy seems to be to produce this change in a quicker period, and—as we may suppose every man good for so many changes, unless cut short by accident—to burn the candle faster.

A literary friend once wrote to me about the great good he had derived from the Water Cure. It came out that at the same time he

that those who have been at a Water Cure Establishment, and profess and really appear to have received much temporary relief, are apt, after a few years, to re-apply to it, which can only arise from one of two things, or the combined influence of both. Either a great part of the benefit derived from the treatment is owing to the attendant regimen, and when that regimen ceases the original evil returns; or else the Water Cure gives, in some cases, a temporary excitement to the system, which, like other excitements, is followed by a corresponding reaction, and requires to be renewed.

On returning to Cambridge, at the commencement of the Michaelmas Term, I was stimulated by gaining the English Essay Prize, and soon after set to work with one of the two crack Classical tutors. For as there were two Mathematical coaches of eminence, so were there two Classical; only the former had a reputation for different styles of men, while between the latter there was somewhat of a rivalry, especially this year, when each was coaching a candidate for the top of the Tripos. It was doubtful whether these professed trainers of "men among the first five" were exactly suited for me, or whether I was likely to do credit to their mode of instruction; but a desire of seeing all I could of the different ways of teaching, and some little curiosity as to what stand I could possibly hope to take (which a tutor of such experience

was in the habit of taking daily horse exercise, which I begged him to practise years before, as the only effectual remedy for constant biliousness.

would probably be able to determine pretty nearly), induced me to read with the oracle of the Shrewsbury men, who had in hand at that time nearly all the Trinity set mentioned in the last chapter. I must have puzzled this gentleman exceedingly, my reading ran in so different a line from that of most of his pupils, and my way of doing things was so different. When he gave me Elegiacs or Alcaics to write, I used to sit looking very desperate at them for a long time, and then produce something exceedingly lamentable, not exactly in the way of false quantities, but very unclassical and prosaic; and as he was not backward in *slanging*—one of the requisites of a good coach, as has been remarked—he would give it to my unfortunate Compositions right and left. Once I let some verses fall into the fire, and was going to pick them out. “Let them go!” quoth he, “that’s the best place for them.” On the other hand, I used at times to hit off translations from Aristophanes, and other difficult authors, in a style that won commendation from him. I recollect once doing a long bit from the *Amphitruo* of Plautus into blank verse, and handing it up to him with an air that said, “There! you must admire that whether or no.” Our way of working with him, I should say, was this. There were three rooms on the first floor of the house, the upper part of which he and his family occupied: in one of these he used to hear sometimes one pupil construe, sometimes two or three in a class on Pindar or some other favorite author; and in the other two his pupils were writing Compositions and Translations, with nothing but the usual amount of stationery to assist them.

Sometimes, however, we could not help asking one another for a word. Occasionally, but rarely, we took extra Composition to do at home. I read part of the *Παραρτίστια*, one of Demosthenes' Orations that everybody reads; and then he broke off in the middle, said I could do that well enough, and had better go on with Aristotle—which I did, taking up the Nicomachean Ethics where I had left them off in the Spring, and continuing with the Fourth and Fifth Books. He had his little diversions, too, as well as Travis, and sometimes would break out in the middle of a long sentence with some question about Webster or Calhoun. I read this Term like a man with a sole eye to the Tripos; the only *πάρεργον* I had was delivering my Commemoration Speech—not writing it; that I had done at Cheltenham—and attending an Epigram Club that some of us had started. The Speech is delivered by the author of the First Prize Declamation. He chooses his own subject. I took for mine *The Principle of Liberality*, chiefly for the pleasure of having a fling at the Antediluvians in Church and State. It *did* vex a few, and by way of losing none of the effect, I had it printed. Of this Composition I felt a little proud—not for any particular merit that even myself could discern in it, but because it was the means of my making a valued acquaintance.

There was one of our Fellows whose reputation with the University at large was that he had been Senior Wrangler some years before; with his friends, under which term a very small body of men was comprehended, this was the least of his claims to regard. He was of old family and good for-

tune, a liberal in politics, and had his physical strength and development at all kept pace with his mental, would probably at this moment be representing the City of Bath in Parliament. But his health had broken down from too much study and thought, even before he entered the University, and while an Undergraduate he read but three or four hours daily ; being, however, one of those Mathematical geniuses who are born to be Senior Wranglers, he carried off the prize to the particular discomfiture of the Johnians. But whereas geniuses of this kind are frequently one-sided and very much abroad in other subjects, he had knowledge enough of other branches to have given him a reputation without his Mathematics. He was an excellent Metaphysician, which caused him to be distinguished for his proficiency in the Doctrine of Chances, where a mere Mathematician is almost sure to fail ; a very good Latin and Italian Scholar, and not deficient in French, while his acquaintance with the literature of his own language was wide and varied. Still it was not so much the extent of his information—for there were several men in the University, John Grote for instance, whose range covered more ground—that struck one so much as the power he had over it. His mind was the best arranged and most symmetrical I ever encountered. Whatever he knew was in its place and ready for use. As to his moral qualities he was a thorough gentleman, with a suavity and amiability that no bodily suffering could disturb, the purest taste, the loftiest principle. Though of moderate stature and so thin and fragile that it seemed as if a violent gust of wind might blow

him bodily away, his personal appearance was dignified and commanding. His features were very regular and very expressive (a rare combination), and a fancy he had of parting his long hair down the middle, gave his head an exceedingly picturesque appearance. Once an Oxonian dining at the Trinity Fellows' table, was impressed by the intellectual and interesting countenance opposite him, and asked if it did not belong to a poet; when informed that the object of his curiosity was a Senior Wrangler, he could hardly conceal his disappointment. But E—— *did* have a reputation for poetry, so far at least as writing verse translations went.

It was a day or two after Commemoration (about the middle of November), that on entering the College gate, after a post-prandial lounge at the Union, I was informed by *moonshine*—such was the *sobriquet* of our rubicund-nosed porter—that Mr. E—— had been at my rooms inquiring for me. How he knew, it was hard to say, as E—— lived two courts off and I three; but these College servants, like some others, have a knack of finding out all that is going on. Now in a place where intellect and acquirements are the highest standard of nobility, such a call was like the summons of a prince, or to take a comparison nearer home, I felt as the editor of the —— might, if his Excellency the President of the United States had sent him a special messenger to request his presence. I crowded sail immediately for E——'s quarters, which were up in a turret, literally, for the entrance was, and by a most break-neck staircase, too;

though when you were fairly inside the second door, about half a house opened upon you. There was the usual amount of awkwardness and hesitation on both sides, while I stated the reason of my visit, and he informed me that his object in calling was to look at my Commemoration Discourse, if a copy was visible, as he had heard its delivery very imperfectly. (No wonder, for the pulpit had been placed in exactly the most inaudible situation, and the Hall, however well calculated for purposes of feeding, and holding examinations, was a most unacoustic place to speak in.) We gradually fell into conversation upon other matters, till lighting on old English Ballad Poetry which happened to be rather a hobby with both of us, we kept up an animated conversation to a late hour, and after that night frequently exchanged visits.

The Epigram Club was an idea started one evening by six or eight of us. The number was increased to *thirteen*, none of whom, I am happy to say, have gone to the "land o' the leal" yet, notwithstanding the omen.* Some of us were very heavy men to all appearance, and our first attempts mild enough, but Cantabs have a thorough way of taking up and carrying out anything they lay hold of, and we made rapid progress. It surprised me to see how much wit could be knocked out of materials so solid. Ultimately some of our

* There was a rich bull committed by one of this Society. The club having to meet in his rooms on a certain evening, he wrote twelve notices, and then wearied himself for half an hour trying to recollect *who the thirteenth member was*.

productions were informally requested for *Punch*, and some for other publications. But with true English reserve the Society came to an agreement that all their transactions should remain in manuscript. Our rival candidates for Senior Classic were both members of this club, as they are now both contributors to the same Magazine. They were the best of friends, and both wrote very good verses; the Small Colleger was felicitous in imitating Macaulay and Coleridge, and the Trinitarian elaborated perfect burlesques of the Popian versification and the University Prize Poems.

They were very good friends; but their supporters and seconders sometimes clashed a little. The Trinity set, who had put me down as wanting in proper feeling for the honor of my College, still professed strong hopes that our man would lead the Tripos, and being much bantered by them I occasionally resorted to the true English argument "What 'll you bet?" The odds were certainly against me, as I backed my man to be not only Senior Classic, but First Chancellor's Medalist, and to be a Medalist at all he must be a *Senior Optime* in Mathematics. This part of the business he accomplished with that tight shave which is rather gratifying to a Classical man, as it shows that he has thrown away no more time on Mathematics than was absolutely necessary. The Trinity man, who might easily have been a Wrangler, was also among the *Senior Optimes*, but twenty-four places higher.

The Mathematical Tripos this winter was remarkable for the total *bouleversement* of all the results of all the College

examinations. The favorite was Senior Wrangler, but scarcely another man of the thirty-seven Wranglers occupied his presumed place, positively or relatively. Our best man from Trinity was only sixth, but he beat two others of the College who were expected to be among the first five.

It was about this time (the middle of January), that my tutor, having made up his mind about my chances for next year, took occasion to deliver his opinion upon them. "You can get a First Class in the Tripos,"* said he, "but you will have to work for it." I told him that working *hard* was with me out of the question, that I could only read about five hours a day, and had to get up all my Mathematics which would take the whole last Long. He intimated that I ought to work at Composition five or six hours a day for six months to bring me up to the standard, "and as you can't do that," said he, "*actum est*." Then he advised me to go out in the Poll. This is the course which many a man, Mathematical as well as Classical, takes out of pride, when he finds that from early idleness, ill-health, or any other cause, his Degree will not be equal to what he thinks his abilities deserve. The subject was discussed by us at intervals for several days, but my mind was pretty well made up. After the first two or three months of my illness, when it was evident that recovery would be a work of years, and probably never complete at that—from that time I gave up perforce ambitious desires, and contented myself with playing such second part as I

* The *Classical* Tripos is generally spoken of as *the* Tripos, the *Mathematical* one as *the Degree Examination*.

could. I would not be ashamed of trying for the best of everything, and failing. So I told my tutor that I was willing to take my chance ; at any rate I would have a shy at a College Scholarship, though that involved another dose of Mathematics. By way of taking a surfeit of Classics previous to beginning this disagreeable work, I went in to the University Scholarship examination, which was a hollow thing, as sporting men say. The Kingsman, who had run last year's successful competitor so close, was the favorite, and won in a canter. He too was one of the lights of our Epigram Club, and afterwards became an Apostle. The examination was a very fair one ; less cram and fewer out-of-the-way passages than are usual in a University Scholarship.*

Just after this came on the Classical Tripas, for the head of which our two friends were running, neck and neck. The Pembroke man, of an excitable disposition naturally, and rendered unusually nervous by indifferent health, scarcely gave himself sufficient food or rest, ransacked all manner of note-books and collections of marked passages, and seized upon all the eligible English verse he could find to translate into Greek and Latin, till he had acquired a pace which was astounding to behold. His rival went on in the same quiet way as ever, doing his work beautifully, but just at the old rate, and never missing his Saturday night whist or breaking in on any of his old habits. It required some philosophy in a man to care so little whether he was first or second.

* See Appendix for the papers.

On the first day of the Examination, one of the thirty candidates for Classical Honors was frightened at the leading paper and fairly ran off, not appearing at any of the subsequent ones. He was a sharp man enough, and had taken a very respectable Mathematical degree.

I was now undergoing for the third time since I entered the University, and the I-don't-know-how-many-eth time in my life, a course of low Mathematics. A Bachelor friend who felt an interest in my success, undertook to coach me quite *en ami*, which kindness I partially repaid afterwards with Classics for his Fellowship. It really seemed as if the repeated efforts of years had made some impression on the repulsive subject. I knew more Algebra than I had ever done before—indeed I felt rather a proficient in it, and a little circumstance happened about this time to confirm such a half serious, half mock infatuation on my part. Our Kingsman, after having attained his University Scholarship, suddenly took it into his head to learn Mathematics, and to persuade the other four or five Undergraduates of his College to learn with him—for which purpose they were obliged to procure a new College Mathematical lecturer, the old one being a Classical man, and, so far as his Mathematics were concerned, a fiction. As these Etonians had never read anything before in the way of science, except ordinary arithmetic, they were in the very infancy of Mathematical conceptions, and I used, in my evening wanderings, to drop into my friend's room now and then and give him a little assistance in the mystery of equations. When I repeated this to my coach, he burst out

into an Homeric inextinguishable laughter at the idea of my being able to teach any Algebra—finding in the lowest deep a lower still. I may here mention, incidentally, that my occasional pupil, somewhere about this time, left off being a Puseyite, and adopted more liberal and Arnold-like views on Church matters. Any one who has great faith in the pure sciences, may attribute this important change to the Algebra if he chooses. After Algebra, I took up low Trigonometry, which I had never probably studied before, and crammed it into me as far as De Moivre's theorem, and some other pleasant little formulæ of the same nature and magnitude, measuring half a page long a-piece; and all these I certainly understood—that is to say, could trace the working of them, and see how they were arrived at—but never could perceive any particular use or discern the least beauty in them. I thought of making an attempt on Conic Sections (which are read *analytically* in the Cambridge books), but never got further than copying sundry manuscripts of my former coach (him of the large team), for my attention was required by the First Three Sections of Newton, which, with Euclid, were to be my great dependence. The Euclid I knew by experience was to be got up in two days, so I put it off for the last two; the Newton I polished up with great zeal—it was something new to me and not altogether uninteresting. The book, which for a long time existed only in the manuscripts of Johnian lecturers, contains a series of English demonstrations of the Lemmas of the *Principia*, which are only *affirmed* in the original Latin. I forget whether it was

before or after this that I assailed low Statics, and, after getting up the Mechanical Powers, *Vis Viva*, and other formulæ, mostly from Whewell's books, went so far as to attempt several problems, but I never remember doing a whole one. A very poor array of Mathematics this, to take in to an Examination, but it was only as a sort of pass to give my Classics a chance. On them I could bestow but little time; what I did assign to them proved to be very badly laid out, for having only time to attempt getting up one kind of verse Composition, and calculating that Hexameters were likely to be set, I read straight through Six Books of the *Æneid*, and then wrote some hundred Hexameter lines for practice. Of course, Elegiacs were set.

These verses are hardly in the line of a man who has not been brought up on the English public-school system, but as they have great weight in the Examinations, one cannot afford to neglect them entirely. Their importance was particularly impressed upon me just then, by the result of the contest for Senior Classic, which was declared in favor of the Pembroke candidate, thus endorsing the decision of the University Scholarship examiners the year before. His success was chiefly owing to a very superior copy* of Elegiacs. As these verses, written in a limited time, under the eye of examiners, and with no means of assistance beyond the requisite stationery, afford a better example of what a crack

* "Copy" is applied exclusively to papers of verse Composition. It is a public-school term transplanted to the University.

versifier can do than any of the Prize Odes, which are carefully and leisurely composed at home, I make no apology for inserting them here.

Unda repercussæ radiabat imagine Lunæ,
 Nec vox per noctem quantulacunque fuit,
 Saxeaque allisi fluctus ad littora, blando
 Nescio quid visi murmure dulce queri.
 Huc illuc rapido pede Laodamia vagata est,
Devia per suavem, suavior ipsa, locum ;
 At gena, nam sævo flos est demessus Amori
 Mutârat purâ lilia cana rosâ.
 Roscida cæruleo stat gutta tacentis ocello ;
 Scilicet est miseræ vaticinata vices !
 Sæpe aliquis moriens somni est sub imagine visus
 Plangere ; qui periit Protesilaus erat.
 Iverat innumero stipatus milite princeps,
 Fortibus intererat fortior ille puer.
 Illa quidem, excidiis quærens sacra mœnia Trojæ
 Contulit infesto cum Phryge signa manus.
 Plurima sed totum nova Luna impleverat orbem
 Et gyros annus versus in ipse suos ;
 At neque vir sancta rediens nec epistola Trojâ
 Nuntia quo fato militet ille venit.

The making of Greek and Latin verse is one of the most showy manifestations of English scholarship, and certainly the most surprising one. To read an ordinary Classical author *ad aperturam libri*, certainly implies a good acquaintance with his tongue ; but it is readily accounted for by practice and study, and is only more difficult than reading any book in a

modern language by as much as the ancient language is the harder of the two to acquire. To write Latin and Greek prose with facility and elegance, though involving a further command of the two languages, has also its parallel in our experience with respect to modern tongues. But to write verse in any language, seems to imply such a familiarity with all its niceties as can only be acquired by one who makes it as it were his second mother-tongue. Many a person who can converse freely in German, or read an Italian book with nearly the same ease as an English one, or write a correct letter in French, would shrink from the idea of attempting poetry or verse in either of these languages. And there are two additional features which increase the surprisingness of the performance. First, as the Classical languages are no longer habitually spoken in the English schools, the scholars lose one of the principal ordinary means of acquiring the knowledge of a strange tongue—conversation. Secondly, the standard of these verses, as specimens of metrical composition, is very high. In mere smoothness and elegance they absolutely surpass the majority of the ancient models. To end a Pentameter with a trisyllable, as Propertius does *passim* ; to make Cæsuras which are common with Lucretius ; to put the enclitic after a verb instead of the preceding substantive or adjective of a clause, as Ovid himself does—like *mæstus adestque dies*—all these are inadmissible licenses. One thing the reader will be apt to infer, that such an accomplishment can only be the fruit of long and special training—which is emphatically the case. A public-school boy begins

certainly as early as ten years of age, if not earlier, to grind at "longs and shorts." The first step is to make him do *nonsense verses*, that is to say, the scheme of a line is given him thus—

— — — — —

which he may fill up with any words that will scan without regard to their meaning or want of meaning, *Pergite praecepites quos pridem Jupiter inquit*, or even greater nonsense than this. Then an exactly literal translation of a Latin line is given him in the precise order of the original, then a line with the words transposed, and so on through several intermediate steps, till he is fairly launched upon translating English verse into Hexameters and Pentameters, or "Longs and shorts," as the Elegiac metre is commonly called. This is the stanza at which they are most practised, and at which they acquire the greatest facility. After this they are most worked at Alcaics. Hexameters are also written, but not so frequently (Eton is almost the only place where they do them well), and Sapphics very rarely. It is a sort of traditionary prejudice, that Hexameters and Sapphics are hardly ever good, and the theory verifies itself by causing them to be less cultivated. An Eton boy sends up a copy of Longs and Shorts once or twice a week for *seven years* of his school life. Probably three fourths of these boys never thought of writing a couplet of English verse, or could do it if set at it. But we have not yet done with the complications of this singularly artificial system. A false quantity is the unpardonable

sin, yet the actual pronunciation affords no clue whatever to the quantity of the penults of dissyllables ; cāno I sing, and cāno the ablative of cānus hoary, rēgis of a king, and rēgis thou rulest, being pronounced exactly alike. And lest the swing and intonation of the voice itself should give any assistance, it is the custom to read Classical verse as much like prose as possible. Having noticed this during the recitation of some of the Commencement Odes, which, as the successful candidates read them, could never have been taken for verse by a person without the printed book, I inquired about this peculiarity from men of three or four different schools, and they all certified to the generality of the practice,*

* As the subject of pronunciation is one which excites some little interest with us, and about which I have often been asked questions, it may as well be stated briefly that students in England pronounce as they do in New England, with the exception that they do not make false quantities in the penults of tri-syllables, for instance they never say *habēbam*, or *Cæsāris*, or *Consūles*, or *Quirītes*, all which were common at Yale, in my day. Neither do they pronounce *fecerat* *fesserat*, which was considered a point of such importance at New Haven, that one of the Professors wrote a pamphlet to insist on the shortening of long vowels in the first syllable of Dactylic words. But they give the vowels their English power, and in dissyllables lengthen by accent, not by quantity, thus they say *mā-nus do-mus*, not *mānus dōmus*. In Greek also the vowels have their English power, and the same exceptions prevail as in New England—the pronunciation of *α* and *ε* like *ī*, instead of *ā*, and the preserving *γ* hard throughout. Only they do not call *μετρά* and *κατὰ* *metre* and *cater*, as the New Haven tutors used to.

without, so far as I can recollect, giving any reason for, or defence of it. The consequence of all this is that Latin-verse writing becomes totally a matter of *eye*, though some versifiers fancy from never having analysed their own mental perceptions and the growth of this acquired faculty, that *ear* has a great deal to do with it. An Eton Captain will write twenty Elegiacs in an hour, and twelve or fifteen Hexameters ; while at the University this pace is seldom increased but the quality improves. From what has been said of this school drilling, it may be guessed that no man who begins to write Latin verses late in life can hope to make much hand of it. I used to take the line of laughing at the whole affair, and denying the sense or use of it. Sometimes I turned the tables on the over-critical ones, as to what was, or what was not *classical*. The reader may perhaps remember Captain Medwin's story about the Schoolmaster who heaped contempt on a line which Shelley sent up,

“ Jamjam tacturos sidera celsa putes,”

not knowing that it was taken verbatim from Ovid. A somewhat similar case fell under my own observation. I was showing to a very precise Etonian some Elegiacs by a Scotch friend of mine, which I rather liked—a translation of Herrick's beautiful lines—

“ Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying,” &c.

The second line was—

“ Nam fugiunt, freno non remorante, dies.”

The verses were by a Scotchman, and, *of course*, must be

bad. My Etonian objected to the phrase *freno non remorante*, as not authorized. I thought it good Latin, and said so, but not being able to find an instance, was obliged to give it up for the time. While going through Ovid's *Fasti* several months afterwards, I found in the Sixth Book this couplet—

“Tempora labuntur tacitisque senescimus annis,
Et fugiunt freno non remorante dies.”

The Caledonian being taken short for a Pentameter had bagged the whole line. At the first public opportunity I proclaimed my discovery to the Etonian. There is nothing like sticking to your principle. He held out that it was inelegant Latin, nevertheless—Ovid had been nodding on that occasion.

The above instance might induce a suspicion that there is a little *centoism* about this Latin-verse making. Such is indeed the case, and the more you read and write Latin verse, the more of this centoism do you discover. One of the great effects, objects, and merits of the seven years' more or less grinding at school is, that it stores the student's mind with common-places of verse, lines and half-lines and quarter-lines descriptive of such familiar objects and occurrences as the sun or a lark rising, the nightingale singing, the grass growing and trees budding at the approach of Spring, &c., &c.; and the faculty of utilizing this store of treasure is much increased by the character of the verses usually set to translate. There is a kind of English pastoral poetry—a school of which Shenstone is perhaps the most favorable specimen—which I

never found out the use of till I was at Cambridge. It was made and invented expressly to be translated into Latin Elegiacs.

Even where phrases and half-lines are not copied bodily, there is often a resemblance in structure and form, the new line being built after the old one; thus—

“Primaque ut aeriâ scandat alauda viâ,”

recalls Ovid’s

“Protinus ætheriâ tollet in astra viâ;”

just as in Bailey’s “Festus” the line,

“The mind hath phases as the body hath,”

is modelled upon Shakspeare’s

“The earth hath bubbles as the water hath.”

But it must be said, in fairness, that there is, at the same time, much original and elegant poetry to be met with among these compositions. Our Trinity man, who was second Medallist this year, had taken a Porson and excelled in Greek Composition; but this January, as if anticipating his rival’s excellence in Latin, he distinguished himself in the same way by an original copy of Elegiacs, written for the Tripos Paper*—a mythological account of the birth and progress of Love, and his reconciliation with the Muses, that would not have disgraced old Naso himself. One couplet was particularly admired—

“Flava calescentem malé dissimulabat Amorem
Luna—calescebat dissimulatus Amor.”

* See Note to the word *Tripos*, in the vocabulary of Cambridge terms.

As to the *style* of translation, it is of a very free order; in fact, should in many cases be called imitation rather than translation. This may be seen by comparing the specimen first quoted with its original from Kirke White :—

“The night it was still, and the moon it shone
Serenely on the sea,
And the waves at the foot of the rifted rock
They murmured pleasantly
When Gondoline roamed along the shore—
A maiden full fair to the sight,
Though love had made bleak the rose on her cheek,
And turned it to deadly white.
Her thoughts they were drear, and the silent tear
It filled her faint blue eye,
As oft she heard in fancy’s ear
Her Bertrand’s dying sigh.
Her Bertrand was the bravest youth
Of all our good king’s men,
And he had gone to the Holy Land
To fight the Saracen.
And many a month had passed away
And many a rolling year,
But nothing the maid from Palestine
Could of her lover hear.”

One of the usual changes, the substitution of Classical names for modern ones, is amply illustrated here; and other additions to and improvements on the original are obvious. I must not be misunderstood as using the word *improvements* with any sarcastic intent. Seriously, there can

be no doubt that the Latin imitation is, in this case, better than the original, which contains much bad grammar to begin with. Note particularly the Ovidian turn of the line italicized.

About this freedom of translation there is one thing to be observed, that it is a freedom of *addition* and not of *retrenchment*. As a general rule, you are required to express all the ideas of the original, and may then add any ornaments to fill out the measure. The translations express all that is in the English, and a little more. I could not understand this for some time, and used to err by trying to translate too literally. Thus, when my Johnian coach, in the summer of 1843, set me for the first time to write Elegiacs, and gave me as the subject of the experiment Moore's *Last Rose of Summer*, I took one line of the Latin for every two of the short English lines, and began—

Ultimus, en, solus, calicum florescit ab æstu.

Ah! comitum marcet totu venusta cohors!

In his copy, each of the short lines was expressed by a long line of Latin, thus—

“Ultimus æstivâ tenerarum e gente rosarum

Flos desolatis eminet ille comis;

Lucida de toto circum vicinia prato

Vanuit, et sociæ deperiere rosæ.”

Only one case of packing the Latin into less space than the English by a good versifier ever came under my observation: it was where a Senior Classic translated three lines from Byron—

"Where the hues of the earth and the hues of the sky,
Though different in color, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye."

by this couplet,

"Quâ cœlo et terræ varius color, una venustas
Et latices nigris subrubuere vadis."

I have often fancied, in making comparisons of poetical translations from the German and other modern languages, that our countrymen succeed better than the English, and that the reason of this may be found in the fact of most English translators being taught by their school experience to aim at imitation rather than translation, and put in ornaments of their own. Certainly the most accurate and vigorous translator of German poetry in England is Carlyle—a non-University man. Such a principle, however, must be laid down cautiously, and with allowed exceptions. Merivale's Schiller is a most commendable specimen of accurate rendering.

Having given one superior specimen of Latin verse, I shall conclude what I have to say about it here with a sample from the other end of the piece. A few days before going in for the Tripos I wrote a translation from the opening of Byron's *Parasina*, of which my tutor said, "If your verses were always as good as these, you might get *some* marks for them." The following may, therefore, be taken as the lowest standard of what would pass muster in an Examination:—

"It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard," &c.

Nunc, primâ in terras ducente crepuscula nocte,
 Clarior e ramis vox, Philomela, tua est ;
 Nunc majore videtur amans dulcedine vota
 Dulce rursuranti fundere sæpe labro.
 Nunc ventique leves et aquæ vicinia mœstis
 Auribus intendunt suppeditare melos ;
 Purpurei modico calices nunc rore madescunt
 Conveniunt cœlo sidera clara suo ;
 Et magis in fuscis jam jamque abiere colores
 Oceanoque latex, arboribusque comæ.

Greek verse stands on a somewhat different footing from Latin. It is of later date as an element of school education. Probably it came in with Porson, and the establishment of the Porson Prize by his executors did much to encourage it. King's College London men, and other Classics not from the public-schools, evince a preference for Greek Iambics ; they say this sort of Composition is more dependent on, and more a test of Scholarship. For my part I could never see much difference between the two in this respect ; there always seemed to me as much knack and centoism in the one as in the other. Sometimes in the Porsons you will find a whole line, bodily transplanted from a Greek Tragedian. Once in looking over one, I met with

ὄτῳ χαρακτήρ ἐμπέφυκε σώματι.

which I marked as a good line, and well might, for when I came to read the *Medea* two years after, there it was.

δὲδεις χαρακτήρ ἐμπέφυκε σώματι.

Nevertheless, it is certain that many begin to write Iambics

after entering the University, or but a short time before. A first-rate man, who was first Bell Scholar in a very well contested year, and a candidate for Senior Classic until he broke down from ill health, told me he had never written any Greek verse till a year before he came up. It was one of the instances he was giving of his insufficient preparation on account of his invalid state. The fact too of all having a fairer start, encourages more men to practise Iambics. But it must be owned that the best—those which get full marks at examinations, and are handed about and copied as models, are the productions of men who have had abundant training. There is one school famous for sending up writers of Iambics—Shrewsbury—which indeed has a great reputation for Scholarship generally, and particularly for grammatical accuracy.

The difficulties of Greek verse are of a higher kind than those of Latin, and the sort of English set to be translated of a higher character. Shakespeare and Milton, Ben Jonson, Henry Taylor, Shelley's *Cenci*, the best English translations of *Faust* and *Wallenstein*—such are the books which usually furnish passages. You will seldom find anything very seedy set for Iambics. The reading and study of Shakspeare and the old English Dramatists generally, has been much promoted at the University by the practice of writing Greek verses—perhaps it is one of the best things that can be said for it. The style of translation, like that used in writing Latin verse, is very free, the main object being to show a knowledge of the Greek Dramas, and adopt phrases from them

corresponding to the English ones—as if in translating Sophocles into English, one were to go out of the way to introduce as many Shakspearian words and phrases as possible. Even with great license of paraphrase, it is often exceedingly difficult to express the English idea in Greek, and the very best men are put to some straits. Thus I have seen Ben Jonson's

“Temp'ring his greatness with his gravity,”

rendered by (and the translator was a man of reputation in this way)

σέβας τε πάντας ἐμμελῶς ἐπράξατο

literally translated “and he exacted respect from all with good taste.”

The *pace* attained in writing Greek verses never equals that acquired in Latin, partly from the practice being begun later in life, partly because the work is intrinsically more difficult. Twelve an hour is considered very fast. About twenty-eight English lines are usually set in the *Tripes*, which in rendering into Greek would naturally be expanded into thirty-five, and very few of the candidates finish them in the allotted two hours and a half. Sometimes a First-Class man does not write more than fourteen. One year when the first four men on the *Tripes* all finished their copy and got very nearly full marks, was considered an extraordinary one.

I have spoken of Greek *Iambics* only, because they are the only Greek verses habitually written. Anapaests have occasionally been set in the *Tripes*, Anapaests and Long Trochees in the University Scholarships. Sapphics are never

ten except for the Greek Ode ; Homeric Hexameters, rarely in the College, and never I believe in the University examinations.

the following Anapæsts were written by the Senior Medal-
n 1840, who was also bracketed Senior Classic.

‘Ὀδ’ Ἡρακλῆς ἤρξεν βιοτοῦ
 δρόμον ἐξανύειν κἄν προτελείοις
 βιοτοῦ ὀείξεν κρείσσον τι γεγώς
 τῶν τ’ ἀνθρώπων μεϊζόν τί πνέων
 δαίμων ὃς ἔμελλεν ἔσσεσθαι.
 ὅστις βρέφος ὦν γαλάθηνον, ὅμως
 πόνον ἤντηλυσεν καὶ κινδύνους
 στρυγνὴν Ἥρας διὰ μῆνιν,
 κἀνταῦθα μαχῆς ἤφατο πρῶτον
 τῷ βαρυδαίμονι ποταμῷ, χερσίν τ’
 ἀτάλαις ἀταλὸς παῖς ὦν δεινῶν
 ὀφείων συρίγματ’ ἔπαυσεν.
 οὕτω κλείνα Ζῆνος ἐδράσματα
 πολλὰ μογήσας ἦλθε τελευτῶν
 οὕτω πῆματα τάνδρὸς φυχὴν
 βασανίζει μὴ σεμνόν τι φρονεῖν
 τὴν τ’ ἀρετὴν εὖνομον ἀσχεῖν.*

* “ Alcides thus his race began ;

O’er infancy he swiftly ran,

At first the future God was more than man.

Dangers and trials, and Juno’s hate,

E’en o’er his cradle lay in wait,

And there he grappled first with fate.

And now, it may be asked, how far is this Latin and Greek verse-making really a test of scholarship, and is it, as such, worth the time spent on it? My own answer would be unfavorable, but I may be somewhat prejudiced by the detriment which the want of the accomplishment caused myself. Certainly it does not always follow that a good versifier in Greek and Latin is a good scholar. It befel me at the time of my final extinguishment in the Tripos, to be sandwiched between one of the best Latin versifiers and the best Greek versifier of the twenty-four candidates, and the best copy of Latin verses has been more than once sent up by a Second Class man—although in this examination the verse Composition papers count one fifth of the whole. And sometimes high First Class men get but few marks for their verses. In the former case, it may be supposed that the parties have come up very well prepared, and been idle during part of their course; the school knack of making verses has stuck by them, while their acquaintance with different authors has not been sufficiently kept up and extended. A Scholar of Trinity, some of whose Lyrics were thought sufficiently good to be included in the published collection of verses called the *Arun-dines Cami*, was *last* in the Second Class; he had probably neglected his Classics to study Mathematics, since he stood well among the Wranglers. As to the converse branch of

In his young hands the hissing snakes he pressed,
Thus early was the deity confessed.
Thus by degrees he rose to Jove's imperial seat.
Thus difficulties prove a soul legitimately great."

●

the proposition, it will hardly be doubted with Germany in view, that a man may be a very good scholar without being able to write Latin and Greek verses elegantly and fluently. The effect of practice in such matters may be illustrated by the habit of conversing in Latin, which German students do much more readily than English, simply because the former practise it, and hold public disputes in Latin, while the latter have long left off "keeping Acts," as the old public discussions required of candidates for a degree used to be called.

Classical prose Composition is of course an important point in the training of a candidate for Classical Honors, and there are few men, even of those who ultimately go out in Mathematics alone, but have had some drilling in writing Latin. Greek prose is the hardest of *all* Composition, and marked highest in the Tripos; there are seldom more than five or six men in a year who write it well. The difficulty of accentuation—a subordinate art requiring no small practice in itself*—it shares with the composition of Iambics, so it would seem to do the difficulties arising from the abstruse syntax of the language; but these latter difficulties make themselves more felt in prose than in verse, perhaps because there is less opportunity for centoism in the former. In the mere matter of words, too, a serviceable poetic vocabulary is much easier to collect and retain than a prose one.

Though the method of translation is of course more literal

* Where quantity is the guide to pronunciation, accentuation must be mere matter of eye and memory, and the general rules to which it is reduced are subject to numerous and arbitrary exceptions.

than that adopted in rendering verse, there is still sufficient margin left for embellishment, and much importance is attached to displaying a knowledge of idiom. A man will frequently go a little, or more than a little out of his way to bring in a bit of what, in stage phraseology, would be called *business*. And among single words those most unlike the corresponding ones in English are preferred. Thus, you must not say *administrare rempublicam* for taking part in public affairs, but *capessere rempublicam*, though the former word is used by good Roman authors as much as the latter. When I was at my best for Latin prose, I had a collection of idiomatic phrases, six or eight of which I would have engaged to bring into the translation of any half-page of ordinary English that could be given me; and those who were better skilled in Greek prose than myself could do the same with that. The term *Composition* seems in itself to imply that the translation is something more than a translation.

Original Composition—that is, Composition in the true sense of the word—in the dead languages is not much practised. There is a Latin essay written in the University Scholarship Examination, and another in the Medal Examination; there are the Commencement Exercises and the College Declamations already mentioned, and there are verse prizes for Second and Third-year men in most of the Colleges. At Trinity there are three open to all the three Years. Composition in Greek there is none except the Browne Ode.

The present is not an unfit occasion for saying something more about the style of translation required from Greek and

Latin into English. It might be supposed from the freeness which characterizes the Composition, that a like license of paraphrase and ornament was allowed in translating *from* the dead languages as well as *into* them. But such is not the case. The greatest accuracy is required, under pain of "losing marks;" the meaning of the smallest particle must be expressed, the least shades of difference between nearly synonymous words strictly conveyed. This accuracy, however, not only does not require, but absolutely forbids *bad English*, which would be surely visited with the loss of a large per centage of marks "for style." Whenever a difficulty occurs of such a nature that it cannot be entirely set forth in the translation, explanation in a note is allowable—in some cases required.

A particular instance or two will give a more intelligible idea of the accuracy required than any general description.

I had been translating for my private tutor a passage in the *Medea*, where she asks Jason,

Τί δὲ ῥῶσα; ~~ἔν~~ γαμοῦσα καὶ προδοῦσα σε ;

When he came to my translation of this line he said, "But you haven't marked the peculiarity here. What's the difference between a man's marrying and a woman's?" I replied that in Greek the respective terms were *γαμεῖν* and *γαμεῖσθαι*, as in Latin *duco* and *nubo*. "Well, but you see Medea uses the active here; you should have explained in a note that this is because she puts herself in Jason's place, otherwise an examiner might think that you didn't know the distinction."

In the Classical Tripos of our year occurred these lines from the *Andromache* of Euripides—

Οὐκ οὐν ἐξείνου τάμὰ τ'ἀξείνου τ'ἑμέα ;
Δρᾶν εὖ. κακῶς δ'οὐ, μὴδ' ἀποκτείνεσιν βία.

which most men would translate offhand,

“ And are not my things his, and his mine ?

Yes, to do them good, not ill, nor slay by violence.”

And this would be right were μὴ the negative employed, but the use of οὐ (in rather a singular position here) shows that the negation refers not to the infinitive in the second line, but to the indicative (ἔστι understood) in the first, so that the translation should run, “To do them good they are, to do them ill or slay by violence they are not.” And the knowing ones, who were in this case the best men of our year, and the best scholars generally (for the last examination papers become objects of immediate interest to all the reading circle) declared at once that the whole passage—thirteen lines—had been set for this one catch.

These two cases fell within my own experience, a third was matter of tradition. In the Tripos of 1840, the Trinity man who was bracketed Senior Classic translated, probably from inadvertence, ἡ εἰρήνη, *peace*, in a passage from Thucydides, where the article was of importance. When the examiners came to compare notes, and he was found to be on an equality with his Johnian competitor, one of them, a Shrewsbury man, held out a long while against the bracket, saying it was a shame to make a man Senior Classic who could translate ἡ εἰρήνη, *peace*, without the article.

THE SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATION—NEQUE SEMPER ARCUM
TENDIT APOLLO.

ἡς πόντος ἰδέσθαι.—THEOCR. IDYLL. XVI.

THE result of the examination for the Chancellor's Medals is declared very soon after that of the Tripos. The two old competitors had a hard fight for it again, and again the Pembroke man came out first by a neck. It now wanted but a month of the College Scholarship, and I was in the agony of Newton and Statics, as before stated. The only diversions I had were the Plato Lectures, which I could not lose, happen what would, and occasionally attending a talk at the Union (where the Debates were beginning to look up), or at our little Historical. The latter was beautifully arranged as regarded different sets of opinions for keeping up lively discussions; it had been founded chiefly by Liberals, but there were Tories and Conservatives enough in it to defend their side vigorously in a political question. The Union was very one-sided. Its majority professed a species of mixture of old Toryism and Young Englandism, a fusion more bigoted than either of its bigoted elements. Will it be believed that they actually passed, and by a considerable majority, a vote affirming that it would be expedient to re-establish monasteries in England! Such Liberals of us as there were, however, did

not by any means let this or any other question go by default. We lifted up our voices pretty loudly, nor indeed did we confine ourselves entirely to the ordinary course of debate. A queer friend of mine wrote a ballad ludicrously showing up the would-be monks; two of us had it printed, sent it round as a circular to the whole University, and wound up the joke by getting it attributed to Travis, to his utter disgust, both because he was just at that time dubitating whether he might not go into the Church after all, and because the doggerel was not quite equal to Ingoldsby, and popular prejudice pronounced it even worse than it really was.

And now, somewhere about the end of March or the beginning of April (for it was just after Easter, and according to the old saw—

“Let Easter happen when it will,
It's always in March or April,”)

the important time for us Senior Sophs of Trinity drew nigh. There are three or four different sets of men among the Third Year Candidates, with different interests and aspirations. First, those who are looking forward to Fellowships. It might be supposed that, as the Fellows are only in the proportion of one to three of the Scholars, any man with a reasonable prospect of a Fellowship ahead would be sure of the Scholarship introductory without much trouble. Yet it sometimes happens that men who have ultimately come out as high as second or third in the Classical Tripos, or among the first eight Wranglers in the Mathematical, and who therefore,

it is reasonable to suppose, might have stood a good chance for Fellowships, miss their Scholarships from some accident, perhaps a feeling of security. This has even befallen men who afterwards took good *double* degrees—Senior Optimes in Mathematics, and First Class men in Classics. It is not, therefore, prudent in any man to take his Scholarship for granted, and the best men of the Third Year are generally the most nervous from the recollection of their disappointment the year before.

Next to these come another class whose final expectations are less lofty. They may be decent Wranglers, or high Second Class men, or Double Seconds; that is the limit of their university views, and the Scholarship the limit of their college ones. If they stay up at all as Bachelors, it will be only to enjoy the full benefit of their income from the Scholarship, and for greater convenience in taking pupils: or to attend Divinity Lectures. Others, again, are Classical men not yet decided whether they will go out in Honors, being doubtful if their probable place on the Classical Tripos can warrant the exertion and drudgery of getting through in Mathematics, and their success or failure in this examination will go far towards determining them. And yet others, Classical men also, are not anxious to go out in Honors at all, but would like to get a Scholarship as a sort of compensation to their friends and themselves, and a handsome way of retiring from the other contest with flying colors.

We had a large opening this year—seventeen vacancies. To counterbalance this advantage, the lower year was a very

strong one ; it contained a Mathematician of great pace and endurance, who was afterwards Senior Wrangler, and several capital Classics. Hallam was one of these, and so was the future Senior Medallist, who was of a family of several brothers that all wrote Greek Iambics by instinct. Our year was weak enough. After taking out the five men who gained their Scholarships at the first trial, we had only one very good Mathematician left, and no very good Classic. The one in most repute was a son of the late Sir R. Peel, now M.P. for Leominster, and his father's *political* successor. All these little personal matters, and many more, were as thoroughly canvassed as the history, merits, and chances of horses before a race, or office-seekers before an election.

Finally arrived *the* Wednesday. The Hall was opened at nine, and seventy or eighty men rushed in to scribble. Our first paper was Greek translation,* and, to my surprise and joy, contained a long bit of Plato and a hard bit of Theocritus—authors not usually set in the Scholarship, and therefore likely not only utterly to confound the Mathematical men but to trouble some of the Classical ones, particularly of the Second year. The extra length of the paper, there being five selections instead of the usual four, was also of considerable benefit to me, for my pace, though not very good, was such as to leave a comfortable margin in four hours, and some of the others might be crowded by the additional extract. But in spite of these advantages a morbid feeling of disgust came over me soon after I sat down, and I

* See Appendix for the Scholarship Papers

was on the point of throwing up my papers and walking off. Luckily I thought better of it, and on gradually reflecting how favorable to me this first morning's examination was, I felt a fresh stimulus, and worked diligently the whole four hours, taking care not to throw away any chance by going out before the time, as I had done the previous year.

The bit of Plato set us was from the Tenth Book of the *Laws*. An American Professor's *edition* of this Book contains by his own confession *two* mistakes of construction in the notes to this very passage. I translated the whole extract, *which I had never seen before* (nor had any of us, for the *Laws* is seldom read even by Bachelors, on account of its many corruptions and the want of proper editors), correctly throughout, and as some of the Junior Sophs were marked higher than myself upon it, they must have done so too. I mention this because it illustrates what will be more fully treated of hereafter, the difference between the English and American way of *learning* things. No doubt the Professor in question had read three times as much Plato as any of us three or four men who were best on this extract; perhaps it might be said, that in a rough and imperfect way he had more general knowledge of the Platonic philosophy; but it is long odds that any of us would have translated an ordinary selection from Plato—one where knowledge of language as well as matter came into play—much more correctly than he could.

The examination lasts but three days and a half, the number of papers being seven, two translation, two Latin compo-

sition, two Mathematics, and one general questions in Classical history and philology, &c—a paper which of late years had become somewhat unjustly slighted—we were therefore through our toils by Saturday noon. I had done quite as much Mathematics as I expected, but my performances on the Latin verse paper were very shady.

The candidates were now left to a week of suspense. This week I filled up with writing, not for, but rather *at* or *against* the University Latin Essay, for which as a sort of twice Third year man, I had a right to compete a second time. It has been mentioned that there prevailed in the University at this time a feeling of the most awful bigotry, combining all the worst parts of Young England Puseyism and old “high and dry” Toryism. This feeling was not confined to the Undergraduates, but was aided and abetted by many of those in authority. One of its manifestations was a continual attempt at reviving all manner of long-buried absurdities and obsolete rules. Many of the University Statutes having been enacted when the Undergraduates were boys of fourteen, had been tacitly thrown overboard with the new order of things. Some of them it was attempted to revivify—always such as admitted an *arrière pensée*. Thus there was a regulation, ‘*ne ad diversas ecclesias discipuli vagentur*’ or something to that effect—a very proper one to prevent boys from running about to different places of worship, and escaping the observation of their tutors. But this was now sought to be restored with an aim at some of the Parish Churches, particularly that of Trinity (not to be confounded with Trinity College Chapel),

Simeon's Parish Church, where Simeon's successor and biographer Carus, the Senior Dean of Trinity College, always had a number of Undergraduates among his congregation. And it was maintained that these did wrong in attending any other place of worship than the University Church, Great St. Mary's. A sensible man on the other side quoted another clause of the Statutes by which Undergraduates are forbidden to walk in the town, unless accompanied by an M.A., and showed conclusively that the two regulations were called forth by the like state of things and stood on the same footing. It was doubtless with reference to this contest that the subject now given for the Undergraduates' Latin Essay was "*Quænam beneficia a legibus præscriptis diligenter observatis Academiæ alumni percipiant ?*"

After four pages of grave introduction, I took a ridiculous view of the whole question, and not content with showing up the purists in construction of the Statutes, took the opportunity of letting off a little of my dislike to Mathematics.* So far as any chance of the prize was concerned, it was a waste of time, unless the Vice-Chancellor or his deputy had been liberal to excess; but it took just a week to compose, and filled up the period before the result of the Examination was declared, after which I was to recommence reading Classics with another new coach—my Pembroke friend, who, having just gone out with all the Honors, was to experiment on me for his first pupil.

The decisive morning arrived. I had invited seven or

* See Appendix for this Essay.

eight friends to breakfast—to rejoice or condole with me as the case might be—at ten, the usual hour of a breakfast party, and after leaving morning chapel at seven, went pacing about the grounds in a great state of fidget, supported by my amateur Mathematical coach, and trying to fortify myself with a report I had heard two or three days before from a friend of one of the examiners, that my translation papers were ahead of the rest of the year. The examiners (the Master and the eight Senior Fellows, one or two of whom usually do their work by deputy) meet after chapel to compare results and elect the Scholars. About nine, A.M., the new Scholars are announced from the chapel gates. On this occasion, it is not etiquette for the candidates themselves to be in waiting—it looks too “bumptious;” but their personal friends are sure to be on hand, together with an humbler set concerned—the gyps, coal-men, boot-blacks, and other College servants—who take great interest in the success of their masters, and bet on them to the amount of five shillings and less. This time the conclave was prolonged rather later than usual; there was evidently a difficulty in deciding between some of the candidates. It usually happens that about two thirds are elected unanimously, while for the remaining vacancies there are many of nearly equal pretensions, among whom it is not so easy to decide. Just before nine, my coach went off to chapel to wait for the announcement of the result; and I returned to my rooms to superintend breakfast arrangements. My friend of the sherry-cobblers, in a greater state of excitement than one would have deemed a man of his years capable of, popped in upon me while thus engaged.

We began to sing, or make a noise dimly approximating to singing, to conceal our feelings. A long, very long fifteen or twenty minutes elapsed, and then my gyp, first to bring the tidings, rushed in at full trot to assure me that, it was all right; and seeing my convivial friend, took occasion to congratulate him also on his election. Then appeared the special messenger, who had been delayed a few moments by taking down the names of the new Scholars. Soon after, our Plato lecturer, my College tutor, stalked in direct from the scene of action (he had been one of the examiners) in his full academicals, like Tragedy in gorgeous pall, to tender me his congratulations in a majestic and Don-like manner; and after him Professor Sedgwick. By this time, too, the breakfasters had begun to assemble, and we made a merry party, three or four of us being among the new Scholars. Chicken salads and cutlets vanished right and left. The quondam Methodist parson was in glorious condition, and before we broke up arranged a supper for that evening. When we strolled out into the grounds, more than one group was lounging about and discussing the result of the examination. As generally happens, the best men in the lower year had beaten ours both in Classics and Mathematics. As also generally happens, some Senior Sophs, considered quite safe, were thrown out. Peel was one of these, and his failure strikingly proved the fairness with which these examinations are conducted; for, had the electors been disposed to favor his name, they might have done so without suspicion, as he was considered a good scholar, and proved himself such in the end,

That night we reproduced the "jolly revel" of Theocritus in a free practical translation. Our host, elated by a double triumph, for the College Declamations were just declared, and he had gained one of the Latin ones, had exhausted all his Amphitryonic resources to do justice to the party and the occasion. Turkey-legs devilled in wine, curried oysters, lobster *au gratin* (the Trinity cook used to call it *lobster grating*, just as he had converted *poulet grillé* into *pulled and grilled fowl*), and other appetizing condiments, graced the board, and that rare luxury in England, good Madeira, flowed abundantly. We were just enough to make two whist tables, and it must have been pretty well into the morning when we separated.

Indeed, my life for the next fortnight was somewhat sensual and luxurious. I lived well, played billiards frequently in the day time, and whist occasionally at night, and did not work much for my coach. I got up various æsthetic little dinner parties for my friends, both Fellows and Undergraduates, to celebrate my success. Our cook was really a good one, and could arrange almost any French *plat* in very respectable style, and there were some real English dishes which he achieved to perfection: I remember tench stewed in claret, that would console a frequenter of the *Café Anglais* for the loss of his *turbot crème gratin*. I had gained such a reputation for dinner-giving, that men going to "hang out" sometimes asked me to compose bills of fare for them. I boasted a good wine-merchant, *not* a Cambridge one of course. Some of the duties of my new position actually

favored this sybaritism. One of our privileges as Scholars, was a separate table in Hall. The meat and vegetables were supplied gratis; over the sizings, for which we paid, we had full control; and F—— and myself used to be studious in puddings and sauces (receipts for which he had picked up in Germany while on a reading-party) for the benefit of the whole table.

Yet let it not be supposed that this was all mere animal enjoyment. Some of the most intellectual conversation I ever listened to, or participated in, has accompanied and succeeded the claret at these little dinners. Like Homer's heroes who

πρόσιτος καὶ ἐδῆτύος ἐξ ἔργου ἔντρο,

as a preparation for any important discussion, the cleverest and most brilliant men among my Cambridge friends were at the acme of their conversational power after a well-arranged banquet; and not the least renowned for their care of the good things they took in and the good things they uttered, were the apostolic coterie. I have some of these after-dinner groups in my mind's eye now—Travis, a sort of small Borrow all but the belligerency, knowing all manner of out-of-the-way languages and out-of-the-way places, ready to talk about any subject, all things by turns and nothing long; now making a pun, now telling a gipsy story, now joining in a grave critical and now in a graver theological discussion, always very brilliant and plausible, but not always very logical—the tall, grave statuesque Plato lecturer, half admiring, half ashamed of his apostolic *confrère*, dropping his

magisterial decisions in polished sarcasms ; E—— the poetic-looking Senior Wrangler (who was an exquisite in his dinner costume, and always got himself up as carefully for a bachelor party as if he were to meet a roomful of ladies), conspicuous in his crimson waistcoat, speckled stockings, and very symmetrical white tie, occupying the most comfortable chair in the room, seeing through everything and everybody with his searching eyes, and occasionally with two or three of his close sentences tumbling down all that Travis had been saying for the last half hour—Henry Hallam, maintaining a modest silence as the youngest man present, but looking so eloquent that every one wanted him to talk, till at last he *would* talk wonderfully—the Pembroke man, also backward to speak before his elders (he had the rare merit of being either a talker or a listener as circumstances demanded), but, when he did speak, putting in keen and rapid remarks that told like knock-down blows—now and then a Rugby man, some pet pupil of Arnold's, a youth earnest in his convictions, innocent without folly, learned without conceit, uttering sentiments that from their simplicity might have come from a child, but which a clever man would find it hard to gainsay or controvert. How those men would converse ! What fertility of illustration ! what discriminating subtlety ! what original application of laboriously accumulated learning ! They made gospel of Walter Mapes' assertion—

"Poculis accenditur animi lucerna,

Cor imbutum nectare volat ad superna."

To recur to such men and such scenes with a fully appreciat-

ing recollection, one must have had some winters' experience of a different sort of society, where the frivolities of fashion and the malicious details of personal scandal form the staples of conversation ; where mind is frittered away in gossip or prostituted in slander, and the best appliances of the table only draw forth coarseness instead of wit ; where sincerity is deemed a cloak for shabbiness and any manifestation of the natural affections a mark of vulgarity—till at last, talking to a horse-jockey about fast trotters becomes a decided relief and a comparatively noble occupation.

All this time I was nominally going on with my new tutor, though not fairly settled at work for the first fortnight. I went over the Theatetus, that most difficult dialogue of Plato, very slowly and carefully with him ; but my chief business was to prosecute Composition, in which I was very much behindhand, a three months' cessation from any practice of the kind in Greek having left me in a most forlorn state as to Iambics, and not very well off for prose. In the evenings I read some of the harder Orations of Cicero, to get up Roman law. Important as this short term was, since I should soon be obliged to devote my best energies entirely to Mathematics, I was tempted to give three or four hours a week to playing coach myself, and superintending the Greek Testament of a friend whose ambition was confined to passing among the πολλοί, and who was anxious to read with an acquaintance in preference to a stranger. I always rather liked this sort of work in moderation, and could even now amuse myself any day after dinner with coaching a

pupil, if he were not a very stupid one ; and the habit of teaching, when it does not engross too much of a man's time, is of direct benefit to himself by helping him to learn better. There was the additional advantage that I made enough to pay my own coach.

I had some curiosity to see how this tutor of mine, so young as he was, about two years my junior, and fresh from a team himself, would get on at first, and whether his known cleverness would help him or be in his way. The result removed all doubts and surpassed my most sanguine expectations. I could feel that I was being admirably jockeyed. He had the greatest dexterity in impressing his knowledge upon others, made explanations that came to the point at once and could not be misunderstood, corrected mistakes in a way that one was not apt to forget, supplied you with endless variety of happy expressions for Composition and dodges in translation—in short I was conscious of making progress with him every day, and only regretted that I could not continue with him through the Long.

During this term I attended another course of Aristotle lectures—they were on the Rhetoric this year—but not with any express view to the May examination, which I had no intention of going in to, if it could be helped, and which I eventually escaped by an *ægrotat* from my physician. He might be said to have done his best towards putting me in a fit state for one, as not long before he had kept me *six hours* at table, on the occasion of a dinner which he gave to four or five of the new scholars as an appendix to and return for

some of my "hangings out." The ostensible excuse for the certificate was a slight cold which I caught a few days previous to the examination, while showing two compatriots—a literary and a diplomatic lion—the curiosities of the place. It was a raw morning, and by way of doing the precise in costume I had put on a white tie, without which the academic dress is not strictly complete. Hence my *ægrotat's* worth of cold.

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THE READING PARTY.

Lucus a non lucendo.

"A pleasant land of drowsyhead it was."

THOMSON.

AFTER reading as well as I could by myself Plato's *Sophista*, which comes in natural order after the *Theatetus*, and paying a brief visit to London, I started sometime about the end of June to join a reading-party in Brittany.

A too easy temper, or *ennui*, or mere wantonness, often makes men take a step with the perfect consciousness that they are doing a very foolish thing. It is notorious matter of tradition and experience that not one in a hundred of those who go on reading-parties makes a profitable use of his time—nay, that scapegraces who wish to "do their governors" and delude them into the belief that they are "reading" while doing anything but read, adopt this very plan as the most efficient—nevertheless it happens every year that some hard-working and well-disposed youths wander off in these parties. Perhaps the unfortunate has stayed two whole Longs at Cambridge already, and finds the prospect of a third summer there too dreary, or he thinks a change of air may do him

good before the struggle of the last term, or some nice Bachelor friend of his is making up a nice party and wants to bring him into it ; so, though he knows that the majority of men who join in such excursions do very little reading, he hopes to be one of the minority who form the exceptions. For it is not *impossible* to read on a reading-party ; there is only a great chance against your being able to do so. As a very general rule, a man works best in his accustomed place of business, where he has not only his ordinary appliances and helps, but his familiar associations about him. The time lost in settling down and making one's self comfortable and ready for work in a new place is not inconsiderable, and is all clear loss. Moreover the very idea of a reading-party involves a combination of two things incompatible—amusement and relaxation beyond the proper and necessary quantity of daily exercise, and hard work at books. Any trip, excursion, or sojourn away from home (the University is the Undergraduate's home while he belongs to it) whether for the purpose of benefiting the health, refreshing the mind, or acquiring new ideas from contact with different people and scenes, presupposes as a necessary condition to its full enjoyment and profit the liberty of the *dolce far niente*. You must be able to ramble in woods, or ride along beaches, or climb hills, or lionize churches, or follow up casual acquaintances, or even lie on your back dreamily watching clouds sailing over head and ships gliding by on rivers, without being pulled up every half-hour by the thought of that chapter of Conic Sections to be read before dinner, or the

melancholy reflection that this evening you have to undulate.*

Nevertheless men go on reading-parties in despite of this better judgment, and so did I on this occasion, though what made it an additional imprudence on my part was, that it being my business now to get through the Mathematical Tripos with the least expense of time and trouble, so as to save as much as possible of my energies for the Classical, I required very careful handling by an experienced coach, whereas the head and tutor of our party was a Bachelor of the present year, a high Wrangler himself, but with no practice as yet in the art of communicating information to others. Reading parties do not confine themselves to England or the Island of Great Britain. Sometimes they have been known to go as far as Dresden. We had decided to fix ourselves at some small town in France, and finally pitched upon Dinan in Brittany. Sometimes a party is of considerable size; when a crack tutor goes on one, which is not often, he takes his whole team with him, and not unfrequently a Classical and Mathematical Bachelor join their pupils. We were but a small lot; tutor and all only numbering five. A day was fixed for meeting at Dinan, the shortest route to which place was by Southampton, but having a desire to visit the picturesque old town of Rouen, I crossed at Folkstone, and traversed the whole width of Normandy and

* This expression has no reference to unsteadiness of after-dinner movement, but merely to the *Undulatory Theory of Light*.

Brittany. The passage through the latter province is not one of my most enchanting reminiscences of travel—the Diligences going five miles an hour *exclusive* of stoppages, and the country as uninteresting as if it had been made by one of “nature’s journeymen.” With delusive hopes of enjoying the scenery I had taken my place *en banquette*, and travelled like one of the *very* people, breakfasting in cellars with the conductor on three sous’ worth of *café au lait*, or rather *lait au café*; gossiping with an English pilot who had somehow got out of his element thus far into the bowels of the land, but who spoke the language better than many of his more refined countrymen; falling asleep at night on the rough seats of the imperial, and putting my feet into the hats of ruffianly *commis-voyageurs*, who on awaking poured upon me a profusion of oaths, which I received with a composure that immediately procured me the reputation of being an Englishman, fortunately for me perhaps, as their respect for *le boze* restrained them from proceeding beyond verbal hostilities. But with all this I was obliged to fall back on a pocket Homer before reaching Dinan. For the first time I began to read the *Odyssey* through from the beginning. It had for me all the interest of an old Romance, and forcibly recalled the boyish ardor with which I originally perused *Robinson Crusoe*. It may be supposed that I did not get it up very accurately, having neither Buttman’s *Lexilogus*, nor Scott and Liddell’s *Lexicon* at hand. All the doubtful words and passages I met with now, and during the succeeding month in Jersey, I marked for future reference and looked

them out in a heap on my return to Cambridge—a wholesale process productive of anything but accurate knowledge, as I found to my cost in the Tripos. But of this I thought little at the time. The book had a perfect charm for me, and when we arrived at Dinan I woke up from it and thought of the coming Mathematics with a shudder.

But at Dinan there was no more trace of our party than if the earth had swallowed them up. As the hotels of the town were not numerous, and the whole place easily run over, I could soon satisfy myself of this without applying to that ordinary substitute for Providence in a Continental town, the Police. However, I waited for two or three days, the environs being rather pretty, and then, in a great puzzle, proceeded to St. Malo (which dirty little town, by the way, contains, or at least did contain then, one of the best hotels in Europe), and there took boat for Southampton. There was an hour's landing at Jersey. I went on shore with an officer; we played two games at billiards, had returned on board, and the boat was just going to start, when my coach suddenly laid hands on me, and hurriedly stated—there was no time for a long explanation—how they had found it so dirty at St. Malo that they never went on to Dinan at all, and Jersey being a very nice place, they had determined to stay there. Jersey was just the place where I did not want to stay, having heard much of its abundant opportunities for idleness. But the whole thing passed in a moment, and before I could well open my mouth, I found myself and baggage on shore. In going ten steps we met a very pretty

woman, soon another, then I saw a third in a shop ; and one reason for staying at Jersey which had not been assigned flashed upon me.

The little island is emphatically a place for female beauty ; I doubt if any spot on earth can claim a superiority to it in this respect. Nor is it deficient in other comforts and embellishments of life. Being very important to England in case of war with France, it is sedulously petted. Its inhabitants then enjoyed the benefits of free trade and protection together, actually selling the corn which they raised at protection prices in England, and importing corn for their own consumption, duty free, from the Continent. French wines, and gloves, and silks, they have without duty at French prices. The temperature of the island is very pleasant and equable all the year round ; its scenery is necessarily on a small scale, the longest diameter of Jersey being but twelve miles, but it is exceedingly pretty. There are good saddle-horses to be hired, a phenomenon existing in few parts of the world. In short, it is a particularly nice little spot for a man of leisure to enjoy himself in, and one of the very worst for a man professing to study to pursue his studies in. The principal occupation of the inhabitants appears to be playing billiards, a practice which they are not backward to inculcate on strangers. The prettiness of the scenery and cheapness of the excellent hacks tempts one to be in the saddle half the day ; the balmy and enervating air invites to early repose. It was a lucky thing for me that, before the end of a month, I quarrelled with my coach, which gave me

a good excuse for leaving the party and the island; otherwise I should have come out a featherless biped indeed from the Degree Examination.

SAWDUST PUDDING WITH BALLAD SAUCE.

Πολύστονον δέ κληδόν' ὑρμόζων ἔμα

Μαθήματ' ἦν γὰρ ξύμμετρος παθήμασιν.

Μαθηματογονία.

ON returning to Cambridge, near the end of July, I was fortunate enough to find a place in the team of a capital tutor, a Small-College man who had but six pupils, all going out this time, and five of them "low men." My sojourn at Jersey had only brought me through Algebra once more, and now, beginning with Plane Trigonometry, I resolutely encountered that nightmare of most classical men, the preparation for the Mathematical Tripos.

When the Classical Tripos was instituted (which was so lately as 1824), it was thought fit to impose as a condition on the candidates for it, that they should previously "take Mathematical Honors," a phrase somewhat facetiously applied in their case, as it meant for most of them obtaining a place among the *Junior Optimes*, or lowest class. The idea of this restriction was probably suggested by the previously existing one in reference to the Chancellor's Medals, the candidates for which were required to be *Senior Optimes*. Thus the Mathematical Tripos became, in fact, at the same time a test of merit for the Mathematicians and a pass examination

for the Classical men, since none of the latter cared anything about being one place or twenty places higher or lower among the Junior Optimes ; indeed, being a Senior Optime or not generally made very little difference to a Classic, unless he were a candidate for one of the Medals, it being so small a matter to him compared to his place in the other Tripos. Bearing in view the real difficulty which a majority of the Classical men had in getting up their Mathematics, as well as the uncongenial nature of the study, it is evident that the Mathematical Tripos could only be made useful as a pass examination by keeping the standard of a Junior Optime very low in comparison with what might be expected from men pretending to *Mathematical Honors*, and claiming to show a proficiency in Mathematics. The "low" questions* were chiefly confined to the first day's papers, but there was enough of them for a man knowing his low subjects only, but those perfectly, to become a Senior Op., and not one of the last ones either. And this did sometimes happen by good fortune to an aspirant for Classical Honors, who had read only, as he supposed, Mathematics enough to get through. But as from the longest of these subjects not more than six or seven questions were set, an unfortunate who

* The "low subjects," as got up to pass men among the Junior Optimes, comprise—*Euclid*, first four books, sixth, and eleventh ; *Algebra*, including Logarithms ; *Plane Trigonometry*, *Conic Sections*, first three Sections of *Newton*, *Statics*, *Dynamics*, *Hydrostatics*, and *Optics*, so far as these can be carried without the Differential ; frequently *Spherical Trigonometry*, and more rarely the rudiments of *Astronomy*.

had spent some time on one of them might nevertheless very possibly fail to answer a single question proposed in it. If a man is "plucked," that is, does not get marks enough to pass, his chance of a Fellowship is done for, even at Trinity, for Trinity Scholars when plucked lose their Scholarships. Some ten or fifteen men just on the line, not bad enough to be plucked or good enough to be placed, are put into the "gulf," as it is popularly called (the Examiners' phrase is "Degrees allowed"), and have their degrees given them, but are not printed in the Calendar, nor were they at this time allowed to try for the Classical Tripos. Being *gulfed* was therefore about as bad for a Small-Colleger as being *plucked*, since it equally destroyed his chance of a fellowship, but a *gulfed* Scholar of Trinity did not lose his Scholarship.

The requirement of Mathematical Honors from Classical men was the great question of University Politics, so to speak, at this time. The sufferers' complaint may be briefly stated as follows :—

"This restriction is unjust to us and partial to the Mathematicians, who are under no corresponding obligation. It is true that they have to pass their Little-Go, but the acknowledged main difficulty in that is the *Paley*, which is as much a difficulty for us as for them. The Classical part of that examination is fixed and defined in all its details long beforehand ; it is not more than a man with ordinary school-boy knowledge can get up in six weeks ; a failure in it is not irremediable, for should a man be plucked (which very seldom happens) at the first Previous Examination, he can pass in

the October one without endangering his ultimate prospects ; lastly, it comes in the middle of his University career, and leaves him his last and most important twenty months clear to devote to his favorite studies. Whereas the pressure of the Mathematical Examination comes upon us just at the time which we most want for our Classics. It is very general in its range of subjects, and very limited in the number of questions from each subject, so that to make sure of passing, we are obliged to get up twice or three times the amount that would be necessary if the range of questions were more accurately defined beforehand, or the low papers were longer. If of two men equal in classical talent and knowledge one has a better mathematical capacity than the other, so that he can get up the requisite quantity in four months, while it takes his competitor eight, he gains four months advantage over him in time to polish up his Classics, so that an irrelevant and unfair element is introduced into the test of classical merit. If any study has a prescriptive right to a privilege or bounty, it is ours, for we *continue* to study after entering the University, while many of the Mathematicians only *begin* there. A man may be a Wrangler the commencement of whose Mathematical knowledge was contemporaneous with his admission. But no one was ever placed in *any* class of the Tripos who came up to the University knowing only the elements of Greek grammar. The Classical man, if plucked, loses, so far as the tangible pecuniary recompense is concerned, the work of ten years or more ; the Mathematician is not obliged to put in peril the

result of four years' labor. Nor is it a small grievance, though sinking into insignificance alongside some others, that we are obliged to *stand up to be knocked down*—are published as 'Wooden Spoon,' perhaps, or a few places above it, in an examination which for us is merely a pass, while on its face it professes to be only a test of merit, and is so for the majority of those in it.

"However, we should not complain of these evils did the result of the compulsory study afford any compensation for them. But so far from our being able to perceive any mental benefit arising from the Mathematical course, whatever effect we are conscious of is absolutely injurious. We are puzzled and worried over intricate propositions, the truth of which we readily admit, but in which we can see no beauty and take no interest. The mind refuses to swallow the loathsome dose forced upon the memory. We forget Classics without learning any Mathematics. What we do get up for the examination we cannot be properly said to *know*—it is only held in solution, and when we have passed the ordeal for which it was destined, is precipitated immediately. Our very first object is to turn it out of our minds as soon as possible, that they may recover their classical tone."

To this the Mathematical Dons would reply—so far as they condescended to express themselves verbally or in writing, for many of them, being in possession, were content therewith, and deigned not to give reasons—"The object of a University is not to reward distinguished talent in any one particular branch, but to give a thorough and complete

education to the mental faculties. The Mathematics are necessary to improve and develop the reason, as the Classics are to improve and develop the imagination. If the Mathematical experience of many begins after their entering the University, so much the more reason is it why we should make up for the neglect of the Public Schools, which have been and still are notoriously deficient in this respect. And it is the circumstance of having to begin here with the rudiments of Mathematical science, that makes the subject so distasteful to Classical men, compared with the languages of which they have long ago passed the rudimentary difficulties. If they would go back in recollection to their early school days, they would find themselves suffering as much then from grammars and nonsense verses, as now from roots and cosines. The small quantity of Mathematics required to pass a man among the Junior Optimes, need not at the most liberal allowance require for its preparation more than nine months of the thirty-nine which complete his course for the B. A. degree. If any instances of failure after honest application occur, these are exceptional cases, owing to nervousness, bad luck, or other causes, exactly such as sometimes throw a candidate for one of the Medals down into the Second Class of the Tripos, and which cannot be guarded against in any system. Moreover, there is a double moral advantage arising from the compulsory study of Mathematics. In the first place, it checks an arrogant tendency on the part of Classical men to consider their knowledge as *the* knowledge of all others and the one test of ability and cleverness, by

exhibiting their deficiency in an equally extensive and important intellectual department. In the second place, having to overcome a difficulty and discharge a disagreeable task by steady application, gives a lesson of patience and confidence very serviceable in after life."

Such, I fancy, would be admitted by those members of the Senate upholding the restriction to be a pretty fair summary of their arguments in favor of it. The dispute is a nice one to decide, for it is not easy to find a judge at once competent and impartial. A man with a natural talent for Mathematics cannot easily so far put himself into the place of one naturally averse to and incompetent in them, as to appreciate the effects of their compulsory study upon the latter's mind. On the other hand, a Classical man has no right to decide against the use of Mathematics to himself until he has given them a full and fair trial. This I can certainly claim to have done. Having been initiated into Euclid and Algebra at school; having somehow gone through the Mathematical Course at Yale College without being able to perceive that I derived the slightest possible good from it; having faithfully attacked Algebra again from the very beginning, during the term previous to my first May at Trinity, and made an almost total failure; having renewed the attack three times subsequently, the last for six months together, and with so much success that I accomplished my object of getting through in Honors—I may say with justice that I have tried the experiment, and must say with truth that, so far as any intellectual discipline or improvement is concerned,

a very large portion of the time so spent—certainly almost all of that spent in Analysis—was clear waste. But as the case of an individual, however well investigated in itself, may be anomalous and not available for general rules, let us examine carefully the positions of those who advocate the compulsory study of Mathematics to the end of the Under-graduates' career, and also the effect of the two courses of study—the Classical and the Mathematical—in developing the different faculties.

The fundamental assertion that Mathematics develop the reasoning powers, as Classics do the imaginative (or, as it is sometimes expressed, that Classics make men elegant and Mathematics make them accurate) is one of those stereotyped sayings which a great many people take on trust, but which will not stand the scrutiny of a vigorous inspection. In fact, it does not characterize *either* branch correctly. It may well be doubted whether any direct study can properly be said to improve the imaginative faculties—to increase the original stock of them possessed by any individual, or implant them where they do not already exist. If there is any such study, it certainly is not that of the Classics, which leads to the criticism and imitation of others' models rather than the creation of new ones. Taking imagination in the sense of *invention* or *originality*, it enters much more into Mathematical than into Classical pursuits; and if this invention, as exhibited in the working of problems, &c., could be imparted by study and practice to those naturally destitute of it, then we might say that Mathematics, and not Classics,

improved the imagination. That Classical studies *correct* the imagination, is another proposition, and I believe a very true one; they give taste and style; their office is eminently æsthetic. If asked what are their effects and benefits, I should name this as the first; and for the second I should assign what is generally attributed to Mathematics—accuracy and discrimination in reasoning. That Mathematical propositions are in most cases perfect specimens of ideal demonstration and pure reasoning, is rather against than for them in this respect. There are, as a general rule, no shades of reasoning in Mathematics: a demonstration is either right or it is wrong. Sometimes, indeed, it may be arrived at in several different ways; but these are distinct processes, not modifications of the same one. The two most general forms of reasoning which we need and encounter in the practice of life, discrimination between quasi-synonyms and judgment from probabilities, are unprovided for by Mathematical training. The niceties and difficulties of Classical, particularly Greek syntax, are much better calculated to teach practical accuracy.

What, then, *are* the qualities of the mind most necessary for and most brought into play by Mathematical study? I should answer (setting aside the inventive power already mentioned, which, I think it will generally be conceded, is rather a pre-requisite for than a development of Mathematical proficiency) *method* and *concentration*; and I believe it will usually be found that those persons who are deficient in ability to acquire Mathematics, are also deficient in method

and concentration. For myself, I always find the want of an orderly and regular sequence of ideas one of my greatest troubles in treating of a subject—what thought to put first, and how to connect the different heads. So much so is this the case, that, when younger, I used generally to write an essay in fragments and piece them together as best I could; and even now, whatever I write about, I am continually obliged to leave out something pertaining to the subject, for want of being able to find an appropriate place for its introduction. And the next great difficulty is a want of concentration, an inability to keep my attention fixed upon one subject at a time until I have done with it. Now, one of the essential characteristics of Mathematical demonstration is the regular sequence of steps following one another in order; disturb this order, and the demonstration is not only vitiated but destroyed. Sometimes, indeed, where the solution is given beforehand, you may begin at both ends and work the equivalents till they meet, but even then the progress both ways is in regular and methodical order. Equally true is it—indeed it almost follows as a matter of course—that a Mathematical demonstration requires the concentrated and undivided attention of the person who is engaged on it; it is not like reading a passage in Classics, where, if you do not understand one line or sentence, you may pass it over for the time, go on to the next, and return again to the original difficulty after having made some progress elsewhere.

But now, it may well be asked, since method and concentration are two most desirable qualities to gain, if these are

particularly brought into play in Mathematical operations, is not the study an exceedingly useful one? The difficulties attendant on an answer to this question I am not disposed to underrate; that my answer will satisfy the reader I can hardly expect, as it does not in all particulars satisfy myself. Firmly convinced as I am that all the Mathematics which I read after a certain point were a sheer waste of time, still I cannot explain so fully as I could wish why this was the case, and is the case with all men of similarly constituted minds.

One thing is open and on the surface—the insuperable disgust to Mathematical study which a man of this class feels (and in this class I include not only those who like myself just scraped through, but a number of those who by dint of sheer cram or good luck succeed in becoming Senior Optimes). He cannot work himself up to an interest for the pursuit. When he succeeds in writing out a long formula with perfect correctness, he does not feel the same satisfaction as when he has turned off a good copy of verses, or a neat translation, or an essay that pleases him. The only gratification present to his mind is the consolation of having *shot so much rubbish*. Nor can this nausea be altogether accounted for by mortified vanity and the discouragement caused by want of progress, for in many cases it absolutely increases with the progress made. I never felt so thoroughly sick of everything like a Mathematical book as just before the “Great Go,” when my knowledge of Mathematics was greater than it ever was before or has ever been since—if we can apply the term *knowledge* to the quantity of Mathematics

requisite to get a place among the Junior Optimes. But in truth such a man never has and never can have any Mathematical knowledge in the true sense. The amount of alien matter violently obtruded upon his mind never assimilates itself to his mental composition, is never unconsciously remembered, never becomes a part of his habitual associations. It is only held on to temporarily by an incessant mental effort; as soon as that effort is relaxed it departs, and there is no wish or impulse of the mind to retard its departure. He looks upon the Mathematical examination as a sort of fight with the examiners, in which he is to get through or get a Senior Optime as the case may be, with the least amount of knowledge and trouble; should he come out high among the Senior Ops, and beat a number of single men, he rather enjoys it as a joke upon the examination, a sort of irony of fate, and views it much as a billiard player would a *racroc*—a piece of luck but not at all a matter of pride. Cases are on record of Classical men who by a happy combination of labor and luck have become high Senior Optimes, consequently beating several candidates for Wranglerships, and nine months after have taken in no Mathematics to the Trinity Fellowship examination. And not only is the progress in this uncongenial study, slow, disagreeable, and elusive, but, so far from its strengthening the mind of the scholar for more appropriate employments, it actually weakens and unfits it. Fagging at Mathematics not only fatigues, but hopelessly muddles an unmathematical man, so that he is in no state for any mental exertion. It was the general com-

plaint of men who had been working up Mathematics for the Trinity Scholarship, or going through a longer probation for the Senate House, that it took several days to recover the spring and tone of their minds when they set to work on Classics again. Indeed the infliction of a Mathematical course upon non-Mathematicians has always seemed to me like an attempt to implant in the mind new qualities, not to develop those which it already possesses. No doubt a man who can acquire a real knowledge of Mathematics is better off *pro tanto* for it, and if he has the requisites for this as well as those for being a good scholar, his mind is clearly more valuable than if it were only fit for Scholarship. But when a man has not these requisites, and after several fruitless attempts and eight or nine months final fagging, can only just achieve a Junior Optime, *quære* if his time would not have been better employed in other studies allowed to be useful, more to his taste, and in which he makes infinitely more headway. By the time a youth has arrived at the age of eighteen or nineteen, supposing him to have received any sort of decent preparatory education, he will generally have found out what he can do, and what he cannot, and in which direction his forte lies, and it is then certainly the best individual economy to make the most of what is in him.

To the moral argument in favor of Mathematics, quizzical as it may appear to some, I am seriously inclined to attach considerable weight. That Classical men, loving and adoring their favorite studies, proud of their excellence in them, and thinking it a surpassing excellence, may often be tempted to

look upon Scholarship as the one great test of merit, and that it may prove a beneficial corrective to step out into another mental region and find themselves mere children there, may be readily admitted. Equally must we admit the benefit derived from overcoming a difficulty of long standing and getting through with an unpleasant duty. It teaches patience during the struggle, and gives a healthy self-confidence after it. But it must not be forgotten that there are moral *evils* involved as well. One of them is the very serious trial of temper occasioned by Mathematical annoyances. The petulance and irritability thus engendered were matter of notoriety; indeed you could always tell when a Classical man was under the influence of a Mathematical examination in prospect, merely by observing his ordinary demeanor. There was also a great sense of unfairness—a feeling as if we were sacrificed to the Mathematicians, and the compulsory passing in Mathematics was a sort of bounty or protection upon them at our expense—which in some cases rose so high as to make it almost a personal matter. I have heard a man say he felt like going out and kicking the first Mathematician he met.

One undeniable and undenied effect of the restriction on Classical Honors at Cambridge was that it prevented a number of men from going out in Honors at all. These are generally not the very best Classics, for in their case the prize at stake is worth a great effort; but the B. No. 1 men, who bid fair to be low first-class men or good seconds. One of these men has been reading on for two years and a half, more or less

regularly, till just as the men of the year before him are about to try their fortune, he begins to determine seriously on his own views and prospects. He takes his coach into council, who says, "You ought to be a First Class, if you work for it; you must read so many hours a-day for this next year." Off goes the student to his Mathematical tutor to see how much time must be taken off for the "Mathematical Honors." He, after due examination of his pupil's ignorance, informs him that so many hours a-day for two or three terms will be necessary. With this report our Third Year man travels back to his Classical tutor, who replies, "If this be the case—if you have to give up so much time to Mathematics, your First Class will be in danger, and on the whole I would advise you to go out in the *Poll*. Unless you are pretty sure of a First, it don't pay to go through the trouble of getting up Mathematics for the chance of a Second" (the coach himself has probably a lively reminiscence of his own labors to obtain a place some eight or ten above the Spoon). The pupil takes his advice, gives up reading for Honors, and goes out in the *Poll*, which is as much as saying that he does nothing for the last year of his College life.

I have said this is *undenied*. As an offset, however, it is asserted that the Mathematical Tripos is increased by numbers who, but for the compulsory restriction, would not go in it. But we have good reason to doubt whether these forced volunteers confer any very great honor or benefit on the Mathematical Tripos. It is certain that they lower the standard of it, that is, of the lower places in it, and it is pro-

bably on this account that the inferior places are so little thought of in comparison with those of the Classical Tripos, a Senior Optime, for example, compared with a Second Class in Classics. Were the Mathematical Tripos confined to Mathematicians, there would be less disparity between the standard for the Wrangler and for the other Classes, and the lower places would be more honorable than they are at present, and more on a par with the corresponding ones of the Classical Tripos.

What, then, is our inference from the above ? That to a large class of students, Mathematics are not only useless, but injurious, and should therefore be turned out of their education altogether ? That in the University of Cambridge it would be desirable to open the Classical Tripos entirely, and allow Classical men to take their degrees without having read a word of Mathematics ? By no means. So peculiar and extensive a department of reasoning as the Mathematical no liberally-educated student should be without some experience of, even though his experience may never fructify into knowledge. We must also remember that a boy is not exactly qualified to judge of what he can do or what he is fit for ; it is at a more advanced age that the student is able to reason on the progress and capabilities of his own mind, that he can elect his forte and reject what is unprofitable. I am inclined to think that, supposing a boy begins to study the dead languages at eleven or twelve (which is early enough), he may well begin Euclid a year after, and Algebra at fourteen or fifteen ; and from that age to go on for two or three

years devoting about as much time to Mathematics as is now usually done in our Colleges, that is to say, from one fourth to one third of the whole period assigned to study. But if at the end of that period he be found to make little progress and take no interest in the study, he should be allowed an opportunity of passing a final examination in the lower branches, and then be permitted to take leave of pure science at the age of eighteen. And here again we should make a distinction as to the *kind* of Mathematics. That *geometry* is generally more popular and more easily understood than *analysis* is a tolerably familiar truth to all who have had much to do with liberal education ; the simplest expression of this truth is the preference of Euclid to Algebra shown by Freshmen and schoolboys, and their quicker progress in the former study. The great power which Analysis gives renders it superior for high Mathematical purposes in any case where both methods are applicable ; but as a fixed element of general education, geometry must be preferred.*

As to the course most desirable at Cambridge, it is well known that many young men come up with no knowledge of Mathematics except a very little Algebra and Euclid. It is a wise arrangement of the separate colleges to examine at the end of the first eight months on these subordinate branches, with the addition of Plane Trigonometry, thus giving the tyros plenty of time to study the rudiments without neglect-

* For a thorough comparison of the two processes see *Whewell on Cambridge Studies*, Part I., pp. 38-63.

ing their Classics. By this time the student, with his tutor's assistance, has usually succeeded in giving the Mathematics a fair trial, and discovering whether he can go on with them to his own comfort and improvement, or not. It would appear then just and beneficial to all parties to *put the Mathematics into the Little Go*, as a Cantab would say; in other words, to demand such a modicum of low Mathematics as may be deemed a sufficient test, from all the students at the previous examination, and then leave the Classical men free to pursue their own peculiar study, and develop themselves in their own way, for the last year and a half without interruption.

The two great hardships complained of by the Classical men were, first, that the Mathematical degree examination was too diffuse in its character to enable them to calculate accurately on passing it, and secondly, that it occurred just at the very time when it was most inconvenient. The first evil has been to a great extent remedied within a few years, and it is not improbable that the second grievance will be abolished at no very remote period.

After the result of the Scholarship examination many of my friends had advised me to give up competition for Honors, and retire gracefully with flying colors. But I had several inducements to attempt going out in Honors. A little feeling of chivalry had something to do with it; I wanted to give one or two men whom I had beaten at the Scholarship a chance of doing better in the Tripos. A better reason was a natural curiosity to test my knowledge and fix my relative

place more definitely. Partly from originally defective preparation, partly from the irregular and interrupted manner in which my studies had been prosecuted, my Classics were in the most unequal order, in some things standing very fair, in others hardly well enough to be placed at all. I could not assure myself or others of my probable standing, the classical tutor's decision of last winter appearing in some measure contradicted by subsequent performances. Moreover, I really was very desirous of a First Class, and though not willing to risk my health reading for one, thought the chance worth some trouble as well as the risk of failure. But more than all, I was influenced by a sense of pique. There was a general impression that I could not get through, "that is," said the Mathematical tutor in whose team I had ineffectually tried to work the summer before, "not that you are *unable* to pass, but you will get disgusted and sick of the work, and throw it up before the time comes." For this very reason I was resolved to get through. From my Jersey trip I had brought back only the discovery that I was strong enough to ride, and this greatly consoled me for all Mathematical afflictions. After cramming, and fussing, and "writing out" three, four, five hours in the morning, it was a delicious luxury to mount a blood mare and gallop over that carpet-like turf which one finds nowhere but in England. A friend, who did not intend to go out in Honors, but was staying up this Long to study Hebrew, he gave out—the uncharitable said for another purpose—used to accompany me.

Even with this favorite amusement, restored after a depriva-

tion of three years, it was hard to keep one's spirits up under the Mathematical burden. The feeling was exactly like that of eating sawdust. My mind could extract neither pleasure nor nutriment from the food presented to it; and yet this work did not occupy more than four hours a day of my time, some days not even so much. But those few hours daily exhausted me more than twice the time spent on congenial studies would have done. Apparently I had time to spare for Classics, and my Pembroke friend, who was now working a nice little team of three or four, begged me to come into it, or, at least, attend his examinations on Saturdays. But this I was forced to decline. To keep up the amount of energy requisite to carry me through the Senate House, it was necessary to abstain from any hard and systematic work during the rest of the day. It was desirable to unbend as much as possible. I read heaps of old ballads and romantic poetry—Motherwell, Shelley, Miss Barrett, sometimes Homer, soared up as high as I could from the disagreeable daily necessities of x and y into the cloudland of fancy and rhyme. Still it was not in human nature for a Classical man living among Classical men, and knowing that there were a dozen and more close to him reading away “like bricks,” to be long entirely separated from his Greek and Latin books. My library stood in the small room which was my winter snugger. The summer apartment contained only a big standing-desk, the eternal “scribbling paper” and the half-dozen Mathematical works required. A wise precaution, but it did not long avail. At first I admitted Homer to share my after-dinner

hours with the old English ballads. Then, as I was anxious to do a good bit of Greek prose in the Tripos, wishing to make that one of my strong points, and liking the composition itself, and it had been told me by Travis, that the best way to acquire facility and elegance in it was to read plenty of good Greek prose—the Republic, for instance—I took the advice, *au pied de la lettre*, and began to read the Republic an hour after breakfast every day before attacking my Mathematics. In this way I cleared five books of it; after reading two or three I was tempted to try my composition, and used on the off-days, when I had no Mathematical paper to do with my coach, to work at Greek prose, chiefly with a view to *pace*, until I could beat the ordinary examination time. It turned out rather a bad speculation in the end, for practising first for rapidity and then for spicy words, I came to disregard accuracy of Syntax, and to make wrong or slovenly constructions. All my compositions (they were not confined to Greek prose) I put down in a book to have them corrected afterwards, but the three weeks intervening between the two Triposes was a very insufficient time to wash so much dirty linen either with comfort to my coach or profit to myself. Had I given less time to composition, and gone on more slowly and carefully under the supervision of a tutor, it might have turned out much better for me. But the fear that I should not be able to limit my time in Classics if I once began them with a coach always frightened me off; and my Mathematical friends assured me I was perfectly right. “If you try to go on reading Classics with a tutor,” said they,

“you may give up the idea of getting through in Mathematics.”

And now what does this troublesome Mathematical course amount to? Of how much does it consist? Some general hints of its extent and scheme have already been given; let us now go over them in greater detail.

The subjects which a man who is merely a candidate *to pass* in Honors, whose only object is a place somewhere—Wooden Spoon if he can do no better (and not unfrequently he would as lief have that place as any other, particularly if it can be obtained at a comparatively small outlay of time and trouble)—are broadly defined as *everything inside the Differential*, which, however, is characterizing the schedule too liberally, as there are several matters from the Theory of Equations in Algebra to various introductory propositions in Astronomy which are quite independent of the Calculus, and nevertheless do not usually come into the future Junior Optime’s scheme. What I prepared is a fair specimen of the usual amount, as follows:—

EUCLID; first Four Books, Sixth and Eleventh.

ALGEBRA; as far as the Theory of Equations.

PLANE TRIGONOMETRY.

SPHERICAL TRIGONOMETRY.

NEWTON’S PRINCIPIA; first Three Sections.

CONIC SECTIONS.

| | |
|---------------|--|
| STATICS; | } So far as they can be carried without the Differential. |
| DYNAMICS; | |
| HYDROSTATICS; | |
| OPTICS; | |

[Descriptions of instruments enter largely into these four subjects, and are great godsend to the Classical men.]

Ten subjects in all.

It must be borne in mind that most of these subjects are read very differently from what they would be with us. Thus, in Trigonometry, the Sines, Cosines, &c. are not *lines*, but *ratios*. Conic Sections are read entirely by analysis; though there may be a "picture" to each proposition, the relations of the lines are expressed entirely by Algebraic formulæ. But for the occasional recurrence of the terms "parabola" and "ellipse," a tyro who had read *Bridge* would not be able to discover that *Hamilton* was writing on the same subject. As Classical men, with very few exceptions, take more kindly to Geometry than to Analysis, this makes it all the harder for them.

On the other hand, it is admitted that the getting-up of a subject does not involve the knowledge of every page and every proposition in the ordinary text-books treating of it. As there is a certain run of questions from which examiners do not vary, these are marked for study and the others for omission (R. and O. are the usual marginal designations in pencil); and here it will be seen that much depends on the judgment and experience of the coach. Still it must not be suspected that there is any lack of generality in the Examinations. Suppose, for instance, there are seventy-five propositions in Conic Sections from among which questions in the Mathematical Tripos are usually set, and that the average number of questions is seven; this evidently leaves a pretty

wide range. To make sure of the two questions in Spherical Trigonometry, on the first morning's paper, the candidate must have mastered forty pages of close print. Then, again, besides the text-books, there are manuscripts containing variations and different methods not to be found in the books, with which every man has something to do at some period of his course. Any such changes would not be allowed in Euclid or Newton, but in other places men are sometimes enabled to make a show of originality with them. On the whole, then, it may be safely said that the getting up of a subject is equivalent to getting up any one of the ordinary books upon it.

The library required for such a course is not very extensive. On each of the subjects comprised in it there are two or three books written by Mathematical Dons, and used indifferently according to the taste of different tutors and the previous purchases of different pupils. My stock consisted of—I really forget whose Euclid, Wood's and Hind's Algebras, Snowball's Trigonometry, Hamilton's Conic Sections, Evans' Newton, Earnshaw's Statics, Earnshaw's Dynamics, Miller's Hydrostatics, Griffen's Optics, two or three other elementary works on Mechanics (one of them by Dr. Whewell), and two volumes of MSS. In addition to these, I borrowed a huge volume, called Pratt's Mechanical Philosophy. Most of these works were purchased at second-hand, some of them at fourth or fifth hand, an indignity which rarely befalls Classical books.

The manner of going to work is somewhat this. As the

public examination is to be all pen and ink, the private instruction to prepare you for it necessarily involves much similar practice. So you arrange with your coach, according to his ideas of what you *ought* to get up and your ideas of what you *can* or *will* get up, that you will be prepared next day or the day after in the Ellipse, or the First Section of the Principia, or all Algebra, as the case may be, and on that day he sets you in his own room a paper, perhaps of his own composition, perhaps an old College Examination one, on the agreed subject, containing ten or fifteen questions. You do as much of this as you can and as fast as you can, and leave your papers to be looked over in your absence by the tutor, who on your return next day explains the errors in them. Any difficulties in the text-books it is of course also his business to explain, but these are not of frequent occurrence; the trouble usually is not to *understand* but to *remember*.

How far is the candidate acquainted with these ten subjects, which we have intimated that he cannot properly be said to *know*? If his temporary mastery of them were complete, that is, if he could be sure of doing *all* the bookwork that might be set from them, he would get just questions enough to make him a low Senior Op; even supposing he did no problems. But it may be supposed that, as a general rule, this never happens: so safe and thorough an acquaintance with the low subjects implies some ability to make use of their principles in problems, a Mathematical power, in short, which has already led the student to seek high Mathematical Honors. (I say as a general rule, for there are some

cases of men with a low Mathematical or half-Mathematical sort of talent, so to speak, who can be absolutely perfect in low subjects, and break down when they come to higher ones.) A non-Mathematical man must read for twice as much as he expects to do ; he can seldom make anything except Euclid and Newton quite safe, or calculate with certainty on doing much more than half of a subject which he has got up. Nor can he make sure of solving even *one* problem, though he *may* find as many as three within his capacity. His ambition is generally limited to doing "riders," which are a sort of scholia, or easy deductions from the bookwork propositions, like a link between them and problems ; indeed the rider being, as its name imports, attached to a question, the question is not fully answered until the rider is answered also. My experience was that I could floor a Euclid or Newton paper, and in any other subject, taking bookwork and riders together, do enough for half marks. The highest degree I ever heard of as being taken without the Differential was 10th Senior Optime, or in the first quarter of the Second Class. It was a case of extraordinary good luck as well as cleverness. In general, a man who has any pretensions to a Senior Op's place, even one of the lowest, just to let him in for the Medal, will have made some little progress in the Differential Calculus (the term *Fluxions* is never used), so that he can do a few questions in the subject itself, and make some slight application of it in other branches.

As my Mathematics began to feel a little less shaky, and

the desire of working up my Classics increased, and the pace of the men about me carried me along, and my health was decidedly improving, I now attempted a "spurt," or what was one for me. Beginning with five hours and a half, I put on an extra half hour to my working time every three or four days until I had reached seven hours, at which point I remained for a week, and then suddenly gave way, broke down all at once, and was obliged to lie idle and recruit for some days. After that, I did not attempt more than five hours a-day till the Mathematical Examination, till then also I bid good bye to my Classics. This was about the end of the Long, and the beginning of our last Undergraduate term.

It was not an unpleasant life after all, that last Long ; a good grievance which always gives one something to talk about, delightful weather, pleasant rides, occasional cobblers, and the mild excitement, like an innocent sort of gambling, which a man feels when working to save himself in one Examination and get credit in another.

Ἐν Ἑυροῦ Ἀκμῇ.

λαίσσων δ' ἔτι που γνοίη στατὸν εἰς ὕδωρ.

SOPHOCLES' PHILOCTETES.

Seeing if by any possibility he knew his Hydrostatics.

VERY FREE TRANSLATION.

A BUSY time indeed is the term before going out to the "Questionists Candidates for Honors." Ants, bees, boat-crews spirting at the Willows, jockeys nearing the post and getting the last half inch out of their nags (though this last simile is perhaps more appropriate to the private tutors than to their pupils), are but faint types of their activity. They even break in upon their cherished hours of exercise. Lucky is the man who lives a mile off from his private tutor, or has rooms ten minutes' walk from chapel; he is sure of that much constitutional daily. They have little appetites for their not very tempting dinners, and grudge themselves their usual hours of sleep. The Classical men are rather the busiest; they have a double burden to undergo, and a most critical achievement before them—to get up Mathematics enough to pass, without sacrificing the time necessary to keep up their Classics to the proper point—the minimum of knowledge in the one case, the maximum of acquisition in the

other. Of those *rare aves* who are aiming, and with a fair prospect, at success in both Triposes, one hardly knows what to think. The reported saying of a distinguished Judge, who had himself taken the highest Honors of his year, in reference to a young relative of his then reading double, "that the standard of a Double First was getting to be something beyond human ability," seems hardly an exaggeration. We must suppose such men to be so strong-minded and hard-headed that they make their Classical reading an amusement and relaxation after their Mathematical work. But the mere and single Mathematician has anything but a holiday; indeed, as all his interests are concentrated in the approaching examination, he is the most anxious about the immediate result. To one danger Mathematicians are more exposed than either Classical or Double men—disgust and satiety arising from exclusive devotion to their unattractive studies. A high Wrangler once told me, just before the examination, that he felt like wishing he had never opened a Mathematical book, and that he never wanted to see the inside of one again, so sick did he feel of the whole business. This was only a temporary state of mind, for he resumed his books in a few months, and ultimately became Lecturer in his College. This, of itself, shows how fatiguing the final spurt must be, when it could thus disgust a man with what was his favorite pursuit and final profession.

Some previous remarks may have tended to give the impression that the standard of the Mathematical Tripos is *throughout* a low one. I hasten to disabuse the reader of

any such misconception. The standard of the lower places is low, because the last class has become in a great measure a *pass* Class for the Classical men, and the lower half of the second Class has not quite escaped the same fate ; but to be among the first twenty or twenty-five Wranglers a man must have read Mathematics *professionally*, besides possessing a good natural capacity for them ; and to stand among the best eight or ten he must be *remarkably* clever at Mathematics, with considerable industry and a good memory into the bargain. As expressed by numbers, the disparity between the top and bottom of the scale is not so enormous, the Senior Wrangler having perhaps 3,000 or 3,500 marks to the Spoon's 200 ; but the actual disproportion in knowledge is much greater, because, from the shortness of the time allowed, the highest men, rapid as their pace is, seldom have time to do all they know. And now comes an important question. When we speak of a standard as *high* or *low*, we have necessarily before our minds some test of comparison, and the one most naturally presenting itself in the present case is the standard of Mathematical attainment in other institutions renowned for their Mathematical teaching. How, for instance, would the Cantabs compare with the pupils of the Polytechnic ? It is rather a delicate query for any one to answer, but especially for a Non-Mathematical man, who can only form an opinion of his own through inquiries from others, and comparison of their answers. A Cambridge man, who was Sixth Wrangler, once said publicly (in the columns of the *Times*), that perhaps the first eight or ten men on the

Tripes might be considered respectable Mathematicians in France, and all the others would be laughed at; but what data he had for this opinion, or what qualification for judging beyond the fact of having been a high Wrangler himself, I was never able to ascertain. Another, who also stood high in Mathematics, and was a Fellow of Trinity, who had lived some time in France, was acquainted with several French *savans*, and had witnessed examinations at several French schools, went so far on the other tack as to maintain that one of the first eight or ten Senior Optimes would be a high man at the Polytechnic. These are the extreme opinions, somewhere between which the truth probably lies. A gentleman of the highest Mathematical attainments, who has had an extensive foreign scientific correspondence, and wrote in Continental scientific journals when a mere youth, assured me as the result of his experience abroad, that the standard was nearly equal in the two places; that a high Senior Optime would be a respectable man at the Polytechnic, and a high Wrangler a very good man; that the best man of the Polytechnic might be Senior Wrangler, and *vice versa*. The unmathematical reader may perhaps be disposed to accept this opinion as that of a man having some authority; the scientific one may form an idea of the Cambridge standard for himself in a very simple way. A set of Mathematical Tripes papers (those for the year 1845) will be found in the Appendix. Let him study these, bearing in mind the limited time allotted to each paper, so limited that he can scarcely appreciate its shortness without the actual experiment

of writing one or two of them out;* and then consider that it is an ordinary thing for a man among the first ten Wranglers to floor the bookwork of the first four days; that it is not unusual for a man among the first six to do as many as twelve problems on one paper; that the Senior Wrangler of that very year did *all* the bookwork except three questions, and more than forty problems out of sixty, clearing *nineteen* on one paper in three hours—and he will then have some little notion of the extent of preparation and competition.

It usually happens that the Senior Wrangler is a long way ahead of the year, the opposite of what is observable in the Classical Tripos, where there are generally two men closely balanced and nearly equal. Among the first dozen seldom more than two very decided gaps occur, and frequently after the Second Wrangler nine or ten lie together so closely that, in sporting phraseology, a blanket might cover them. As there is no provision in the printed lists for expressing the number of marks by which each man beats the one next below him, and there may be more difference between the twelfth and thirteenth than between the third and twelfth, it has been proposed to extend the use of the *brackets* (which are now only employed in cases of literal equality between two or three men), and put together six, eight, or ten, whose marks are *nearly* equal. But the *penchant* of the general system is for keeping every man's individuality of place as

* Many of the high men write out their bookwork from memory faster than an ordinary person could copy the formulæ from a book placed before him.

much as possible, and the proposed change has not met with encouragement.

The usual number of Wranglers—whatever *Wrangler* may have meant once, it now implies merely a First Class man in Mathematics *—is thirty-seven or thirty-eight. Sometimes it falls to thirty-five, and occasionally rises above forty. Perhaps from twenty-five to thirty of these are men known to have fair Mathematical standing, and generally set down as probable Wranglers, or having a right to expect to be. The others are outsiders, whose reputation before the examination did not equal, or whose luck in the examination more than equals their desert. A few of the Small Colleges will give a fellowship for *any* place among the Wranglers, but most of them require the Questionist to be among the first fifteen or twenty. Different Colleges assign different limits, which sometimes vary according to the number of vacancies and the supply of good men, though if there be a dearth of high Degrees among the B.A.'s of any college for some years in succession, the Dons of it usually make up the deficiency by electing members of other Colleges to their Fellowships. About six Wranglers on an average go out subsequently in Classics, and half of these are in the Third Class.

The Second Class, or that of Senior Optimes, is larger in number, usually exceeding forty and sometimes reaching

* The Questionists used formerly to *keep acts*, deliver Latin disputations, &c., which entered as an element into the result of the examination. All this is now agreeably compromised by the payment of two shillings.

above sixty. This class contains a number of disappointments, many who expect to be Wranglers and some who are generally expected to be. It has a fair sprinkling of Classical men, either candidates for the Medals, or who have made sure of getting through and had something to spare. The Third Class or that of Junior Optimes, is usually about as numerous as the first, but its limits are more extensive, varying from twenty-five to sixty. A majority of the Classical men are in it; the rest of its contents are those who have broken down before the examination from ill-health or laziness, and choose the Junior Optime as an easier pass degree under their circumstances than the Poll, and those who break down in the examination; among these last may be sometimes found an expectant Wrangler. As the gulfed and plucked men do not appear on the lists, and there is no particular reason for their being talked about unless they happen to be Classical, it is not very easy to arrive at their number. I fancy from ten to fifteen men are gulfed every year and about the same number plucked. This will make the average number of candidates for Honors rather above than below one hundred and fifty.

The mention of gulfed and plucked men brings me back to myself. About six weeks before the examination, having gone over all my subjects and beginning to review them, I wrote out all I could in several old degree papers, with a view of ascertaining how many questions I could answer. The result of my inquiries led me to the conclusion that twenty-four full questions or their equivalent, would get me

safe through, while twenty would just land me in the gulf; and the result of my practice was that I could do just about the latter number. So there I was on the verge, touch and go. I had already thrown aside my Classics entirely, and now applied myself to the much execrated Mathematics with new diligence, polishing up my longer subjects with great zeal. At this time a lucky inspiration led me to get up Spherical Trigonometry; it was only a few days' work, and I have reason to believe saved me.

About ten days before the examination, just as I was beginning to make a visible impression on my work, and absolutely expecting not merely to pass, but to pass *high* among the Junior Optimes—not that it made much difference if I did, except for some small bets on my place—there came upon me a feeling of utter disgust and weariness, muddle-headedness, and want of mental elasticity. I fell to playing billiards and whist in very desperation, and gave myself up to what might happen. At the same time or a little earlier, one of our Scholars who stood a much better chance than myself, gave up from mere “funk,” and resolved to go out in the Poll.

It was a sort of melancholy satisfaction to me that there was a mortality, so to speak, among the examiners this year. Two out of the four* were taken ill, one some weeks before the examination, the other only a few days. In place of

* Two of them are called *Examiners* and two *Moderators*, but their duties are substantially the same.

the former was appointed my friend E—— not to his extreme satisfaction so far as I was concerned, for the idea of helping to pluck me was not at all agreeable to him ; instead of the latter, whose illness took the authorities quite by surprise and obliged them to choose at the last moment whom-ever they could get, was put on my own private tutor. He had five men going out besides myself, and certainly would not have been chosen, only it happened that the examination papers were already in type, so that he had nothing to do with setting them and was only called on to examine. I had therefore the opportunity of saying in joke that to pass so desperate a case as myself the Dons were obliged to put on my most particular friend and my actual private tutor.

The first Tuesday in January chanced to be an unusually fine morning. Every Questionist who could find a four-legged animal mounted that day for a ride, as a luxury warranted and an exercise demanded by the occasion. There was not a beast to be found in the livery stables. I borrowed a friend's horse—the emergency of the case justifying the atrocity—and rode him till I could hardly keep myself on his back, or he himself on his legs. Next morning before the clock struck nine, I was among the nervous throng at the Senate House doors, and it had hardly ceased striking when I was writing out at full speed the first proposition that caught my eye on the paper. The particular time of the year when the examination is held gives rise to an occasional source of failure of a rather odd sort. The Senate House being a large, airy, stone-floored building, can be but imper-

fectly warmed if the weather be damp or severely cold. Thus a man with any tendency to imperfect circulation becomes chilled, especially in his hands, and with chilled hands, he is disabled to a considerable extent from writing. The first year I was at Cambridge, one of our best Trinity men, afterwards a Fellow, lost fifteen or eighteen places among the Wranglers, as he believed, and as his previous and subsequent successes entitled him to believe, solely from being *frozen up*. Fortunately the present January was remarkably mild and pleasant throughout to the great comfort of us Questionists. The low questions being nearly all comprised in the first day's papers, that day usually decides the fate of the doubtful men. They have, however, a few remaining chances in the following days of this week; among others, two propositions from the Eleventh Book of Euclid, invariably set on Friday morning. Having achieved about twenty questions on Wednesday correctly, as I hoped, among them two in Spherical Trigonometry which are supposed to pay well, I began to feel tolerably confident. Next day I did nothing, but Friday morning I made sure of the two propositions in Euclid, and that afternoon actually hit off a Euclid deduction, which, as it stood at the head of a problem paper, might be dignified with the name of problem. Greatly elated with this exploit, I copied it out in the most elegant penmanship I could achieve, and wrote under the Q. E. F. about the only decent Greek Iambic I ever composed—

πολλὴν ὑπείλω τοῦ προβλήματος χάριν.

The same day I met E—— walking, who gave me to understand that I was probably safe ; the only possible danger was that they might draw the line high up, and sacrifice a large number. This is one way, and probably the only way in which an examiner may befriend an examinee. Any attempt to mark unfairly or change relative places would be detected and exposed at once,* but the dividing lines between the Classes are not rigidly fixed by a certain number of marks ; some slight variation is allowed according to the general standard of the year,† and here he may take his stand for including the greatest possible number. It happened once that two of the Mathematical examiners were particularly interested in two Classical men ; one had a Trinity friend who was pretty sure of a Chancellor's Medal if he could get a Senior Optime, the other a Caius friend who was safe for a First if he could pass among the Junior Ops. The two desiderata played exactly into each other's hands, for the further the lower line of the Senior Optimes could be brought down, the more men must be let through to make the last

* Something of this kind occurred while I was in the University. A Classical examiner having marked two Candidates belonging to his own College much higher than the other three examiners did, was suspected of partiality to them, and *non-placeted* (rejected) next year when he came up for approval.

† This is the chief obstacle to calculating a man's place beforehand with accuracy. He or his tutor may know almost to a fraction the number of marks he is likely to get, but they cannot tell how all the other men of the year will do.

class of the ordinary size, and the more men were let through altogether, the larger number of Senior Optimes might be decently made. Between them they passed about twenty men who would otherwise have been gulfed, if not plucked outright, increased the Senior Optimes to the same extent, and indirectly added thirty per cent. to the Classical Tripos of the year.

E—— had been studying character in the Senate House, and watching the faces, expressions, and modes of work of different men. An examiner has ample opportunity for this, having little else to do. His chief business is to see that no one brings in books surreptitiously. Any attempt at copying the self-interest of the candidates is sufficient to prevent among the higher men. Sometimes, however, when a Classic struggling to get through, sits next to an acquaintance who is to be a Wrangler, I fancy the latter may write his papers in a larger hand than usual and lay them “convenient,” as the Irish say, to his friend in difficulty. The general result of the alphabetical arrangement, however, is to place you between two strange men of two strange Colleges. Even in the lucky junction above mentioned, a good deal of discretion is requisite in the copyer. It would not do for him to “realize” any high bookwork or difficult problems. Not unfrequently—perhaps once in two or three years—a clumsy attempt of the sort is made; the ready apprehension of the examiner detects it at once, and the unlucky culprit is filled with confusion by being called on to explain his own

papers—which, of course, being unable to do, he is plucked without mercy.

Sometimes an examiner is asked to explain the meaning of a question ; but such a demand, which conveys an indirect criticism on the perspicuity of expression of him who set the paper, is not common, nor has an examinee usually any time to waste in asking for explanations. So E——, having nothing better—indeed nothing at all to do during the two and a half or three hours a-day when he was in attendance, studied the men at work and their different ways of looking and writing. We had three men out of Trinity, each aiming to be first of the College, but one had over-read himself and looked pale and ill, another was seated next a Small-Colleger who wrote about as much and as fast as himself—he was likely to be made nervous to a detrimental extent by this proximity. These speculations were justified by the result ; the third man, who had not been first in any of the College Examinations, but was now in perfect order, healthy, and cool, beat his opponents by two and four places, respectively.* But E——’s great fascination was the head Johnian. The best man from John’s is a candidate for Senior Wrangler pretty much as a matter of course, that College having a patent as it were for turning out Senior Wranglers, just as Trinity has for Senior Classics. This present year, however, one of the Small College men was a real Mathematical

* One full question in *high* bookwork will often give a man two or three places among the Wranglers.

genius, one of those men who, like E—— himself, are said to be “born for Senior Wranglers,” while the Johnnians were believed to be short of good men and owned it themselves. But now their best man suddenly came up with a rush like a dark horse, and having been spoken of before the Examination only as likely to be among the first six, now appeared as a candidate for the highest honors. E—— was one of the first that had a suspicion of this, from noticing on the second day that he wrote with the regularity and velocity of a machine, and seemed to clear everything before him. And on examining the work he could scarcely believe that the man *could* have covered so much paper with ink in the time (to say nothing of the accuracy of the performance), even though he had seen it written out under his own eyes. By-and-by it was reported that the Johnnian had done an inordinate amount of problems, and then his fellow-collegians began to bet odds on him for Senior Wrangler. But the general wish as well as belief was for the Peterhouse man, who, besides the respect due to his celebrated scientific attainments (he was known to the French Mathematicians by his writings while an Undergraduate), had many friends among both reading and boating men, and was very popular in the University. His backers were not disposed to give him up. “One problem of his will be worth half a dozen of the other man’s,” said they; and there were grounds for this assertion, some of the problems being more difficult, and therefore marked higher than others, so that four on a paper may pay more than ten.

Saturday afternoon finishes the work for the majority of the candidates. The papers set on the Monday and Tuesday of the week following contain only about one low question a-piece, to amuse the mass of the Questionists during the half-hour before the expiration of which they are not allowed to leave the Senate House. At the end of this half-hour a general rush is made, and five sixths of the men take their departure. The last two days, in fact, serve chiefly to determine and arrange the places of the first twelve or fifteen men. To a low Wrangler, not to say a Senior Optime, they make no material difference. On Wednesday morning the coaches used to be crowded (it is the rail now) with Questionists going down, home, or elsewhere to amuse themselves and divert their anxiety, as they best can during the nine days that intervene. A few of the Classics fall to work immediately, even during the last two days of the examination.

I went down to London—the Cockney talks of his Metropolis as the place to which all the world comes up; the University man, with equal arrogance, makes *his* headquarters the highest part of the earth, and *goes down* everywhere from it—taking a Theocritus in my pocket; dined about with friends and went to see *Antigone*, which was just then one of the lions, and received with a *furor* that showed how extensively Classical tastes are diffused among the educated classes in England. One interesting effect of the acting on a modern stage of this ancient play was, that it brought out the points, and showed how far Sophocles wrote for the

galleries *ut ita dicam*. One line which drew down the house,

“That is no State where only one man rules,”

afforded a ludicrously melancholy example of popular inconsistency. The very people who cheered this sentiment had, but a few weeks before, been “hooraying for His Majesty the Emperor of all the Rooshas.”*

* I may be pardoned for introducing here a little anecdote connected with this potentate's visit to London, which, though not particularly relevant to anything in the present book or chapter, strikingly illustrates the dumminess of a certain class of the English population. A fashionable snip, who had authority for calling himself “breeches-maker to H. R. H. Prince Albert,” had an order to prepare some finery for the Emperor. A Polish officer, the ruin of whose country had not so far involved his own as to deprive him of the ability to sport a good coat sometimes, was having his measure taken at this aristocratic establishment, when the glitter of a sumptuous, gold-embroidered pair of unmentionables caught his eye, and he inquired for whom the gorgeous garment was intended. The shopman, in a tone of awe befitting the subject, informed his customer of their exalted destination. “For the Emperor, eh!” said the Pole, bottling up his patriotic indignation as he best could, “well, I hope they will suit him.” Having said which in an accent of extra sarcasm, he stalked haughtily away. Unfortunately, the gallant exile's imperfect pronunciation, or the excited imagination of the shopman, had erroneously provided the prominent verb of the sentence with an initial *aspirate*, and the terrified underling hastened to his master, declaring that the officer had just left the shop with fell intent to *shoot* the Emperor! As soon as the astounded master-tailor recovered the use of his faculties and legs, he ran off to the police, and the police ran off after the conspirator,

Before the Mathematical list came out, I was back at Trinity, and trying to put my Classics in order; the only thing I had then to attend to was Composition, in which, except Latin prose, I had never been good, and was now terribly rusty. My Pembroke friend (now promoted to the Tutorship of another College) was absent on business, to the great disgust of his five pupils, of none more than myself, for I had relied very much on his assistance. We fled in different directions; I took refuge with one of my former coaches, the majestic "Jupiter." About the result of the Degree Examination I felt no disquietude, having pretty well made up my mind that I was to get through, and *where* I was made little difference—the Wooden Spoon would answer as well as anywhere else. Indeed, I gave out that it was the place I had read for, and some hints let drop gave me reason to suspect that the examiners would assign me that distinguished situation if they could find a reasonable excuse for so doing. E—— had, indeed, a theory of his own "that no clever man could be plucked, if he gave himself any

whom they speedily brought before the nearest magistrate, and with him "a couple of daggers," which, as proofs of his wickedness and part of his apparatus for shooting the Emperor, they had taken into custody also. After the worthy magistrate had been sufficiently horrified at these implements of artillery, they turned out to be *ornamental paper-knives*, such as are common enough in ladies' writing-desks. The Pole had no difficulty in making a satisfactory explanation, and the tailors and policemen were heartily laughed at—and served them right; don't you think so, reader mine?

trouble not to be," which he applied to myself in a flattering enthymem, "You need not be afraid, for" &c; while, on the other hand, I was conscious of not having done too much, nor all that little too correctly. On the whole, there seemed a probability of my being selected to represent the minimum amount of knowledge, even leaving out of consideration that the examiners prefer, *cæteris paribus*, to put a Classical man into the forlorn hope, as he may make a joke of it, while a "single man" coming out at the end is only made a joke of himself.

At nine on Friday morning, just sixteen days from the hour when the examination began—an interval which will not appear too long when it is remembered that nearly one hundred and fifty men have to be placed in individual order of merit—the list, signed by the examiners, is posted up outside the Senate House. The friends of the candidates, gownsmen and gyps commingled, throng about it, the result spreads in all directions, and in a very short time the book-sellers have it fairly printed in two or three forms, among others on sheets of letter paper ready prepared for mailing. I was quietly seated at breakfast, when my gyp entered to announce that I stood 112th, and also that the Johnian was Senior Wrangler. Soon after, the same friend who had reported the result of the Scholarship to me came in and stated, with some *naïveté*, that he had begun to look from the end of the list up, knowing he would come to my name sooner in that way, and that he had arrived at me *very soon*. After which, he proceeded roundly to anathematize the Johnians, who had completely stolen a march on the rest

of the University, and were not satisfied with their unexpected gain of the first honor. "Some Johnian, invented on purpose," was third, to the extreme discomfiture of another high Small-Colleger and of our best three Mathematicians, the highest of whom stood only fifth, with a third Johnian just below him. When I obtained possession of a list, about mid-day, I found there was only one man between me and the Spoon. It is not every Questionist that hits so near his place. There were fourteen plucked and fifteen in the gulf, so that of 143 candidates 31 did less than myself, that is, less than the equivalent of twenty-four questions. There were but five Classical men victimized, two of them probable First Classes.

A new Tripos list affords a man well up in *Calendar* and College gossip a good half-hour's amusement in studying the lucky hits and the disappointments, the outsiders who have come up, and the men who have been sold. Many of the last suffer either from wilful idleness, or egregious over-estimation of their own attainments, fostered perhaps by want of judgment and perception in their tutors. Only two places above me was a Small-Colleger who had been confident of a high rank among the Senior Optimes; he was so upset by the disappointment that he dared not communicate the result to his father or show his face at home. Several supposed Wranglers had tumbled down to Senior Optimes, and some whose hopes and expectations did not rise above high Senior Optimes found themselves elevated into Wranglers. More than one Questionist saw, to his disgust, another man

who had sat next him in the examination and covered much less paper come out twenty places over his head. The very worst man in a Cambridge examiner's eyes is he who does a great deal, but much of it wrong, and much of it inaccurately. Probably fifty questions and eight average problems,* so done as to get full marks, will bring a Questionist comfortably among the Wranglers, but a great many who think they have done more than this find themselves low Senior Ops, or even worse.

The unexpected award of the Senior Wranglership was the great surprise of the year, and subject of conversation for some time. It was said that the successful candidate had practised writing out against time for six months together, merely to gain pace, and had exercised himself in problems till they became a species of bookwork to him, and thus he attained the prodigious rapidity in solving them which enabled him to do nineteen on one paper of three hours,

* The proportion of problems to bookwork done by the candidates is very various. The latter shows more reading, the former evince more natural Mathematical ability. It is by them that an outsider, who has not read high, frequently gets a good place; his bookwork, for instance, might only be good enough to make him thirtieth Wrangler, but he does twenty good problems, and so climbs up among the first ten. On the other hand, it sometimes happens that the third or fourth Wrangler does no more than five problems on all the three problem papers—in fact, is beaten in problems by some Senior Optimes—but such a man will floor the bookwork of the first four days, and do a fair proportion of that set on the last two.

thirteen on another, and nearly as many on the third—more than two thirds of the whole number set. The Peterhouse man, who, relying on his combined learning and talent, had never practised particularly with a view to speed, and perhaps had too much respect for his work to be in any very great hurry about it, solved eight or nine problems leisurely on each paper, some of them probably better ones than the other man's, but not enough so to make up the difference in quantity. Both men floored all the early bookwork, the Johnian presumably getting full marks, and T—— perhaps some extra marks for style.* In the high work of the last two days the Peterhouse man beat his opponent, but he could not have been very far ahead, as the Johnian did all but three questions out of the four papers, and came out on the result of the whole examination three hundred marks in advance.

The disappointed candidate, however, was not without a chance of partially retrieving himself the very next week in the examination for the Smith's Prizes, which is considered by the knowing ones a better test of excellence than the

* It is possible to *beat a paper* or get *more than full marks* for it. This apparent Hibernicism is thus explained:—The ordinary text-books (Earnshaw, Griffen, Wood, &c.) are taken as the standard of excellence, and a very good man will sometimes express the operations more neatly and cleverly than they are worded in these books, in which case he is entitled to extra marks for style. This was the case with E—— in his Senate House examination. One of the examiners gave him extra marks for all his bookwork.

Tripes, as it embraces a higher class of subjects, and the element of speed does not enter into it to such an extent. T——'s friends, as well as himself, awaited the result with a mixture of hope and fear. In the end he had it all his own way, and beat the Senior Wrangler in the proportion of three to two. But this was a subsequent consolation ; for the present the triumph rested with the Johnnians.

HOW I CAME TO TAKE A DEGREE.

Θυήσκει δὲ πίστις βλαστάνει δ' ἐπιστήμη.—SOPHOCLES.

WHEN I put on my Bachelor's gown next day in the Senate House, it was with a feeling of some satisfaction at having mastered a formidable difficulty, and the little margin I had to spare rather enhanced this satisfaction. Looking upon the Mathematical examination as Classical men often do, in the light of a fight with the examiners, I had gained the day. Moreover, I felt entitled to say that, low as the standard of a Junior Optime is compared with the *professional* acquirements of the upper men, I had gained a knowledge, though indeed but a temporary one, of a considerable amount of low Mathematics, more than the majority of our students ever grasp at one time, more than when at Yale I should have considered myself or been considered capable of; for to cram up certain pages of a subject and recite them from day to day, is a very different thing from being able to write out any question at random in the subject. And I repeat it, that for an unmathematical man it is not an easy thing to become even a Junior Optime, and as it demands a fair acquaintance with the low subjects, so it requires a considerable expenditure of time and trouble.

I was then rather proud of my Bachelor's degree; and yet

there were circumstances connected with it that ought to have made me rather ashamed of myself.

That certain political and religious oaths are among the conditions of some of the English academical degrees is generally known to the American reader ; the particulars are not so well understood. We are all aware that at Oxford the Thirty-nine Articles must be signed in advance. Hook's irreverent joke has taught us that. At Cambridge it is different. When the Freshman puts down his name on the College books he is not required to sign anything. During his first term he matriculates, and then affirms (*profitetur*) that he will keep the statutes and maintain the privileges of the University to the best of his ability,* which does not mean much, a great portion of the statutes, both College and University, being notoriously in point of fact and practice obsolete, and never thought of except when some theological squabble or ultra martinetism on the part of a new Don brings them into notice. A Trinity Scholar on being elected swears that he will take the Bible for his rule of faith,

* Here is the *Professio* faithfully copied, no punctuation and all from the printed form. "Cancellario procancellarioque academice Cantabrigiensi quatenus jus fasque est et pro ordine in quo fuerim quamdiu in hac republica degam comiter obtemperabo leges statuta mores approbatos et privilegia Cantabrigiensi academice quantum in me est observabo pietatis et bonarum literarum progressum et hujus academice statum honorem et dignitatem tuebor quoad vivam meoque suffragio atque consilio rogatus et non rogatus defendam. Hæc omnia in me recipio et polliceor me fideliter esse præstiturum."

and that he believes the royal authority to be supreme, *and by no means subject to the jurisdiction of foreign bishops* (externorum Episcoporum jurisdictioni minime subjectam), a hit at the Pope, which I imagine any good Protestant, republican or not, would rather go out of the way to swear than otherwise. But on taking his B. A., the Questionist must sign a declaration that he is a *bona fide* member of the Church of England, and also take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy.

Before taking the degree, it will be observed, not before going in to the examination for Honors. The effect of this is, that though a Dissenter or a foreigner cannot take a degree, he may be Senior Wrangler or Senior Classic, for the admission to the Classical Tripos depends not upon having taken the B. A. degree, but upon having passed the examination for that degree; indeed he may take all the University Honors except the Smith's Prize and Chancellor's Medal, the institution of which prizes is so worded as to make only Bachelors eligible for them, and a theological prize or two of no great repute. But as the Fellowships are given to none but Bachelors, he is ineligible to them. This is not merely a possible case, but has actually occurred; a Jew was Second Wrangler in 1837, and a Quaker Fourth the year before.

The origin and reason of this restriction are evident. It was at first intended as a safeguard against the Romanists, and afterwards kept up to prevent them and Dissenters generally from obtaining a *share in the government of the University*. For as the University is governed by those Graduates who

choose to retain their names on the boards, giving degrees to Dissenters would be putting a portion of the University's destiny into the hands of men who might be hostile, and at best are not necessarily friendly to the religion which the University professes and is bound to uphold. It appears to me that this restriction has been subjected to much unmerited abuse, and that it is not antediluvian or bigoted, but simply self-defensive. If the connexion between Church and State were dissolved, and the Established Church abolished, this restriction would of course be swept away, and many other things with it; but so long as the Established Church exists I do not see how the Church Universities can admit Papists or Dissenters into their Senates.

In regard to foreigners belonging to the same church the restriction is less necessary and defensible, but it must be remembered that such cases are of very limited occurrence, and that the institutions of England are not in general encouraging to foreigners; everything, from a University to a hotel, is solely calculated for the wants and benefit of the natives. Selfish and barbarous as such ideas must seem to the disciples of universal philanthropy and fraternity, a reflecting *native-born* American, in view of the effects which an indiscriminate reception of foreigners, so as to place them almost immediately on a level with the original inhabitants, has wrought in his own country, may perhaps suspect that the prudence of the English practice goes a great way towards making up for its unloveliness.

It may indeed be urged that the University and College

regulations might be so altered that a degree should not necessarily confer a vote, and that, as in the case of Fellowships, the presumed original idea and intention that the Fellows should be in Holy Orders, has been so far departed from that in some Colleges the Fellows need not take Orders at all, in others not for seven years, while there are actually *Bye Fellowships* which give their holders the dignity of the title without a voice in the College government, some rules might easily be generalized to apply to the parties under consideration. To this it may be answered that whatever real and desirable distinction the University confers consists not in the degree itself, but in the place occupied on the examination list, since the M. A. degree can be obtained by any one who has taken a B. A. on paying a certain sum and performing some trifling ceremonies, and the ordinary B. A. implies only an amount of knowledge of which, if it be harsh to call it contemptible, it may at least be said that it is nothing for any person to be proud of; and that such half measures as giving degrees which should not confer the full customary privileges, or Bye-Fellowships with their nominal salaries and inferior position, would not be accepted as completely satisfactory, and would only encourage renewed demands for a more thorough change.

Originally intending to leave the University as soon as the Classical Tripos list was out, my only anxiety about the question of a degree had been whether the want of one would prevent me from going out in Classics, and having once ascertained that it would not, I had taken no further

thought about the matter. But this autumn my views underwent an important change. I wanted to keep my Scholarship, and thought what a nice little head-quarters my Trinity rooms would be while making excursions upon the Continent. Sometimes I had hopes that my place in Classics would justify my reading for a Fellowship. The Enemy always knows where to have a man, and is fertile in sophistical and Jesuitical snares to delude moral men. At first I had serious intentions of taking the oaths without scruple or pause. I was in an awful state of disgust with matters at home on account of the recent Presidential election. The consternation and despair into which a large portion of the Whig party were thrown by the defeat of Henry Clay will not readily be forgotten by any one who was old enough at the time to take an interest in public matters, which in our country does not imply a very advanced age. But the terrible prostration of heart with which it affected a certain class in the Northern states, and particularly in New York, has not been generally appreciated out of that class, nor am I aware that it ever found distinct public expression; perhaps the nearest approach to such expression was contained in the concluding numbers of the most elegant, gentlemanly, and every way respectable journal that our city ever boasted, which expired in pure disgust and despair, as it were, a few months after Polk's election.

I was one of those who, in popular phrase, swore by Henry Clay, and the blow fell on me with peculiar force for two reasons. First, being a non-resident, I had not an oppor-

tunity of observing those sudden premonitions of calamity which did something towards preparing those at home for the shock ; secondly, I had been in the habit of making Henry Clay's election the universal answer to all objections against America. " We were unfortunate. Harrison died, and the other man betrayed us. Consequently, there has been a great temporary demoralization. Only wait till Clay is President, and you'll see how gloriously we shall get on." When, therefore, the much desired steamer brought defeat instead of victory, when the test which I had myself selected turned out against me, the exultation of my anti-Republican acquaintances was undisguised, and my dejection utter and unmitigated. I had not a word to throw to a Puseyite.

Already in an unfavorable mood of mind, I was not likely to have my spirits raised by such epistolary intelligence as I received from home. Cicero's letters at the worst time of the Cæsarean and Pompeian troubles could hardly present a more melancholy and disheartening picture. The feeling of our New York Whigs was very different from what it would have been in the event of Martin Van Buren's re-election. That would have been Paradise in comparison. By the elevation of Polk they saw themselves given up to the mercy of Irish aliens and rampant slaveholders. War with England and the indefinite extension of slavery, were all but inevitable. They put no longer trust in anything, not even in their leaders. Nor did Whigs only feel inclined to despond. There were many Democrats who thought the casting-off of Mr. Van Buren by his party a foul wrong, as they afterwards

testified at the ballot-box, and who at the same time saw in the anti-rent agitation—an agitation encouraged by professed members of the Whig party—a local evil more dangerous than any federal one. In short, a large proportion of the wealthiest, best educated, and most estimable men in our State seemed verily to have despaired of the Republic. And what gave an apparent confirmation to their doleful views was the absence, except in a very few cases, of any immediate personal calamity or wrong to induce a prejudice of grief. I was seized with the infection, and dreaded little less than proscriptions and *novæ tabulæ*.

Could the croakers of that time have looked forward six years, and seen the political sky cleared of almost every cloud that then overhung it—our credit restored abroad, our influence and name respected, a Northern Whig President in power, Daniel Webster at the head of the Cabinet, in their own state a gentleman like Hamilton Fish filling successively the gubernatorial chair and a seat in the Federal Senate—could they have foreseen these things, their fears might well have appeared childish and unfounded. Yet were these fears not altogether groundless and chimerical. The dangers they dreaded did really exist; their error was not putting sufficient faith in the counteracting Providence of God. We were truly threatened with the indefinite extension of slavery and preponderance of the slave power. The romantic discovery which placed California on the side of freedom, making that state at once a barrier and an antagonist force, could not have been anticipated by any calculation; and we may hope

that some equally effective interposition of the Divine arm, to crush the intrigues of Romanism, will ere long manifest itself. The desponding ought to have trusted that God would not forsake a land containing so many Christian men, and so much true religion and philanthropy; that our country, raised up for great political and religious ends, would not be lightly forsaken by the Supreme Being.

But that winter was a time of darkness at home and abroad. We had a lamentable foreign reputation, especially among those who had been our warmest friends. The two great parties in England had undergone a singular change of feelings toward us. The Liberals talked and acted as a man might to an ungrateful friend or *protégé* who had turned out badly. The more an Englishman had leaned towards Radicalism, the prouder he had been of any instances of good government and prosperity in the United States, as they tended to promote his principles at home, and the more bitter was his disappointment when the conduct of some parts of our Union furnished the Conservatives with an argument against our institutions. *The most bitter things that were said against America at this time proceeded, with scarce an exception, from English Liberals.* The Tories and Conservatives, on the contrary, as if grateful to our Republic for having unwittingly furnished them with weapons against Democracy, were far more inclined than formerly to be just and generous to the individual citizens of it, especially when such individuals belonged to the minority party, for then they

regarded them as a sort of victims, and too good for their country.

At the same time it is true now, and it was true even then, that Englishmen, whatever their political opinions among themselves, or their expressed opinions with us, are always flattered when an American sides with them. They are really jealous, though they would not own it even to themselves, of our preference for the French ; and with all their suspicion of foreigners, the greatest compliment an American can pay them is to take up his residence in their country, or say anything that induces a suspicion of his having such an intention.* And it now happened that many of those about me, seeing how disgusted I was with the real or supposed state of things at home and our unlucky reputation abroad, did their best to persuade me to take a degree, which they looked upon as a sort of earnest that I would continue among them. They were not indeed my best and most intimate friends, or the men of most ability among my acquaintances ; from some of these I received different and better counsel. “ Why should you be so downcast about an election ? ” asked one ; “ I am sure I wouldn’t annoy myself

* When Mr. Everett was replaced at the Court of St. James, a report was circulated that he intended to remain in England as a private gentleman. This report I heard from several quarters, and was frequently questioned about it. It is hardly necessary to say that nothing had been said or done by our Minister or his friends to give foundation or countenance to such a rumor ; it arose entirely from the desire of the English to retain him there.

if O'Connell were premier to-morrow." And the same or another man, after a long discussion of the matter with me, expressed his conviction that, upon my own showing, there could never be any serious encroachment on the rights of property in a country which had so many small proprietors. And although these conclusions were a little too philosophical, and not altogether borne out in practice, the Papal Aggression excitement being a sufficient refutation of the first, and the Anti-rent iniquities of the second, still they were far nearer the truth and more worthy of serious consideration than the arguments by which I was assailed on the other side. But the strongest of these arguments were supplied by my own pique and disgust. "What's the use of standing on such a punctilio?" said I to myself. "Your countrymen, in disavowing the Native American party, have repudiated their own nationality, and put the foreign settlers over their own heads. The boast of the Irish in New York, that they controlled the Presidential election, has been verified. Protestantism is at a discount. After all, a man's religion is dearer to him than his country. Better be Queen Victoria's subject than John Hughes's slave. Our people declared that their franchise was not worth having when they thus sent it a-begging. Nor ought I to entertain any sentimental scruples about professing a temporary allegiance to a country which I may be ultimately compelled to make my abode." Still I could not bring myself to take the oaths. Then the tempter hinted a most Jesuitical medium, a way to avoid all practical difficulty, though, like most similar compromises, it

would probably have united all difficulties, if any practical ones had existed, or had there been any other than a moral objection in the way. It was this. The oaths at Cambridge had come to be such mere formulæ that people cared very little about them, and hardly knew what they swore. In the Senate House, after the Senior Wrangler has presented himself alone, the rest of the men are sworn in batches of a dozen each, the oath, or part of it, being read to them, and a Testament handed round to be kissed. I might go up with the rest and pass the book by, which there was every opportunity of doing without detection, so that I could thus get the degree without taking the oath of allegiance at all. This I finally did, and in one sense the experiment was perfectly successful; no one of those in authority ever noticed my evasion, either at the time or afterwards. But it did not escape observation in all quarters, and a great deal of the moral influence which I had heretofore possessed was lost at once.

Many persons will think me foolish for relating a circumstance so much to my own disadvantage; but reflection has convinced me that where the recital of a young man's errors contains nothing in itself mischievous, it is part of his duty and expiation to relate them as a warning to others. Besides the obvious moral of never giving up the ship, there is another to be drawn from my misadventure.

Let every young man beware how he violates his integrity or deviates from a straightforward, honest course in the smallest matter. The temporal consequences may not be injurious,

may, may even for the time being bring the convenience or advantage expected. But the consciousness of aberration from the path of honesty will continually oppress him; he will have lost irretrievably the pride of rectitude—a pride which is honorable and righteous, and has nothing reprehensible in it. My conduct on that occasion has been a continually recurring source of mortification to me, which the lapse of years cannot obliterate, and the recollection of it has frequently interposed to check me in plans of improvement for myself and others.

THE *πολλοὶ* AND THE CIVIL LAW CLASSES.

"Nos numeri sumus."—HORACE.

DURING the week of interval between the examination for Mathematical Honors and the publication of the Honor list, takes place the examination of candidates for an ordinary degree, popularly called the *πολλοὶ*, and by abbreviation, the Pöll men. Their number is greater than that of the candidates for Honors in the proportion of four to three, but as the range of subjects is more limited, the papers shorter, and the examiners more numerous, the classification of the men goes on nearly *pari passu* with their examination, and the list is issued on the same day as that of the candidates for Honors. There are on an average about two hundred Poll men, and it is a most striking instance of the minute subdivision in vogue at Cambridge examinations, and the introduction of competition wherever possible, that *every one* of these two hundred men is arranged in order of merit according to his marks, except some fifteen or twenty who have just succeeded in passing, and who are bracketed together at the end, and familiarly known as the "Elegant Extracts."*

* I write of this arrangement as one actually existing, though in strict correctness I should use the past tense when speaking of it. For the alterations which have been made in the Poll, see the chapter on "Recent Changes at Cambridge."

The head man is called Captain of the Poll, which is deemed among the non-reading men almost as great an honor as Senior Wrangler or Senior Classic among the reading ones.

As an impression appears to prevail in some literary quarters of our country that the great bulk of English University students study and know very little, and the hard-reading men are very few in number, it may be worth while to look once more at the facts and figures of the case. The proportion of Honor men to Poll men is, as has been already remarked, in round numbers, one hundred and fifty to two hundred, or three to four, that is, three sevenths of the whole. Now, though most of the Junior and some of the Senior Optimes have not worked hard at *Mathematics* throughout their whole Undergraduate course, we have to take out of these the Classical men, who have been busily employed in their pet pursuit. Still, after allowing for these, there may remain some thirty idle men on the Honor list, and against these we must put about the same number of reading men among the πολλοί. For insufficient preparation of some Poll men, particularly those who are δειμαθείς, and have taken up the Church late in life, gives them enough to do in preparing for their Little Go and Degree examinations, after the time occupied by the College examinations is deducted. There are also many men every year contending for the Captaincy of the Poll, some for the honor, such as it is, others because it will help them to get Poll pupils afterwards. The first thirty men, or so, in the Poll, have their subjects polished up with great care, and may be called all

but perfect in them. (I had personal assurance of this from a friend who was one of the Poll examiners.) We have, therefore, *three sevenths* of the Undergraduates faithful students, while about one man in nine (that is to say, all the First Class of the Tripos, and nearly all the Wranglers) is a *very hard* student. I imagine there are not many Universities or Colleges in the world of which more could be said with truth.

The fixed subjects for the Poll examination are the Acts with all the History, Geography, Antiquities, and "cram" generally pertaining thereto ; Paley's Moral Philosophy, three Books of Euclid, Arithmetic and low Algebra, and certain portions of Mechanics and Hydrostatics. The movable subjects are a Greek and a Latin author as in the Little-Go. These are declared two years in advance, so that there is plenty of time to polish them up.

Besides the degree in Honors and the ordinary degree, there is but one other way of obtaining a B.A. It is in *Civil Law*. Not more than a dozen or fifteen men—sometimes not so many—avail themselves of this outlet, which is generally considered something even below the Poll—unjustly I suspect, for the candidates must at least have attended the Professor's Lectures for three consecutive terms, to say nothing of what is required in the examination. The lectures generally follow the order of subjects in Halifax's *Analysis of the Roman Civil Law*. The principal text books in my time were these :—

Corpus Juris Civilis.

Harris's *Justiniani Institutiones.*

Taylor's *Elements of the Civil Law.*

Heineccii *Antiq. Rom. Syntagma.*

———— *Elementa Juris Civilis.*

Vinnii *Comment. in quatuor Libros Institutionum.*

Burn's *Ecclesiastical Law.*

Blackstone's *Commentaries.*

THE CLASSICAL TRIPOS.

"Cave ne titubes."—HORACE.

"Mind your eye!"—H. WALKER, ESQ.

THE time now drew nigh when the few picked men, who had resisted the temptations of idleness and escaped the perils of Mathematics, were to fight out their last great battle. Trinity Scholars, University Prize men, outsiders from Small Colleges, double men (these the fewest of all) mustered from all quarters. We made a very small show numerically, only twenty-six candidates out of the whole year, which might be set down in round numbers at three hundred and fifty men. At least five who had intended to augment our numbers were killed off in the Mathematical Tripos. *Nineteen* of us were reading for the First Class, so that there was a pretty extensive prospect of sells. Out of the twenty-six sixteen were Junior Optimes, so that allowing a few to be trying their luck in Classics only for the chance of piecing out an inferior Mathematical degree, it was pretty clear that full half of the candidates had read Mathematics for no other purpose than to enable them to display their knowledge in the Classical Tripos. Of the remainder, five were Wranglers, four of these Double men, and the fifth a favorite for the

Wedge.* Two men who had been rivals all the way through school and through College were racing for Senior Classic. After these two more were known and spoken of as nearly equal, and then "it was any one's place." The First Class was likely to be small, the year not being a good one on the whole; what little strength it had was in Trinity; our College supplied fifteen of the twenty-six candidates, thirteen of them reading for the First Class, and only four sure of it.

So said ordinary gossip; for all these probabilities, the merits of the year at large and of the different men in it, are eagerly discussed and canvassed beforehand, not only by the parties interested and their immediate friends, but by reading men generally. Still, however the candidate's chances may be made to fluctuate by such relative circumstances, his own positive fund of knowledge and readiness in expressing it must be his main reliance, and accordingly he now works with a will if he ever did in his life.

Any one whom business or pleasure has led to drive habitually a fast trotter on the road can testify to the continual care and practice necessary to keep the animal in proper condition; how he must be a good horse in the first place, and then regularly worked, must be fast and enduring, and not nervous or easily frightened in a crowd, and ready to

* The last man is called the *Wedge*, corresponding to the *Spoon* in Mathematics. This name originated in that of the man who was last on the first Tripos list (in 1824), *Wedgewood*. Some one suggested that the wooden wedge was a good counterpart to the wooden spoon, and the appellation stuck.

go his best at any moment. I really cannot conceive any better comparison for the training to which the Cantab with an examination in view subjects himself—especially when that examination is the Classical Tripos, which covers more ground than any other.* I might carry out the analogy, and say that in both cases much depends on the skill of the driver. Many a man has owed several places, perhaps the difference of a class, to the skill of his coach.

Three things are requisite in the Tripos: first, an accurate knowledge of Greek and Latin Syntax, and a corresponding dexterity in unravelling difficult constructions. Without this groundwork no man can be sure of a good place. Next, the aspirant must be skilled in Composition, must be able to write Latin and Greek Prose, Greek Iambics, and two or three kinds of Latin verse. Thirdly, he must have a very large vocabulary, so that he will seldom meet with a word which is not familiar to him. A fourth requisite which might occur to the reader—the knowledge of archæology, law, history, &c., all that is comprehensively and not altogether fairly designated as *cram*—does not enter very largely into the qualifications for the Tripos. The questions set by way of riders to the passages given for translation are not numerous, nor do they bring many marks. In this respect, there is a great difference between the Cambridge Tripos and the Oxford Schools.

* Except the University Scholarship, and Medals, where the prizes are limited to one or two of the candidates, and the competition not general.

In comparing these different elements of success, it has often been observed, and I think with justice, that writing Greek and Latin, particularly Greek and Latin verse, occupies too high a place. The Composition papers counting at least two fifths of the whole, a boyish knack in the manufacture of verses often gets the better of a more mature knowledge of language. I have known a man whose translations were only ordinary Third Class standard get himself a good Second by a brilliant copy of *Elegiacs*, the remains of his schoolboy proficiency; and one of my acquaintances, who stood third in his year on several of the translation papers, but being a Double man had no time to practise Composition, fell to a low place in the Second Class.

At Oxford a candidate for the First Class selects his twelve authors. At Cambridge he reads as much as he can. Though able to work but a few hours a-day, I was a fast reader when at work, and had covered a fair amount of ground. Since entering the University I had either read for the first time or reviewed the following authors :—

HOMER; all the *Odyssey*, Books XIII. and XXIV. of the *Iliad*. The *Homeridian Hymns*.

HESESOD; *Shield of Achilles*, *Works and Days*.

ÆSCHYLUS; all (seven plays).

SOPHOCLES; all (ditto).

ARISTOPHANES; all (eleven plays).

EURIPIDES; *Medea*, *Hippolytus*, *Ion*, *Bacchæ*, *Hecuba*,
Phenissæ, *Cyclops*.

PINDAR; all.

THEOCRITUS ; all.

HERODOTUS ; Books I. and VII., with numerous extracts from the others.

THUCYDIDES ; Books I. II. IV. VI. VII., and all the difficult passages in the other three.

XENOPHON'S Banquet.

DEMOSTHENES ; the five *Aphobus* and *Onetor* Orationes, the De Corona, the *Παραπρόσβεια*, the Ad Leptinem.

PLATO ; Phædrus, Phædo, Protagoras, Gorgias, Symposium, Theætetus, Sophista, Politicus, Five Books of the Republic.

ARISTOTLE ; the Rhetoric, Five Books of the Nicomachean Ethics.

THEOPHRASTUS'S Characters.

LUCRETIUS ; Book I. and extracts from the others.

CATULLUS ; all.

VIRGIL ; the Georgics, Six Books of the *Æneid*.

HORACE ; all.

JUVENAL ; all.

PERSIUS ; all.

PROPERTIUS ; Books I. and IV.

PLAUTUS ; all (twenty plays).

MARTIAL ; all the Epigrams more than four lines in length.

CICERO ; the Tusculan Questions, De Natura Deorum, De Divinatione, De Officiis ; the Archias, Balbus, Muræna and Cluentius.

LIVY ; Books I. and XXXI.

Besides these, there were some subjects not strictly available in the Tripes, such as extracts from Callimachus and Apollonius Rhodius, fragments of Alcæus and Sappho, and several books of Athenæus.

It will be observed that the above list includes no portion of my previous preparation for the University. Some of my school reading, e. g. Sallust and the earlier books of the Iliad, I had a real knowledge and memory of. But the books comprising the course at Yale College I could not be said to have *read* in the Cambridge sense, with the single exception of Tacitus, an author whom I had much fancied, and worked up his History, not with a view to the limited requirements of the recitation room, but according to my own idea of how he ought to be studied and translated.

With these additions made to the above list, it will tolerably well represent the reading of a candidate for a good place in the Tripes. Of some authors, such as Aristophanes and Plautus, there was more than the usual amount ; of others, as Herodotus, Demosthenes, Cicero, and probably Thucydides, rather less ; and, generally speaking, I was better read on the higher authors, or those which come later in a student's reading, than on the more ordinary ones. On my knowledge of Aristophanes, Theocritus, Pindar, Plautus, &c., I relied perhaps too much. Some of the books in the list I of course knew better than others, but perfection in them all would have given me but a moderate chance had I depended only on finding pieces set which I had read. In the long authors, every man must

trust to his general knowledge; of Herodotus I had read but two Books, yet it was not easy to find a passage or even a word in him that puzzled me, I was so well up in his peculiar dialect. My great deficiency was in Composition; the only kind which I could do well and accurately was Latin prose; at Greek Iambics, Greek prose, and Latin verse I worked all day, but with very moderate success. Our year, in spite of its bad reputation, showed an unusual independence of coaches. Most of the best men read by themselves during this month, dispensing with all assistance. This increased the uncertainty of speculation on their positions.

The examination was to begin on Monday. The Saturday immediately previous I devoted to a long ride in company with two fellow-sufferers, according to the Cambridge tradition that a man should be nearly idle for the day or two just before an examination—a theory, however, which very few have the courage and coolness to put in practice. For next week I had made all preparations in the most artistic way; moved my bed into a room with a fire-place, invited a different friend to dine with me every day, and projected a series of nice little dinners to make up for my long abstinence. (Before the examination a man is on diet; during and after it he requires to be well fed.) On Sunday, I had intended to go to St. Mary's as usual in the morning, and be systematically idle for the rest of the day; but the fit came too strong upon me, and I fell to writing Elegiacs, and after-

wards looking over marked passages.* If there are no Sundays in revolutionary times, there are very apt to be none the fortnight before a Cambridge Examination.

But Sunday work is seldom of any profit, even temporally speaking, and mine was no exception to the rule. It would be as great a bore to the reader as to myself were I to recall in detail all the chances, perils, and disasters of that week ; how, when I had carefully practised writing Elegiacs, and acquired a tolerable command over them, Hexameters, of which I had not written three copies in two years, and probably not five in my life, were set the first morning ; how, after lying awake from nervous excitement the whole night before the Greek Iambics, I dozed off towards morning and very nearly overslept the paper ; how I was *frozen up* on Thursday morning, the weather having changed from mild to very cold, as if for my special discomfiture, so that half my Greek Prose went up nearly illegible and without accents ; and the report spread that I had broken down completely, or, as a Johnian elegantly expressed it, was *squashed*. Suffice it to say, that the five days were over at last, and I was left nearly delirious. A friend, who had been ill himself

* As a Cantab reads, he marks any particularly strange word or difficult passage for future reference ; this is a great assistance to him in running over an author rapidly. *Interleaved* copies of works are very common, and besides these, many men keep note-books to set down at length any difficulties they meet. To have "got up" a book thoroughly, almost means that you have prepared a new edition of it.

during an examination, and could therefore appreciate my condition, carried me out for a long walk on Saturday morning; that night I made up for the lost sleep of the six preceding, and on Sunday was in my usual state, with the exception of a propensity to eat and drink all that came in my way, which lasted a full month till the waste of the system had been repaired.

The same evening I called on my right-hand neighbor in the examination, whose style of work, busy as I was, had occasionally fallen under my notice. He was one of the candidates for Senior Classic, had read almost everything, and written verses ever since he was twelve years old. His learning was great, his Composition wonderfully rapid and elegant, his taste generally unexceptionable; but he was not very clear-headed or accurate, and therefore always liable to make slips of the pen. His rival was a respectable Mathematician, and had just taken a Wrangler's degree, was much behind him in speed, elegance, and quantity of knowledge, but fearfully accurate, and never forgetting anything he had once learned. My neighbor, who knew exactly his own strong and weak points as well as those of his old schoolmate and antagonist, endeavored to overpower him by weight of learning and brilliancy of execution. He had read almost every single passage that was set, and to show that he had done so, wrote at the head of every translation paper he sent up the author's name and that of the particular book or play. The bit of Theophrastus which was set us on the last day he had by good fortune read over the very night before. As I

was pretty well up in it myself, though my acquaintance had not been so recently renewed, I felt no hesitation in glancing at his work since I did not wish to borrow from him. He was writing his notes *in Latin*, and getting up his paper exactly as if he were editing the extract. Of his Composition the following may serve as a specimen. It is a translation of the lines by Aubrey de Vere, "Again those sounds sweep on," &c., quoted in the Appendix (*Classical Tripos Papers*, 1845), and is given exactly as he wrote it out in the Senate House, occupying less than an hour in the task.

" Rursus murmur adest, adest,
 Impellens liquidis aera vocibus ;
 Fallor ? quo nimium brevis,
 Quo fugit magicæ vocis anhelitus ?
 Rursus me mea somnia,
 Rursus destituit me placitus furor.
 Urbis non aliter suæ
 Cum devota Deus mœnia deserit,
 Quondam nubila vocibus
 Vibrant suavisonis quas aliquis piis,
 Nocturnis bibit auribus ;
 Ille accliris humo dum jacet, exuit
 Vox auræ refluxæ moras,
 Castigatque gravis, mœret identidem
 Non desiderio levi."

It deserves to be enumerated among his claims that he wrote a beautiful hand, delicate as a woman's, and withal very legible. After all he was only *bracketed* Senior Classic, some errors of syntax in his Greek Iambics, and other inac-

curacies, having brought him down to the level of his less learned and showy, but more safe competitor.

He was very fond of English poetry. *Some* allusion to the examination it was not possible to forego, but we soon disposed of the shop with our tea, and then read, criticized, and very generally talked over the poets of the new school—Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Miss Barrett—for some hours, till, as I rose to go, somewhere about the witching hour, he stopped me with, “Now stay a little longer; I have some capital brandy that was sent me by a friend—*an old parson in the country.*”

The “old parson in the country” was sufficient guarantee for the orthodoxy of the liquor, which indeed proved worthy of its clerical paternity. So we sat well into Monday morning, drinking grog and talking of all the poets in all the five or six languages that we knew more or less about. Such are a reading-man’s relaxations after the intense examination work.

The Classical examiners are not bound to declare the result of the Tripos on any specified day. They consequently take their time about it, getting up amicable little fights among themselves as to the comparative merits of different men. They are usually a month in deliberation, although the four Composition papers are the only ones which they *all* examine; each one is sole arbiter of marks on the paper and a half of translation which he sets. Meanwhile some of the expectants have the additional amusement of going in for the Chancellor’s Medals. On the present occasion but three

candidates presented themselves, and two of these were morally certain of the two medals beforehand. The rest of us had nothing to do but to worry ourselves looking over the papers, finding out mistakes, and speculating on our chances, or else, more wisely, to leave the place, and forget the whole subject as far as possible. I went to London, saw various sights and acquaintances, and afterwards visited a friend who was then a private tutor at Eton, the opportunity being a good excuse and occasion for what I had some time wished—a little personal insight and examination into an English Public School.

A VISIT TO ETON. ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

“ A Parliamentary return of all that is taught at Eton during ten years of pupilage in the nineteenth century, ought (if anything can) to surprise the public into some uneasiness on the subject.”

EDINBURGH REVIEW, *Jan.*, 1845.

It is a singular spectacle for an American to see numbers of youths eighteen or nineteen years old, who in his own country would call themselves and be called young men, leaders of fashionable society perhaps—going about in boyish costume, and evidently in the *status* of boys. What increases the singularity of the appearance is that the Englishman's physical development is more rapid than that of the American—of the Northern States, at least ; thus the Etonian of nineteen is as old in appearance as the New Yorker or Bostonian of twenty-one. They all wear white cravats and black beavers ; caps are forbidden, otherwise there is no uniformity of costume, and the juvenile round jacket is as common as the manly coat upon strapping young fellows nearly six feet high. Still, however you may *dress* persons of that age, it is not possible to confine them entirely to the discipline of boys ; the upper forms *will* walk out into the town of Windsor, and should one of them meet a tutor he takes refuge in a shop, the tutor, by a long established fiction, making believe not to see him.

There are always several hundred boys at Eton ; at that period (1845) it numbered more than seven hundred. About one tenth of these are *Collegers*. These *Collegers* are the nucleus of the whole system, and the only original part of it, the paying pupils (*oppidans*, *town-boys*) being, according to general belief, an after growth. They (the *Collegers*) are educated gratuitously, and such of them as have nearly but not quite reached the age of nineteen, when a vacancy in King's College, Cambridge, occurs, are elected Scholars there forthwith and provided for during life—or until marriage.

The number of masters is but small in proportion to that of boys, nor is the average fairly distributed ; one master may have forty pupils under him. This is one of the most obvious defects of the system. Formerly, there were many private tutors, who might in some degree make up this deficiency ; but as these gentlemen were found in some instances to have too comfortable a time of it, regulations were made obliging them to keep the same hours at night with the boys, and in other respects circumscribing their liberties, in consequence of which their numbers rapidly diminished, and at this time there were but three, each attached to his particular boy. That Classics form the staple of education at Eton, is known to every one who has heard of the place ; it was, therefore, matter of no small surprise to me to be informed—and indeed to see with my own eyes—that the Classical course was of a very obsolete and defective description, the text-books old-fashioned, chiefly selections, and those not always of the best authors or the best parts of them.

Latin versification still flourishes ; it might be unjust to say that everything else is sacrificed to it, but it is certain that other and less doubtful elements of Scholarship are somewhat neglected for it. Of Mathematics there is not a great deal to be said—for there is very little done.

Passing to the more general branches of education, it is singular to find *no instruction whatever given in English Grammar*. But this singularity is not confined to Eton ; it extends to all the English schools, public or private, that I am acquainted with. English Grammar is not one of the branches of the English school *curriculum*. When I mentioned this omission to my English friends, they generally turned it off with some mild joke about its being necessary for us in America to learn English Grammar at school, because English was a strange language to us ; but the peculiarity of their practice seemed never to occur to them. I fancy it does not correspond with that of other nations. French Grammar is certainly studied, and with much care, in the schools of France.

In Ancient History the boys were well read, and would have been in Modern, only that something was given them for it which *Punch* could hardly have caricatured. Just at that time the Puseyites and Young England had become most rampant and wanton in their perversion of historic facts and extravagance of historic fancies, and Eton was not untouched by the prevailing epidemic. I saw a sort of historical manual written by one of the under-masters (no friend of mine, thank Heaven !) which contained such utter absurd-

ities, both in the preface and the body of the work, that I should hardly be believed were I to relate them. It is proper to say, however, that the book attracted so much unfavorable notice that the compiler was obliged to remove his most glaring mis-statements in a subsequent edition.

The study of the Modern languages had received an impulse from some Prizes instituted by Prince Albert, and was beginning to attract a tolerable share of attention.

My informant considered that the subject best taught was—what I should hardly have expected—Geography. It was not merely learned from books; much attention was paid to drawing and copying maps.

As to the morality of the school, my friend's impression was not the most favorable. One instance in particular, which had recently occurred, made a strong impression upon him, and upon me when he related it. A boy, whom he knew very well, found a pencil-case and advertised it through the proper channel and authority. *More than a hundred boys* applied for the article, and some of them from their descriptions were evidently making the wildest shots at it. With all due allowance for the juvenile propensity to lose pencils, one cannot avoid the conclusion that at least three fourths of these youths were trying to get possession of what did not and could not belong to them.

This brief notice of the great foundation of Eton, the school where the sons of the nobility are educated, does not present a very pleasant state of things. I can only say that my impressions have been set down according to my best

recollection of them. Some things I noted with my own eyes ; others may perhaps have been unintentionally colored by my informant. He was a King's College, London, man, an Evangelical, and one of the Cambridge Apostles ; on every account, therefore, disposed to be very critical in his standard both of intellectual and moral training, and not at all favorably biased towards Eton. At the same time, I did not rely on his opinion only. Happening to know some of the Under-masters, truly excellent and religious men as well as good scholars, I drew from them indirectly that the moral condition of the boys was far from satisfactory. It is but just to say, however, that they did not allude to the frequency of gross vices, but rather to habitual carelessness about truth, deception of teachers, tyranny of older boys over younger (though the *fagging system* is allowed on all hands to be very much humanized), and other sins which are apt to be prominently exhibited in large congregations of boys, and which Arnold in more than one place has so feelingly deplored.

When, in writing this chapter a few months ago, I came to arrange my knowledge and recollections of English Public Schools, and put together the different impressions I had received from one quarter and another, it became evident that I still wanted considerable light on the subject. Instantly I wrote off to two friends, one an Eton man, and actually connected with Eton at the present time, the other a Shrewsbury man, Fellow of Trinity College, and making a name in the literary world. The nature of the inquiries

which I put will be tolerably plain from the replies themselves, which I received by return of post, and have no hesitation in printing, as they contain nothing personal or which can possibly give offence to any one, and tell the story much better than I could. The Etonian shall have the precedence from the greater length and earnestness of his communication.

“MY DEAR B.

“Our whole number of boys is about six hundred. It has not fallen below this for eight years. Six years ago it was as high as seven hundred and seventy-seven. At present it is about six hundred and thirty.

“The Scholars or Collegers are seventy. The founder evidently contemplated the accretion of pensioners, ‘juvenes commensales,’ just like a College at Oxford or Cambridge. It is believed that there were ‘oppidans,’ or pensioners, almost at the beginning. * * * *

“We have a Head Master, with twelve assistants, for the Upper School, which contains six hundred boys. These are not equally divided. The Head Master has no more than thirty boys. The next two or three divisions seldom reach 40. But the tenth contains seventy-eight, and has ranged above 60 ever since Christmas. The lower school, a separate establishment, contains at present about thirty boys; it used to contain from one hundred to one hundred and fifty in old times. They retain the whole staff, whether the ranks are full or not, *i. e.* the Lower Master (Magister Ostiarius, or ‘usher,’ you see the derivation with the French ‘huissier’)

and four assistants. So that we have eighteen regular Classical Masters, wearing Academical dress. Besides this, there are five Mathematical Masters, all graduates, with extra masters for languages, &c., quite enough.

"No boy can enter the lower school after his thirteenth, nor the upper school after his fourteenth year. The great mass of boys come at twelve and thirteen. No one, I think, ever comes to school *under six*; this only happens with residents; seldom does a boy enter under nine. I am not aware of a minimum of juvenility. The lower school professes to be preparatory from the rudiments. I suppose a boy must be in trowsers and know how to read.

"As to what a *public school* is, consult Sidney Smith in the Edinburgh for 1810. I do not accept his definition as quite satisfactory. A public school, as a peculiar institution of English society, is a place in which a boy is at once in a class under a master who acts for the head-master, and subject to a tutor who acts more specially for the parent or guardian. There are but three schools that come under this definition—Harrow, Eton, Rugby. These three seem to me to be very similar to Oxford or Cambridge in the Middle Ages, in the period between the first institution of colleges and the decay of the University 'Schools.' As an undergraduate (say in 1500) got his chief teaching, and made his chief display of knowledge in public with a Professor, whilst he prepared his work, cultivated his speciality, and underwent discipline in a college, so an Eton, Harrow, or Rugby boy, attends the one school chapel, shows up exercises, is

examined in his lessons according to fixed routine, contends for honors, takes degrees (what we call 'removes,' *e. g.* changing from lower boy to fifth form, from one who is fagged to one who fags), with (*apud*) the Head Master or his assistant, whilst at the same time he receives catechetical instruction in religion, prepares most of his lessons, and gets his exercises looked over, &c., with his tutor, whether he boards in his house or not. The tutor also corresponds with the parent, watches over money matters, and attends to the *πρὸς τὸ ἑκαστὸς πείρουσθαι*, superintending and guiding all those more optional studies for which the school (= the University) gives leisure and encouragement.

"Sidney Smith wrote, perhaps, before tutors began to attempt much in this way, though even then there was some attention paid to individuals.

"Eton is less symmetrical than the other two, in so far as she retains *Dames'* houses, cheaper than tutors' houses. About one hundred and thirty boys board with Dames, having tutors to whom they pay £10 or £20-a-year for tuition, paying the Head Master £6 a-year, and leaving him to pay his assistants. An assistant gets from the Head £44 a-year, working perhaps twenty-four hours a-week in class with seventy-five or seventy-eight boys. Then we live by our pupils. As we do each other's work, each boy gets what he wants, not caring how the money is distributed.

"At Eton a boy changes his division and comes under a new Master every half year, retaining his tutor. The tutor is not merely an agent for the parent, but the boy's natural

defender and friend. * * * * At Eton you get much more help from your Tutor in preparing lessons and exercises than at Rugby. Rugby men who have lived years with us, and thoroughly studied our practices, prefer our *tutorial* system, though they think our *school* system inferior as regards the cultivation of the intellect.

“It is this duality, this polarization between the public authorities and the more private or more Collegiate discipline, which seems to me (not now for the first time) to constitute the differentia of a public school. It shows itself in this way—a boy does not look upon his tutor as a school-master; he is to him a gentleman whom he knows just as he knows his father's friends, whom he can ask to his father's house, from whom he claims hospitality as soon as he has left school, if he ever revisits Eton. Again, he is proud of the *house* he belongs to, as a man is of his College; though in cricket and football clubs, in regular ‘long boats,’ and aquatic sweepstakes, in running and leaping races, he competes with the whole school, yet he belongs to a football club in the autumn, which includes the twenty or thirty boys boarding in his own house, and thus matches are made between houses as between colleges, and his society is found chiefly in his own house, though not exclusively (much less in summer than in winter). Again, the school examinations are conducted in a more professional or business way than the private tuition—no great regard for peculiarities of character, for moral superiority, &c.; a boy is plucked just as at Oxford if he falls short of the minimum, from whatever rea-

son ; on the other hand, if he gets into a scrape, his tutor is applied to for his character, and can generally, if he thinks it right, extricate him, and set him right in the eyes of a Master who may have thought ill of him. * * * *

“What Sidney Smith says of its roughness, its similarity to a forest or to a savage life, is at present almost entirely inapplicable to Eton, and, I believe, to Harrow. Rugby is rougher—the boys in a tutor’s house are more left to self-government.

“Shrewsbury is one of the many endowed grammar-schools founded in or soon after the reign of Edward VI. Its only claim to publicity is, that for one generation it drew pupils from all parts of England ; whereas most grammar-schools, such as *Bury St. Edmonds*, *Tiverton* (in Devonshire), *Oakham* and *Teppingham* in Rutland, draw boys from their own localities. A school like Shrewsbury flourishes only when very well officered, unless it has a very rich endowment, plenty of Scholarships to give away at the Universities, as Merchant Taylors’ sends men to St. John’s College, Oxford. * * * *

“*Repton*, I believe, differs from Shrewsbury only in being less famous. It may become famous and so far public by achieving conspicuous success at Oxford and Cambridge, but not so famous as Shrewsbury was twenty years ago, because it has now so many competitors. Shrewsbury grew fast, whilst Eton and Harrow were vegetating slowly—before Rugby arose—before any other *old* grammar-school bestirred itself.

“It is customary to reckon *Winchester* and *Westminster* as public schools. Every year at Lord’s cricket-ground, which is the ground of the Marylebone Club and the New-market of cricket, a week is given up to the ‘Public School Matches.’ * * * *

“At Cambridge we Etonians are charged with levity, and with that kind of impudence which shows itself in ten Eton men talking *Etonica* at a party without caring for what is due to the other four men present.

“The two great evils of the place, which are now attracting every one’s attention, are these: (1.) Mathematics are not compulsory and general; (2.) There is too much money spent by the boys, too much self-indulgence. * * * * And we ought to remodel our chapel service, so as to have a short service every day, and not school-days without prayer and holidays with too much of it. Finally, we ought to have fewer holidays. * * * *

“The real reason for sending a boy to Eton is that he will there find, not the best teaching nor the best discipline, but the best society. I suppose, however, that Harrow is just as good in this respect, or very nearly so. The only difference is that they have not so large an admixture of *poor* gentlemen’s sons. They have nothing in lieu of our seventy Collegers (who, being elected by merit, are really picked boys, the competition being very keen, fifty candidates for ten vacancies every year), and the candidates for College, and other frugal boys, living at Dames’ houses.

“There has been an alarm about Eton being a Puseyitical

school. Harrow has gained thereby, having a contrary reputation. The truth is that neither school has any distinctive religious character, any more than the London Clubs or the English aristocracy generally. Both schools, I believe, fairly represent English society in its good and its evil. * * *

“Perhaps I ought to tell you that a boy in a tutor’s house, at Eton, costs his father altogether, including all his personal expenses, such as clothes, journeys, pocket-money, medicine, on an average not less than £200 a-year. Many boys, however, spend £30 a-year in pocket money, some £50. * * * *

“Yours, sincerely,

“W. J.”

Some passages in the above letter I have been obliged to omit, as their tone of eulogy, however sincere on the writer’s part, might seem extravagant to a reader not under the influence of similar feelings. My Shrewsbury friend has treated the subject in a somewhat lighter vein, and his views do not precisely correspond with those of the Etonian.

“MY DEAR B.,

“The term ‘Public School,’ in its proper sense, is applied to all schools which have an endowment for the Master, and where the education is free, or nearly so, for the boys. The term is a translation of ‘libera schola,’ about the meaning of which there has been a good deal of discussion lately in the Court of Chancery. The Head-Mastership is in the gift of Trustees, whose choice is limited by charter to an M.A., B.D., or D.D. of Oxford or Cambridge. These

trustees are country gentlemen, or burgesses, who don't see the use of Latin and Greek, and want to turn the foundation into a commercial school, on which point they join issue with the Head-master. They get a dictionary, look out 'libera,' and find that it means *free*. The Head-master maintains that it means *liberal*, and assumes that a liberal education excludes the *three R's*, and all that could fit a man for standing behind a counter. *Adhuc sub judice lis est*, and as the *judex* is the Lord Chancellor, it is likely to remain under him till it is addled.

"In common parlance 'Public School' is only applied to the *larger* endowed schools. Thus, there is a small Grammar-school with an endowment of fifty merks per annum, at Boughton cum Bangaway; no one calls it a Public School: suppose a lease falls in, and the revenue becomes £3,000 instead of £33, 6s. 8d., a good scholar gets the Headship, boys come by hundreds, and call themselves 'Public School men' *nem. con.*

"I have heard Winchester and Eton men maintain that the term 'Public School' ought only to be applied to those two foundations which have a College, or *close* and *free* school distinct from the *open* and costly school *κατὰ κοινὴν ἐναποτίσαι χρήματα* (you remember the Collegers and Oppidans at Eton), and also a College at the University appropriate to them, New College and King's. But no one else recognises this limitation. Shrewsbury is a public school in precisely the same sense as Harrow or Rugby, though the numbers are not so great nor the endowment so large. It

acquired what celebrity it has, first under Dr. Butler (afterwards Bishop of Lichfield) and secondly, under Benjamin Kennedy, though the numbers are much diminished.

“It was founded, like many others, by Edward VI. out of the spoils of the Monasteries. I don't see how Repton can be called a private school, being endowed ; unless one calls it so as a mark of contempt for its scanty numbers. In all old towns (with very rare exceptions) are to be found endowed schools, generally connected with the municipality when there is one, not at all with the parochial system. Most of these schools are in a state of effeteness for want of the sinews of learning—money. Very often the founders left an estate to the borough magistrates, charged with a fixed payment to the Master of the school, fifty merks a-year say, which was a handsome sum three hundred years ago, but is hardly enough to find one in cigars now-a-days.

“Suits have been set on foot in some cases to compel the holders of the estate to comply with the *spirit* of the Founder's will, and pay as large a proportion of the rent as fifty merks was then. This has occurred at Ludlow.

“Sometimes the Dean and Chapter have been made patrons of the school, and have played the same dodge, e. g. at Rochester, where W——, one of our Fellows, Head-master of the school, is carrying on a *guerre à mort* with the Cathedral dignitaries. There was a debate about it in the House lately.

“Eton and Westminster are both Colleges, though at Eton there is a School besides. The reason of their being coupled

together is, I suppose, the old custom of rowing matches on the Thames, from which, both at Oxford and Cambridge, the two rivals join and form boating-clubs—you remember the ‘Third Trinity.’

“James I. wanted to make Trinity College the same appendage to Westminster that King’s is to Eton, or New College to Winchester; but some College Hampden resisted and defeated him. * * * *

“Ever yours, truly,

“W. G. C.”

I make no attempt to reconcile any contradictions in the three different accounts now laid before the reader, but merely present them, and leave him to judge for himself. It is certain, however, that Eton, which has not been out of fashion for a hundred and fifty years, stands pretty nearly “at the top of the tree.” The other schools differ very much in reputation, and in the characteristics of their pupils, as observable at the University.

Westminster was once the Court School, and for a long time rivalled Eton, but is now in a terrible state of decay. The position of the school in the heart of a great city had doubtless something to do with corrupting the boys’ morals, but would not entirely account for their low and ungentlemanly habits; nor could their general ignorance of everything but vice, be attributed to any other cause than gross neglect on the part of those who had the control over them. Even the Westminster Collegers who were annually elected to the three close Scholarships at Trinity, and who might reasonably

be expected to present the best specimens of the school, rarely did anything to distinguish themselves in the legitimate pursuits of the University. Within a few years Westminster has acquired a new Head-Master. If a conscientious man, he has such a work before him in the reformation of that school as no one would envy, and none *but* a very conscientious or a very bold man, or both, attempt.

Winchester has now less than two hundred pupils. Few of these come to Cambridge. They have a College of their own at Oxford (New College) which stands in the same relation to them that King's College, Cambridge, does to Eton, and which naturally takes their best men. A friend of mine who professed to know something about Winchester summed up his opinion of it in this sweeping sentence, that it was "stationary, illiberal, rough, coarse, and limited."

Harrow had the reputation of being a great place for the quasi-aristocracy—the sons of rich commoners—as Eton is for the sons of Noblemen. The Harrow men at Cambridge in my time were usually unfortunate, starting with a good reputation and breaking down in the long run. When Frederick Peel missed his Scholarship he was supposed to be going the same way, but he broke the charm by his First Class in the Tripos. This school also has gained a new Head-Master within a few years—I use the term *gained* designedly, for the present incumbent is C. J. Vaughan, whose name will be familiar to all attentive readers of Dr. Arnold's correspondence. Under his auspices the most favorable results may be hoped for, if he does not disappoint the

expectations which his own character and Arnold's friendship for him have raised.

This brings me to *Rugby*, so interesting from its association with the name of Arnold. (He died in 1842, and many of his last "Sixth Form" were my contemporaries or nearly so at Cambridge). The Rugby men were in general less brilliant and quick than the Etonians, good sound scholars, but not remarkably showy or striking; the Rugby exhibitor at Trinity was usually in the First Class of the Tripos, but not very high on it. But they were men of great weight and character; they seemed to have been really taught to think on ethical as well as purely intellectual subjects better than any set of young men I ever knew; they had better grounds for their belief, and always appeared to have looked into the reason of what they said or did, and to go back to first principles. Their veneration for Arnold's memory was unbounded; they spoke of his loss as a personal calamity, as one might speak of a near relative's death; and you could always recognise a Rugby man's room by the portrait conspicuously suspended in it. It was sometimes objected that the influence exerted by Arnold over the minds of his pupils had been *too great*—that it destroyed their originality and self-dependence. This was a common saying of the Apostles; I do not think it evinced their usual discrimination. Surely the liberal, independent, no-party nature of Arnold's mental and moral constitution, which prevented him from ever thoroughly acting with any side in politics, and made the Whigs afraid to give him a Bishopric, *could* not impress on

the minds of his scholars any blind partisan bias in politics or religion, such as a violent Puseyite, or Young Englander, or Calvinist, or Republican might have done. What he *did* impress upon his pupils was a love of truth, a reverence for reverend things, a philosophic habit of investigating principles, which tended to give them the reality of that "earnestness" which some of their despisers only pretended to possess or fancied they were possessing.

Shrewsbury, of which we have had occasion to make frequent mention, is one of the very first schools that a Freshman hears of in connexion with this Prize or that Scholarship. Even Eton does not send up such a proportion of the Cambridge Classics—in fact I doubt if any three schools together do, Eton included. The *Shrewsbury* men at Cambridge had a reputation for two things particularly, writing Greek Iambics and playing whist; but their general line was minute accuracy of Scholarship.* It may be inferred from this that they excelled in Greek rather than Latin, and their precision in Greek syntax was carried out to a refinement and minuteness hardly paralleled even in Law or Mathematics. In most things they displayed a hard and subtle acuteness, such as one is accustomed to deem a national characteristic of Scots rather than Englishmen: this showed itself in their very relaxations. Whist, I have said, was their favorite amusement, and they played it purely *for* amuse-

* It was said of a *Shrewsbury* man who was Senior Classic in my time, that he had never been known to make a mistake in a Classical paper during his whole University career.

ment ; the few shillings at stake could have had little to do with the interest displayed. I often watched a table or two of Shrewsbury men before and after supper, and it was singular to see such youths playing nearly as scientifically and quite as silently as the oldest and most experienced hands, never making a gesture of impatience or exultation, or opening their mouths except during the deals.

It was said, and with reason, that they crammed too much for the one object of the Classical Tripos, and devoted too much time to making themselves machines for the construction of Greek Iambics. For instance, they read too little Homer at school through fear of becoming too familiar with Heroic Greek to the injury of their Attic. It was owing to this Homeric deficiency and their not being quite up to some of the other schools in Latin verse, that a Shrewsbury candidate for the Bell Scholarship was usually unsuccessful, while he as usually beat one or both of the Bell Scholars in the Classical Tripos. Their accurate habits were of great service to them in Mathematics ; they seldom read for high degrees, but were always pretty safe to get through or be Senior Optimes as their Classical prospects required. Apart from this necessary digression they in most cases confined themselves vigorously to their Classical studies, but after the Degree and the Tripos they expanded and developed with great rapidity, taking in a variety of miscellaneous knowledge, and displaying a number of qualities and capabilities for which one would not have been disposed to give them credit previously. They afforded the most striking example of what

is a common feature in English education, a mental development held in abeyance and working unseen under the pressure of study, which starts out into full life on the removal of the pressure.

I have been thus particular in speaking of Shrewsbury, because the peculiar style of Scholarship which originated there has invaded and pervaded that of Cambridge, where Latin Composition and "cram" have yielded the first place to Greek Composition and metaphysical syntax—in brief, Greek has got the better of Latin, and language of matter.

The King Edward VI. School, Birmingham, had a great reputation which began within late years, in fact after I entered the University. In five years it sent up five scholars of the highest order, of whom all were Fellows of Trinity, four Senior Classics (alone or bracketed) and two Double Firsts, besides some high Wranglers, for Mathematics as well as Classics were well attended to there. They were mostly what would be called *slashing* men, who could do a great deal and do it well, though there was considerable variety among them, little uniformity of method and much originality. Thus the two candidates for the head of the Tripos in our year whom I have already mentioned as very different in their style and *forte*, were from the Birmingham school.

Repton, where Peile the editor of *Æschylus* is Head-Master, though a small school, was sending some very good men to Cambridge a few years ago.

While speaking of English schools it would be unjust to pass over one immortalized by the quaint genius of Lamb,

and in which the circumstance that one of my most intimate and valued friends was educated at it, often made me feel something like a personal interest—*Christ's Hospital*, otherwise known as the *Blue Coat School*. It is purely a charitable establishment; the pupils have retained their distinctive dress (a blue gown, yellow leggings, and no hat) ever since its foundation, and are obliged to wear it continuously even in vacation time, and when absent from London. This school has several very good Exhibitions * at different Cambridge Colleges, some of them worth as much as £100 a-year; these are frequently filled by crack men, both in Classics and Mathematics—more frequently the former. This may be deemed no wonder when the worldly prospects of these youths depended so entirely for a favorable start on their academic success. It was more surprising to find in them a great deal of general knowledge, a love of poetry, refined taste, and often a touch of romance in their characters, altogether coming up to one's ideal of the poor scholar, such as is oftener met with in novels than in real life. There was a distinctive peculiarity in their external appearance by which they were easily recognised. Closely cropped hair constituted a part of the school regulation costume; on their emancipation into the University they let their locks grow to

* An *Exhibition* is something like a College Scholarship in the gift of a particular school, but the Exhibitioner has no privileges beyond the pecuniary emolument, and it does not interfere with his sitting for an ordinary Scholarship.

the longest extent permitted by the usages of English civilization.

The reader may have observed that, with one or two exceptions, the schools enumerated are distinguished for *Classics* alone, and he may ask where the Mathematicians are trained. They certainly do not, as a general rule, come from the Public Schools. Many of them are fitted in private; some of those who enter at the Small Colleges are very deficient in 'Classics, nor do they read any at the University except their First-Year College subjects and Little-Go authors. Many come from King's College, London. This is the Established Church part of the London University, in opposition to University College. The students attend like scholars at a day-school, or the students of Columbia College; it is somewhat as if Columbia should prepare pupils for Yale or Harvard. Many of the King's College, London, men, are capital scholars, though not being equal to the Public School men in Composition, they seldom take the very highest places on the Tripos; still they had one Senior and one Second Medalist during the interval between 1839 and 1849. In Mathematics they were very successful, and turned out a number of high Wranglers; they had the Senior Wrangler twice while I was at the University. Professor De Morgan is the great Mathematical coach there, and it is probably the only place where Mathematicians enjoy a preparatory drill in searching written examinations, corresponding to that of the Classical men at the Public Schools, and as similar as theirs to what both have to experience in their University course.

The "*Colleges*" now founding all over England, *e. g.* at Brighton, Marlborough, Liverpool, Birkenhead, Fleetwood, are great schools, but not at all like Eton or Harrow, or any of the old public schools, great or small, any more than the London University is like Oxford or Cambridge. In some respects they have the advantage, being cheaper, more systematic, and attending better to Mathematical studies.

Durham University, which was established to supply a cheaper place of education for North-Country clergymen than the two old Universities, is still in its infancy, and one seldom hears much about it. I believe it answers its purpose pretty well.

While speaking of English preparatory places of education, it may be well to say a word of the Scotch Universities, respecting which some curiosity is occasionally manifested by our countrymen. I knew several Cantabs (North-Country men * and Scotchmen) who had been at Glasgow, which they regarded as a preparatory school. From their report I should imagine that the Scotch Universities occupied an intermediate position between ours and the English, in point of classical and rhetorical attainments, age of pupils, and soundness and variety of studies. There are some very good schools in Scotland, one in particular (though I cannot now recall the name and locality of it), which sends a number of good men to Cambridge and Oxford; but though taking good places, they did not come up to the English standard of the highest excellence in scholarship. From what I know of

* *I. e.* from the northern counties of England.

Trinity College, Dublin, I should be inclined to say the same of it as of the Scotch Universities. Some of its graduates, indeed, will tell you that the standard of the Fellowships and other chief Honors there is higher than that of *any* academical institution in the world (I have seen this assertion publicly made in print); but undervaluing himself is not an Irishman's fault. I owe my "rudiments" to a Trin. Coll. Dub. man, and am not disposed to speak lightly of the classical acquirements of its members, but truth compels me to say that their Greek does not appear to be of the first water. The Cantabs used to say of them that they were always writing Greek verses in some magazine, and never printed a copy which did not show a fundamental ignorance of the laws of syntax and prosody. It is a peculiarity of this institution that the *Fellows are allowed to marry*, probably by way of asserting a Protestant principle.

BEING EXTINGUISHED.

Χαλεπῶς σφαλεῖς.—THUCYD. LIB. IV.

Grievously upset.—LECTURER'S TRANSLATION.

DURING the week spent at Eton, it was expected that the result of the Tripos would be declared ; but the absence of an examiner put it off for a week longer. More fidget and more speculating. After my mishaps in Greek Prose and Latin Verse, I ought to have made up my mind to die decently, but then I was conscious of having sent up a rather neat bit of prose, and Iambics that were a little above my average—so said a friend to whom I showed the rough copy. Re-examination of the translation papers disclosed some glaring mistakes, but every one makes mistakes, except now and then a Shrewsbury man. The betting was against me, but there was some money on me even. The examiners were more taciturn than usual and let nothing be suspected beforehand. The only generally received rumor was that Frederick Peel (who had been working like three horses all the Long) was coming up wonderfully and going to be *the* successful outsider of the year ; and this rested more on the firm conviction and positive assertions of his coach than on anything that had leaked out.

At last it was unofficially announced that the Tripos would be out on the morrow. All that night I sat up playing

whist with two or three interested parties, and two or three not interested, who had benevolently sacrificed themselves for the occasion. Our host was a good-natured Mathematician, still taking it easy after his successful exertions to obtain a place among the first twenty Wranglers. We played straight on from 10 P. M. till 6 A. M., only stopping to put coal on the fire from a diminutive scuttle, or champagne into ourselves from a large pewter mug.* Then we went to dress, for the daily clean shirt is part of an Englishman's religion, and after that to chapel. Most of the competitors were there, and a very pale, uneasy, used-up set we looked. I was particularly struck with the appearance of one young man of Irish extraction, a hard student, but not naturally clever, who finally came out third Classic and Second Medallist. He was ghastly pale and seemed hardly able to stand. Poor fellow! he had another source of anxiety that we knew not of. For some time he had been on the high road to Rome—very secretly—and was then practising various ascetic acts of devotion and penance. About a year after he went openly over to the enemy, leaving an Orange father to bewail his untimely fate.

After chapel, to breakfast with what appetite I might, and then to billiards—anything to pass away the morning. It was nearly the dinner hour when I strolled down, for the third or fourth time, in the direction of the *quasi*-University

* The big, glass-bottomed pewter mug is an article of furniture to be found on almost every Cantab's premises. Its primary and ordinary use is for imbibing beer; on unceremonious occasions it serves for the reception of any potable fluid.

Bookseller's, where the Tripos list was always posted. A great crowd surrounded the shop as was customary on such occasions; a Trinity man whom I knew was emerging from it. "Where am I?" "Second in the Second Class."

On hearing this double mediocrity of position assigned me, I had need of all my philosophy. Though from the first the limited time I was able to read had made the chances greatly against me, and other things had combined to let me down gradually, I certainly was considerably sold by the final result—indeed I don't know if I ever was as much so before or since. However, I disguised my mortification, and pushed my way in. The first acquaintance I saw was a Small Colleger, who had last year taken two of the Browne's Medals, the Greek and Latin Odes, beating our best Trinity men, and whose name was now just above mine, leading off the Second Class. He was standing up like Miss Barrett's "statue thunder-struck," overwhelmed by the shock, but expressing no emotion. When he caught sight of me, his feelings first found vent at the presence of one so nearly in the same predicament, and he broke out with "*I do* think they might have drawn the line a little lower!"

All the men of the year who had taken University Prizes (except one unfortunate "gulfed" in Mathematics) were in the Second Class, namely the Small Colleger aforesaid, myself, and my quondam Methodist friend, who had contributed so much to the introduction of sherry-cobblers. One of the examiners afterwards told me that all this Second Class (twelve out of twenty-four—two men were not placed) lay

very close together, so that there was but little difference between the first and last man in it. Peel had leaped the gap, and was the last of the six who composed the First Class. Should this gentleman carry out in Parliament the habit he had at the University, of failing when he was expected to succeed and succeeding when he was expected to fail, he will be a very bothering man to both friends and opponents.

If inclined to take refuge in the proverbial consolation of misery, I had certainly company enough. Not only had *every man* in the Second Class cherished some hope of a First, but one of the aspirants to that honor had dropped into the Third. Such accidents are not uncommon with Double men, who, in working up their Mathematics the last year, are apt to let their Classics go down.

In one respect the standard of the Classical Tripos is higher than that of the Mathematical; more knowledge, both positively and comparatively speaking, is required for the lower places. The first man of the Third Class approaches much nearer to a Classic than the first Junior Optime does to a Mathematician, and his marks bear a much larger proportion to the Senior Classic's than the other's do to the Senior Wrangler's. The same difference extends throughout; the last man of the First Class is much better in his line than the last Wrangler in *his*; and the Small Colleges, which give their Fellowships according to the Degrees, show this by requiring a candidate to be in the First Class of the Tripos, or—not merely a Wrangler, but—among the first fifteen or

twenty Wranglers, thus putting the First Class in Classics and the first half of the First Class in Mathematics on an equality.

I have said that for an unmathematical man it requires a good deal of honest hard work to get a place anywhere on the Mathematical Tripos. I conclude this chapter by saying that to take even a good Second in Classics, one must, as a general rule, have read a large quantity, and be able to display a considerable knowledge of the Ancient Languages. No one knows how hard a First Class is to obtain, unless he has either *just got it* or *just missed it*.

READING FOR A TRINITY FELLOWSHIP.

"It was such as literary society ought to be, composed of men of real learning ; of friends confiding in the mutual esteem entertained by all, undisturbed by ambitious quacks or impudent pretenders."—**GRIFFIN'S REMAINS.**

SELL or no sell, the affair was definitively settled. "All the king's money and all the king's men" could not give me the chance over again. The first effect of my disappointment was that it made me resolve to leave Cambridge at once. I packed up my books—a couple of trunks contained with ease the rest of my effects—sent them in charge to a bookseller, and waited on our College tutor to resign my Scholarship. He refused to present my resignation, and begged me to wait awhile, intimating his expectation that I would stay and read for a Fellowship, and his belief that there were not more than four men in the year who stood a better chance (there were ultimately but four Fellows out of our year). After my Classical degree, this seemed a mere compliment and *façon de parler* ; still, as there was no pressing necessity for my resignation, I consented to withdraw it, and went off on a fortnight's run through Belgium and France. Before that fortnight was over, my feelings underwent a change. The first impulse passed away, and I found myself attracted

back to the old place. Of a Fellowship I had the faintest possible chance, not worth taking into account, but the reading for one would be profitable and not unamusing; the pursuit and acquisition of learning had become a pleasure to me; I had formed some very agreeable friendships with men whose professional occupations would retain them at the University; I was not in sufficiently strong health to travel to the best advantage, and could recruit better during the coming season at home (which Cambridge had now been to me for three years and more) than elsewhere. So, on the whole, I resolved to return thither, for a while, at least, as a Bachelor.

The principal business of a Trinity Bachelor Scholar in residence (no Bachelors, except Scholars and Fellow-Commoners, are allowed to retain their rooms in College beyond the term subsequent to that in which they take their degree) is reading for a Fellowship. The M.A. *incept*s in about three years and two months from the time of taking his first degree, though he does not become a *full* M.A. till the July following—three years and a half in all. The Fellowship Examination is held in October, so that a candidate has three chances during his Bachelorship. Success on the first trial is rare, except in the case of a Senior Wrangler, or high Double First. A Senior Classic, unless a high Wrangler also, is seldom chosen the first time. This happens not from the preponderance of Mathematics in the examination (for the reverse is the case), but because a *Trinity* Senior Wrangler is usually a very superior man generally, not behind-hand in

Classics, and often first, or among the first, on the Metaphysical paper.

The Examination consists of Classics, Mathematics, and a number of subjects conveniently comprehended under the title of Metaphysics.

The Classical Examination nearly resembles that of the Classical Tripos. The Composition is about the same in amount, but the Translation papers are only three in number, two Greek and one Latin; and there is a long paper of general questions in Ancient History, Antiquities, Philology, Civil Law, &c.—a “cram” paper in short. One extract from the Greek verse paper is to be translated into English verse. Under these circumstances, a man who has taken a high Classical degree rather seeks to review and polish up than enlarge his reading; but a Mathematician, especially if he has come to the University tolerably well prepared in Classics, and temporarily neglected them to read Mathematics for his Degree, will often extend his knowledge of Greek and Latin considerably. A Mathematician *very* deficient in Classics stands little chance, unless he be first-rate indeed in his branch, and also very good on the Metaphysical paper. I imagine Classics weigh at least as much as the other two together.

There are only two Mathematical papers, and these consist almost entirely of high questions; what a Junior Op. or low Senior Op. can do in them amounts to nothing, and the Classical men usually cut them entirely.

The third branch of the examination comprises several subjects more or less connected among themselves.

1st. The History of Metaphysics. I say the *History* of Metaphysics, because an explanation of the theories of different schools rather than a support of any particular one is expected.

2d. Moral Philosophy, considered not only in an historical, but also in a practical and, so to speak, polemical point of view.

3d. Political Economy, considered, like Metaphysics, rather in an historical than a partisan light.

4th. International Law.

5th. General Philology.

It is possible that questions are sometimes set on this paper not strictly reducible to any of the above heads. It intentionally covers a great deal of ground, one of its objects being to bring out clever men and men of general and, at the same time, deep reading beyond the immediate sphere of Classical and Mathematical studies. Except in Moral Philosophy, there is no preferred class of opinions. In Ethics, the dominant school was *anti-Paley*—that of the *independent moralists*, as they were called at Cambridge, among whom Butler occupies a high rank, and Whewell, as one of his interpreters, no contemptible one. No particular opinions being prescribed in the other subjects, there are of course no particular text-books—no substantially similar courses of reading for all candidates. The only works which can come under this category are, Dr. Whewell's *History and Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences*, and *Moral Philosophy, including Polity*. His double position as Professor of

Casuistry in the University, and Master of the College, has procured him this distinction, and you may always be sure of finding several questions set from his books.

In general the *Greek* and *English* authors are those most attended to. Plato and Aristotle, in their ethical, metaphysical, and political speculations, come in for a large share of attention; and with them, consequently, their historians and commentators, particularly Ritter. Cudworth is a favorite author. Mill's *Logic* became a standard work immediately on its publication. The older Scotch Metaphysicians are not in high repute. Cousin is read to some extent; Comte, I fancy, not much. The German Transcendentalists are not very deeply dipped into; most men were afraid of them. The Trinity receipt for getting-up Kant was, "read the first forty pages of the '*Kritik*' and the *Index*." There are generally two or three men who acquit themselves very stylishly on this paper, and cover a great extent of ground in the three or four hours allotted to it. An acquaintance of mine, who stood first in Metaphysics, and gained his Fellowship by it, confined himself chiefly to one question, an ethical one—in discussing which, he took up and answered, piece by piece, a recent article in the *Edinburgh* which had attracted his attention. Probably the paper which he sent in would have made a respectable pendant both for quantity and quality to that which had suggested it. Another man, who was second in the same examination, wrote up not only all the paper, but all the *ink* within his reach.

The average age of taking the B.A. may be set down at

twenty-two years and three months, so that a Trinity man usually borders upon twenty-five when he attains the dignity of Fellow. The Fellowships are tenable for seven years from the time of taking the M.A to such of the Fellows as do not go into Orders; those who do, may hold them till death or matrimony. For a Barrister this seven years' Fellowship is just the thing, as it gives him a support (£200 a year) long enough to start him in his profession, and carry him past thirty, by which time he has usually begun to do something if he ever means to, nor are the two or three years spent in procuring it by any means wasted, the training being in many respects calculated to fit him for his vocation.

The number of vacancies varies from three to eight, averaging five, so that about one of three Scholars becomes a Fellow. All the Scholars, however, are not candidates to the end. Some never feel warranted in going in at all; others go in the first year and then give up.

The majority of candidates take pupils. This is considered, when a man has *good* pupils (and with a good Degree he can exercise some choice in the matter) rather a help than a hindrance. Sometimes a Bachelor who has set his heart on being a Fellow, continues to read with his private tutor, but this is considered *infra dig.*, and seldom practised. Tutors have been known to refuse such applications. A modified form of coaching somewhat more common is where two friends assist each other reciprocally. But in general the Bachelor is expected to rely on himself.

I remained at Cambridge nearly the whole summer of

1845, a capital specimen of an English summer, for it rained every day without exception, and my daily ride combined the additional advantage of a shower-bath. My amateur Mathematical coach, who was now making his last spirt for a Fellowship, used to accompany me on these excursions, and we always expected the ducking as a matter of course and prepared ourselves accordingly. A Jew would not have given ten shillings sterling for both our wardrobes. My studies during this time were a great amusement as well as occupation. Into the Metaphysics proper I did not go far, in fact all my performance in that line was to read three or four hundred pages of Mill's Logic. This was chiefly owing to my curiosity to finish some of the works of Plato and Aristotle which I had begun the previous summer—the *Republic*, the *Nicomachean Ethics*, the *Politics*—and these books being read not merely for the language, but with more attention to the subject-matter than if they had been got up merely for Tripos purposes, looked indirectly towards the Metaphysical course. In the afternoon and evening I reviewed some of Cicero's more difficult Orations in company with my friend, thus at the same time paying off my old debts to him and keeping up my fluency in Latin Prose. With the same double purpose I used to revise his Latin Prose Composition, but a shot which I made for the Member's Prize proved unsuccessful. Also I made my first regular attack on Italian along with another friend who had taken the highest Classical Honors, and was now resting after his toils in the *otium cum dig.* of a Small College Don. But

THE STUDY OF THEOLOGY AT CAMBRIDGE.

"Were a German scholar to give his opinion on our universities, he would say that they constitute only a philosophical faculty with a small intermixture of theology."—JOURNAL OF EDUCATION, vol. x. p. 69.

THE American, and to a great extent the Continental, idea of a University, is an institution for purposes of liberal education, which, besides a *general* academic department, comprises three special faculties, Law, Physic, and Divinity, to which the other faculty is deemed preparatory. The existence of these separate faculties is generally considered with us the distinctive mark of a *University* as opposed to a *College*. Judged by this rule the English Universities would be no Universities at all. The faculties of law and physic are represented in them by the slightest vestiges. Thus at Cambridge there is a Professor of Civil Law who lectures and examines a class of about twenty-four men a-year, and a Downing Professor of the Laws of England, who does not lecture or examine at all—at least, he did not in my day. The Professors of Botany, Chemistry, and Anatomy, have classes varying from three to thirty. Medical school, in the ordinary sense of the term, there is none. Ask an English University man why these things are so, and he will answer

that it is because the purely professional part of Law and Physic cannot be taught anywhere so well as at the metropolis, where the great hospitals and great courts are. With Divinity the case is different. A large number of the University graduates, probably more than half, being destined for the Church, and the chapels, clerical dress, and general routine of the place, adapting it well for getting up the mere formal part of the profession, that study is necessarily pursued to a considerable extent. Even here, however, the University does not pretend to *complete* the professional education, each bishop holding private examination, by his chaplain, of the candidates whom he admits to Holy Orders.

The state of instruction in and encouragement to the study of Theology were thus set forth in the report of a syndicate appointed to consider the subject in 1842 :—

In the Previous Examination and in the Ordinary Examination for the B. A. degree, the University requires an acquaintance with one of the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles in the original Greek, with Paley's Evidences and Paley's Moral Philosophy.

The other encouragements and aids to Theological studies offered at present by the University (in addition to what is done by Lectures, Examinations, Prizes, &c., in the several Colleges) consist of

The examinations and disputations conducted by the Regius Professor of Divinity in order to Divinity degrees: (see note A.)

The Lectures of the Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity: (see note B.)

The Lectures of the Norrisian Professor of Divinity : (see note C.)

The Lectures of the Knightbridge Professor of Moral Theology : (see Note D.)

The Lectures of the Regius Professor of Hebrew :

The three Crosse Theological Scholarships :

The six Tyrwhitt Hebrew Scholarships :

The Prize (occasionally given on the Tyrwhitt bequest) for a Dissertation on some subject connected with Hebrew Literature :

The Prize for the Hulsean Dissertation : (about £100.)

The Prize for the Norrisian Dissertation : (£12.)

NOTE A.

The superintendence of all Exercises, required for the degrees of Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity, is committed to the Regius Professor of Divinity ; who also is much engaged in Examinations more or less connected with Theological studies.

NOTE B.

Memorandum of the Lectures delivered by the Lady Margaret Professor since his election in 1839.

I. On the *Early Fathers* :

Introductory Lectures showing, 1st, from her express declarations, and 2ndly, from her structure and services, the regard the Church of England pays to early antiquity :

On the Apostolical Fathers (the Lectures on Ignatius prefaced by an abridgment of Bishop Pearson's *Vindiciæ Ignatianæ*); on Justin Martyr; Tatian; Athenagoras; Theophilus; and Irenæus; the last, now in the course of delivery.

The object of these Lectures is to put the hearers eventually in possession of a knowledge of all the Fathers of the first three centuries : The plan has been to go through each

Father in detail ; to give the substance of the author, where more than this did not seem necessary ; to translate at full and explain, where a passage was remarkable : and lastly, to sum up the whole (with references) under several heads, such as, Evidences, Canon of Scripture, Interpretation of Scripture, Sacraments, Ecclesiastical discipline and polity, Points of controversy with Rome, Classical illustrations, &c.

When the Course is completed, it may be adjusted to the period of an undergraduate's residence in the University : meanwhile parts of it are repeated, and advances made in it, every year.

II. A Course of practical Lectures *on the acquirements, and principal obligations and duties of the Parish-Priest :*

Introductory Lecture, on the ministerial character of St. Paul :

On the Reading of the Parish-Priest ; (advising (1) the study of the Scriptures in the original languages, with examples of the advantage of this, and other hints for reading them ; (2) the study of the Fathers of the first three centuries, with illustrations of the benefit to be derived from this study ; (2) the study of the English Reformation in the documents set forth seriatim by the Reformers ; a list of these given, with remarks on each : The whole intended to put the students on applying themselves to original authorities, as the sources of sound knowledge, and to divert them from such as are only secondary and derivative :) On the composition of Sermons : On Schools, Sunday and Daily, the method of establishing, maintaining, and conducting them : On Parochial Ministrations, especially visiting the sick : On ordinary Pastoral Intercourse : On the observance of Rubric and Canons : On the general Rules by which the Parish-Priest should be guided.

The Margaret Professor proposes to deliver this latter series

neither of us went very zealously at our new pursuit, and our acquaintance with the tongue of Dante never became, to borrow a very old Joe Miller, a speaking acquaintance. There was a tempting Fellows' garden belonging to his College, that overhung the Cam, with a carpet-like green to play bowls on, a mossy wall on one side and all sorts of vines with variety of flowers creeping over it, and a little table under a big tree, just the place to sip claret and eat huge strawberries. There we used to drop our Italian grammars, forget how *tre viaggiatori trovarono un tesoro*, and talk criticism and æsthetics till we had fairly talked each other out; and some months after his part of the conversation would meet me, like an old friend in a strange place, when I opened a new Edinburgh or Fraser.

The Bachelor in most cases gives himself a kind of half holiday his first summer, as, not expecting a Fellowship at the first trial, he does not particularly lay himself out for one. Thus the men about me were more assimilated to my habits of half-work, and I had more opportunities of observing what had often struck me before—the development which takes place in an Englishman's mind after the age of twenty-two, when he recovers in two or three years all the ground which he *appeared* to have lost as compared with an American, Scotch, or Continental student, and gains a great deal more. The new traits of character, mental and moral, the new capabilities and veins of thought which were then displayed, the way in which they sucked up, as it were, for mere amuse-

ment, different kinds of knowledge from all quarters—all these things were most interesting to observe.

It has been mentioned that some Bachelors sit in the first examination who do not present themselves at the succeeding ones. Sometimes the reverse happens, and a man who wishes to reserve himself for the second trial does not show his hand at the first. This was my case ; six weeks before the time I was in Switzerland, where, and in Italy, I passed the autumn and most of the winter. Even among these new scenes the reminiscences of the study clung to me ; I carried along a volume of Plato and another of Thucydides, which were oftener in my hand than in my trunk. Before leaving Cambridge I had sent in an essay for the *King William*, a prize left for the competition of Trinity Bachelors by some good Protestant ; and at Rome I heard of my success. March found me in my old quarters again, reading Plato's Laws and making an analysis of them as I went on, while my evenings were employed in a critical perusal of the Epistle to the Romans, in conjunction with a friend who was reading a little Theology not professionally. But the time had arrived when it was necessary for me to decide a question on which I had been pondering for several months, whether I should "gang or bide." Loving the place as I did, I could not disguise from myself the fact of my being in a false position there. I would rather have been a Fellow of Trinity than anything which I could rationally hope to be in my own country, and there was a chance, though a very remote one, of my getting a Fellowship ; but long before that was deter-

mined, I must have become an Englishman out and out, by process of gradual assimilation. Five years' residence where a man is an alien in religion may not altogether qualify him to be a citizen, but when he is of the same religious persuasion with those about him, and both he and they indifferent in politics, it begins to have a marked effect. I say *indifferent in politics*, for the adiaphorism of the better class in England at that time, was hardly credible to one who had first seen them in 1840 and 1841. They went pretty much where Sir Robert Peel chose to lead them, and the liberal, or so called, interests were sufficiently in the ascendancy to please any but a very strong Radical. News from America began to sound to me like news from abroad. I no longer took a personal interest in it. When unable to bear the voyage homeward, I had longed passionately after my native country; now that I was able to go, I had lost all inclination. My Cambridge friends were fast filling up the place that had been occupied by my relatives at home. External events hastened my decision. The Oregon difficulties were looking very black. Nothing that our papers or publications *said*, seemed half so like war as the silence of the English. A settled idea appeared to pervade the country, that we—or a majority of us—were determined to have a war, that it was not their fault and they couldn't help it, and must only be ready for it when it came.

It was like tearing myself up by the roots to leave Cambridge. I gave in my resignation this time without recall, and took my name off the boards. The tutor argued with

me for some time, and at last finding my determination not to be shaken, admitted that I was quite right to go. Then, by way of re-asserting my nationality, I put up a motion at the Union (the questions for debate are always proposed in the form of motions), that the American claims in Oregon were just and reasonable, or something to that effect. The subject was discussed in a rational tone, and the majority against us very small. Finally I took leave of my friends in a series of dinners, leaving them as last memorials a French dish (*bisque d'écrevisse*), and an American one (cocoa-nut pudding), that there might be a pleasant memory of the transatlantic in their mouths. On a fine May morning I took my last walk in the grounds of Trinity; they had never looked more beautiful. Sorry as I then was to quit the spot, I have never since regretted that I did so.

of Lectures, with such alterations or additions as may suggest themselves, every second or third year, so that all students intended for Holy Orders may have an opportunity of hearing them.

NOTE C.

Outline of the Lectures delivered by the Norrisian Professor since his election in 1838.

I. The provision made by the Church of England for securing in Candidates for Holy Orders,

- 1 Moral fitness.
- 2 Literary qualifications.
- 3 Soundness in Doctrine.

Occasion is taken to explain what is implied in subscription to Articles of Religion generally—and in subscription to the Three Propositions contained in the 36th Canon particularly—references being, at the same time, given to Authors who have treated of these several subjects.

II. The course of reading desirable to be pursued by the Candidate for Holy Orders is then considered, as embracing

- a. The Sacred Scriptures* in the original Languages—and under this head is given a detailed account of some of
 - i. The principal Editions of the Hebrew Bible and Greek Testament.
 - ii. The Hebrew and Greek Lexicons } to the sacred
..... Concordances } Scriptures.
 - iii. The commentaries on the Old and New Testament.
 - iv. Those writers who have treated of the Chronology, Geography, Antiquities, &c., of the Scriptures.

A selection being made in each case, for the biblical Student, of such books as seem, to the Professor, best adapted for the Student's use and circumstances,

β. *The Prayer-Book.* Under this head are noticed

- i. The conformity of the English Liturgy with the Scriptures, and with the best portions of the Liturgies of Antiquity.
- ii. The modifications which the Prayer-Book has undergone.
- iii. The importance of an accurate acquaintance with
 - a. The office for the Administration of Baptism.
 - b. Holy Communion.
 - c. The Office for the Ordering of Deacons and Priests.
 - d. Those of the XXXIX. Articles which treat of the doctrine of the Sacraments.

In the discussion of these several subjects references are given to such writers as treat of them respectively.

γ. *The Church of England* as respects her

- A. *History.* Comprising under this division notices of
 - i. The Ancient British Church.
 - ii. The Anglo-Saxon
 - iii. The Anglo-Norman
 - iv. The Reformed

The more important eras in each being pointed out, and books mentioned in which information respecting the subject-matter may be obtained.

B. *Polity.* Comprising an inquiry into

- i. The Scriptural authority for a Threefold Ministry.
- ii. The validity of the Orders of the English Church.

The principal writers on these subjects being referred to as occasion requires.

C. *Controversies,* With

- i. Infidelity.

The bearing and importance of Natural Religion, as connected with Revelation, being pointed out.

ii. Romanism.

Mentioning in detail the chief points in dispute with Romanists, and in the history of the Romish Controversy in this country.

iii. Dissent.

Marking the peculiarities of dissent, and the different forms it has assumed both doctrinally and in its workings.

The writers from whom information on these several topics may be obtained being severally referred to.

D. *Ministrations.*

i. Preaching.

Taking occasion under this head to refer to sources from whence instruction may be derived respecting

- a. The style and composition of Sermons ; and then,
- b. Giving a List of some Authors whose Sermons may be read with advantage.

ii. Parochial duties.

In connexion with which such Books are referred to, as treat of

- a. The spiritual duties and general conduct of a Clergyman.
- b. Or relate to the secular affairs of a Parish.

E. *Endowments.* Under this head notice is taken of

- i. The general principles involved in Establishments, as contrasted with, what is called,
- ii. The Voluntary Principle.

Then is noticed,

- a. The origin of our Parochial and Cathedral endowments.
- b. Some of the chief points in their history :

References being given to writers on these subjects respectively.

Besides the several topics which have been thus recited, it should be borne in mind that the main outlines of the Evidences and Doctrines of Christianity are discussed in such portions of Pearson on the Creed as are read and commented upon in the Course of the Lectures.

NOTE D.

The Professorship of "Moral Theology or Casuistry," founded by Dr. Knightbridge, is considered by the present holder of it as a Professorship of Moral Philosophy. During the last three years, he has delivered three courses of Lectures upon the History of Moral Philosophy, especially its history in England since the Reformation. During the present year he is delivering a course of Lectures on the difficulties which attend the formation of a System of Morality, and the mode of overcoming them.

By way of elucidation and comment it may be observed :

1. A certificate of attendance on the Divinity Lectures is requisite to obtain the College testimonials for Orders ; these lectures are therefore very numerous attended, and by not a few Undergraduates.

2. The exercises required for Degrees in Divinity are Latin theses, and the only remains of the old system of "keeping acts," which is now represented in the Degrees in Arts merely by payment of a small fee.

3. Hebrew is not *essential* to admission into Holy Orders. Probably half the candidates have not studied it. But it is coming to be more and more required by the bishops in

their theological examinations. I think it may be assumed that the study of Hebrew is more advanced in this country than in England. Several English scholars have admitted as much to me. On the other hand the Alexandrine Greek, particularly the Greek Testament, is more carefully and accurately read there than here. Some portions of the Testament, the Acts for instance, are worked up with very great care, every subject relating to them, critical, historical, geographical, antiquarian, controversial, being elaborated with the utmost pains.

4. In 1846, was established an annual voluntary Theological examination, open to all graduates at any time after taking their B.A. This examination consists of the Greek Testament, certain assigned portions of the early Fathers, Ecclesiastical History, the Church of England Articles and Liturgy. The names of those who pass respectably are published in alphabetical order. There is a subsequent examination in Hebrew for such as choose to present themselves, and to which Bachelors in Civil Law are also admitted. Many of the Bishops now require that candidates for Orders in their dioceses shall have passed this voluntary Theological examination before presenting themselves to be privately examined by the chaplain.

5. There is no specified time necessary to be spent in preparing for Orders. Any B.A. twenty-three years old, and having the necessary Professorial and College certificates, may present himself, subject to the particular conditions of his Bishop.

I cannot better conclude this chapter than by giving a list of books which I selected with a friend's assistance, as the nucleus of a Theological Library, just before quitting the University. They present a tolerably fair specimen of the reading which a candidate for Orders, whose Bishop did not require Hebrew, would go through :—

Schleusner's New Testament Lexicon.

Bloomfield's Recensio Synoptica.

The Apostolic Fathers (Hefele's edition.)

Clemens Alexandrinus.

Justin Martyr.

Cyprian.

Tertullian's Apology.

St. Augustine *De Civitate Dei*.

The Bishop of Lincoln on Justin Martyr.

— on Clemens Alexandrinus.

Collier's Church History.

Waddington's Church History.

Bingham's Christian Antiquities.

Landor's Manual of Councils.

Kitto's Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature.

Bernard's Vitringa's Synagogue and the Church.

Lyall's Propædia Prophetica—

Horne on the Psalms.

Pearson on the Creed.

Leighton's Works.

Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity.

Maurice's Kingdom of Christ.

Maurice's Epistle to the Hebrews.

———— Religions of the World.

Trench's Notes on the Miracles.

———— the Parables.

———— Hulsean Lectures.

———— Whately's Essays.

Some small commentaries on the Acts are omitted as being publications of an ephemeral nature and varying from year to year.

RECENT CHANGES AT CAMBRIDGE.

Probably most persons will allow that a great degree of caution is requisite in legislating on the subject of education.—WHEWELL.

A LARGE class of hasty reasoners are accustomed to talk and doubtless to think, of the English Universities as old hulks water-logged, or run aground in the stream of modern improvement, regions systematically opposed to emendation, and uninvasion by the much boasted-of "march of intellect," where the same things are taught in the same way year after year and age after age. How far this reproach may be applicable to Oxford I shall not pretend to say, but there certainly never was an academical institution less liable to the charge than Cambridge. I will venture to say that there is not an American College which has experienced during the last ten years so many and so important changes, additions, and improvements, as that great University. Nor is this to be wondered at when we consider that the governing body comprises men of different pursuits and preferences, Classics, Mathematicians, and Divines in large numbers, Metaphysicians and Casuists more numerous than an outsider or one superficially acquainted with the place might suppose, followers of natural science, less influential than the other classes, yet not without their weight, all eagerly on the look-out for any improvement in their favorite

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branch, and equally so for an occasion of urging their claims to greater attention and privileges. The clever men who remain attached to the University are very soon put in possession of a share of the governing power. Some of the most important examinations are conducted by men under thirty, so that different ages, as well as different tastes and abilities, are brought into contact and collision.

The changes which the principal examination for the Degree of B. A. underwent since 1800 and previous to 1840, are thus detailed in a Report, for the year 1849, of the *Board of Mathematical Studies*, which Board is itself a recent institution.

“In 1808, the examination of the candidates for Honors. commenced on the first Monday in the Lent Term; three days were devoted to Mathematics; and the candidates having been arranged in *Brackets* according to the result of the examinations on those days, the order of their merit was finally determined by examinations of the Brackets on the following Friday. Each candidate was examined 18 hours in the course of the three days, of which 11 hours were employed in answering questions from books, and the remaining 7 in the solution of Problems. The number of candidates that obtained Honors in that year was 38. In 1828, when the number had increased to 90, the examination commenced on the Friday preceding the first Monday in the Lent Term, and extended over four days, exclusive of the day of examining the Brackets; the total number of hours of examination was 23, and the time assigned to Problems remained the same as in 1808. By regulations which took effect in January, 1833, the commencement of the

examination was placed a day earlier, the duration was five days, and the hours of examination on each day were $5\frac{1}{2}$. Thus $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours were added to the whole time of examination, 4 of which were appropriated to the answering of questions from books, and the remaining half-hour to the solution of Problems. The successful candidates in that year amounted to 105. In 1835 the number was 117, and the examination, for the convenience of the examiners, began on the Wednesday of the same week, without alteration in other respects. In January, 1839, there were six days of examination, beginning on the Monday preceding the first Monday in the Lent Term, and the total number of hours of examination was 33, of which $8\frac{1}{2}$ were given to Problems. The first day of examination was altered in 1841 to the Wednesday week preceding the first Monday in the Lent Term. The number on the list of Honors in 1840 was 146.

“Of the alterations relating to the classification of the candidates and the mode of proposing the questions, the following are those of chief importance. Previous to January, 1828, the candidates were divided into six classes, determined by the Exercises in the Schools; different printed Problems and *vivâ voce* questions were proposed to different classes, generally taken two together, and the only questions proposed to all in common were the *Evening* Problems. In the year above named, important regulations, confirmed by Grace of the Senate, Nov. 13, 1827, came into operation. The classes were reduced to four, determined as before by the Exercises in the Schools. On the first two days all the candidates had the same questions proposed to them, inclusive of the Evening Problems; and the examination from books on those days excluded the higher and more difficult parts of mathematics, with the view of securing an object which, in the opinion of the Syndicate on whose

recommendation these regulations were adopted, was highly desirable, viz. 'That the Candidates for Honors may not be induced to pursue the more abstruse and profound mathematics to the neglect of more elementary knowledge.' Accordingly, on the first day (Friday) the questions from books extended to such parts of pure Mathematics and Natural Philosophy as do not require the Differential Calculus, and on the Saturday were added parts of Natural Philosophy somewhat more advanced, and the simpler applications of the Calculus. On Monday, the first and second classes were examined together, and the third and fourth together, in questions from books and in Problems; and on Tuesday, the second and third were examined together, and the first and fourth separately, in questions from books. The questions which had previously been given out *vivâ voce*, were *printed*, in order to make generally known the questions proposed in each year, and, by thus directing the reading of the students, to produce more fixity and definiteness in the mathematical studies of the University. The printed papers also afforded the opportunity of ascertaining by inspection that the examination embraced in due proportion all the ordinary subjects of mathematical study. No change was made in the substance of the examination; the questions inserted in the papers being, like those which had been proposed *vivâ voce*, propositions contained in the mathematical works commonly in use in the University, or simple examples and explanations of such propositions. For the purpose of preventing those who had attended to a *part* only of the subjects from having any undue advantage by this mode of conducting the Examination, it was especially recommended that 'there be not contained in any paper more questions than students well prepared have been generally found able to answer within the time allowed for

such paper.' At the same time a discretionary power was given to the Examiners of proposing additional questions *viva voce*, if any candidate should before the end of the time have answered all the questions in the paper. This power, however, was not continued in the regulations of 1833, nor in any subsequent regulations. With this exception, the preceding regulations may be said to have determined the principles on which in the main the examinations have been since conducted; and for this reason it has been thought right to insert them at some length in this Report.

"By regulations which came into force in January, 1833, the same questions were proposed to all the classes during the first *four* days. The order of difficulty of the questions on the first three days was the same as it had previously been on the first two days; but on the fourth day the examination extended to subjects of greater difficulty, care, however, being taken to insert into the papers some questions suitable to the lower classes. On the fifth day the examination was conducted according to classes.

"In January, 1839, the division into classes was discontinued, and the same questions were proposed throughout the examination to all whom the Moderators judged, from the public Exercises in the Schools, to be qualified for examination as candidates for Mathematical Honors. The order of difficulty of the questions was regulated nearly as before, questions selected exclusively from the higher parts of the subjects being proposed only on the sixth day of the examination."

The examinations as they existed from 1840 to 1846 have been described at length. During the last four years, from 1846 to 1850, several alterations, some of them very important, have been made.

In 1846 the great Mathematical examination for Honors was re-modelled; it was split into two parts and its time lengthened from six to eight days.

During the first three days the Candidates were examined only on the following subjects.

EUCLID. Book I to VI. Book XI. Props. I to XXI. Book XII. Props. I. II.

ARITHMETIC and the elementary parts of ALGEBRA; namely, the Rules for the fundamental Operations upon Algebraical Symbols, with their proofs; the solution of simple and quadratic Equations; Arithmetical and Geometrical Progression, Permutations and Combinations, the Binomial Theorem, and the principles of Logarithms.

The elementary parts of PLANE TRIGONOMETRY, so far as to include the solution of triangles.

The elementary parts of CONIC SECTIONS, treated geometrically, together with the values of the Radius of Curvature, and of the Chords of Curvature passing through the Focus and Centre.

The elementary parts of STATICS, treated without the Differential Calculus; namely, the Composition and Resolution of Forces acting in one plane on a point, the Mechanical Powers, and the properties of the Centre of Gravity.

The elementary parts of DYNAMICS, treated without the Differential Calculus; namely, the Doctrine of Uniform and Uniformly Accelerated Motion, of Falling Bodies, Projectiles, Collision, and Cycloidal Oscillations.

The 1st, 2d, and 3d Sections of NEWTON'S PRINCIPIA; the Propositions to be proved in Newton's manner.

The elementary parts of HYDROSTATICS, treated without the Differential Calculus; namely, the pressure of non-elastic

Fluids, specific Gravities, floating Bodies, the pressure of the Air, and the construction and use of the more simple Instruments and Machines.

The elementary parts of OPTICS, treated geometrically; namely, the laws of Reflection and Refraction of Rays at plane and spherical surfaces, not including Aberrations; the Eye; Telescopes.

The elementary parts of ASTRONOMY; so far as they are necessary for the explanation of the more simple phenomena, without calculation.

In all these subjects, Examples and Questions arising directly out of the Propositions, were introduced into the Examination, in addition to the Propositions themselves.

All these subjects might be, and indeed have been, comprised in one volume of no very ponderous dimensions.

This was a *pass examination for Honors*. After an interval of eight days the examiners published an alphabetical list of those who had so acquitted themselves as to deserve Mathematical Honors, and such Classical men in it as only wished to *pass* were then sure of being Junior Optimes. The candidates for higher Honors then had an examination for five days in the higher subjects, after which all the men on the first list were classed according to the examination of the whole eight days.

At the same time an arrangement of the *πολλοι* was made into four classes, the men in each class placed alphabetically, and the gulfed men were required to pass the non-mathematical part of the Poll examination before their Degrees were allowed them.

The advantages of this change in the Honor examination were very great. The Classical men found themselves in a far better position, having their requisite field of Mathematics accurately marked out, at the same time that the number of questions in it was enlarged ; while they stood a chance of knowing what they did get up much more thoroughly and with more satisfaction to all parties. In respect to those who were candidates only for Mathematical distinction, an occasional abuse of the old system was effectually guarded against. It had sometimes happened that men with more ambition for University Honors than Mathematical ability or steady application, had, though deficient in their low subjects, managed to secure respectable places by lucky speculation in cramming parts of high ones. By making all the candidates pass a preliminary examination in the low subjects this occurrence was at once prevented.

But the Classical men were not satisfied with the point they had gained. They continued to agitate the question, and finally in 1849 opened the Classical Tripos to the First Class of the Poll and the men gulped in Honors. This change was effected in the face of strong opposition, and some have prophesied very deleterious consequences from it. For my own part, I doubt whether it will have any effect for good or evil. The grievances of Classical men in my time were these ; first, the *uncertainty* of the amount of Mathematical reading required of them ; secondly, the annoyance of the Mathematical examination coming so soon before the Classical. The former was remedied by the

change of 1846, the latter was not remedied by the change of 1849.

In 1848 it was provided, by way of giving the Professors something more to do, that all candidates for an ordinary Degree, should, during their Undergraduateship, be obliged to attend for at least one term the lectures of ~~one or more~~ of the following Professors :

Regius Professor of Physic.

Professor of Moral Philosophy.

Professor of Chemistry.

Professor of Anatomy.

Professor of Modern History.

Professor of Botany.

Woodwardian Professor of Geology.

Jacksonian Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy.

Downing Professor of Medicine.

Professor of Mineralogy.

Professor of Political Economy.

Downing Professor of the Laws of England.

Regius Professor of Laws.

Also, that all students going out in Civil Law and not taking a First Class in that faculty, should, before receiving their Degree, attend for one term the lectures of one or more of the first eleven Professors above named.

The Classical Tripos received in 1849 the addition of a paper of questions in Ancient History—an addition not made before it was wanted, as minute scholarship was threatening

to banish, under the invidious name of "cram," all antiquarian learning from the University.

The Little-Go did not escape notice among all these alterations. Old Testament History, Arithmetic, and two Books of Euclid were added to it. Ecclesiastical History was also added to the fixed subjects for the Poll. Such a general stir woke up the King's men, who voluntarily put themselves on a level with the other Colleges by renouncing their privilege of taking Degrees without passing the examination.

But the most important change was made in 1848 by the establishment of two new Triposes, those of the *Moral Sciences* and the *Natural Sciences*.

The former includes Moral Philosophy, Political Economy, Modern History, General Jurisprudence, and the Laws of England; The latter, Anatomy, Comparative Anatomy, Physiology, Chemistry, Botany, and Geology. They are open to all Bachelors.

On the benefits to result from the establishment of the latter examination, it may be premature to offer an opinion; that of the former is clearly destined to be of much importance and value. It is, in fact, nearly equivalent to carrying out for the whole University the course of reading pursued for the "Metaphysical" papers in the Trinity Fellowship. There are but two objections to its becoming immediately popular. One is the want of pecuniary stimulus, direct or indirect, to the successful candidates. This will be obviated in time. There is no want of liberality on the part

of Englishmen to encourage every form of learning. Dr. Whewell himself has here led the way by founding two annual prizes of fifteen guineas each for the two candidates who pass the best examination in Moral Philosophy. The other is one which I do not know if those actually on the ground have paid much attention to, but it struck me, looking at it from a distance and remembering my own experience, with great force. The examination is held just between the Mathematical and Classical Triposes, and consequently those who are very anxious or at all doubtful about their Classical Degree will hardly be able to attend to it.

Such are the changes recently made by the University within itself. But an external force has lately been brought to bear on it, not altogether unnoticed on this side the water. I allude to the Commission appointed within a year, and now, I believe, in session. Some people both in and out of England think that this Commission will have very much the effect of running a railroad through a long secluded tract of country, and that something very stunning is to result from it. Others believe it merely a tub for the whale, such as English Whig Ministers delight in, and the end of which will be—just nothing. Should any positive state interference, such as a section of the Radicals desire, really be attempted, I leave Professor Maurice (whose very able Lectures on Education are less known than they deserve to be) to state the probable consequences.

“In the long and able, and in many ways highly interesting evidence of Mr. Simpson, which is given in the Appendix

to the Report of the Education Committee, 1835, I find some remarks which bear upon this subject.

“*Extract from page 129.*—“Even in this enlightened age it is extremely doubtful if the Chancellor of the Exchequer were to propose a grant of a sum of £200,000 for the support of Education in this realm, whether he would be able to carry the vote. Supposing the universities had been dependent upon annual votes, or such sources as you have observed, do you think it at all probable that they would have subsisted for several centuries? I should think that, starting from the period in which we now live, they would have a much better chance of the support of Parliament than in the remote ages through which they have hitherto passed; but their splendid endowments have rather subsisted as direct estates to the fortunate incumbents, than as the means of keeping alive and diffusing the best Education. They have had too much of a monastic character for this; and it is well known that they have been the subject of reproach, according to Dr. A. Smith, as the asylums of errors hunted out from every other corner of Society. Your answer does not mean that the universities, as supported by endowments, have been the means of retarding Education, instead of accelerating it? No, not altogether so; for those endowments and the monasteries were the only chance for education in the age in which they were established, and long afterwards, and if they had depended on the votes of the legislature, they would not have been established at all; Education, so far as it has been aided by them, would not without them have been heard of. You think it was a matter of absolute necessity, and not a matter of choice, which directed the endowments in land for the support of schools, the legislature at that time not being in the habit of giving a sum of money for that purpose; quite a matter of necessity; there could have been no schools without it. You

cannot draw any conclusion as to the advantages of their existence, from the advantages that might be derived from them in former periods? Certainly not. Do you consider it an additional evil, the existence of endowments, mixing up the duties of a teacher of a public school with the management of lands, and other subjects independently of the purposes of Education? That is a great evil. And placing them out of the control of Parliament and public opinion? No doubt of it; and I should think that that is one cause of the great predominance of the dead languages as part of the Education of youth; there are such magnificent endowments to support them, which must be lost to these incumbents if the dead languages did not continue to be the primary object of Education. Then you consider that any individual who in a spirit of beneficence and enlightened charity would form an endowment, and give an estate for the purpose of furnishing Education in a particular neighborhood, would be conferring an evil, instead of a benefit on society? A relative evil, if there were a national system existing at the same time. And a more judicious arrangement on his part would be to place whatever funds he intended for Education at the disposal of such public system, to be applied in the most useful manner? Certainly.'

"This is a very good statement of the advantages which persons who agree with Mr. Simpson suppose would follow from the subjection of the universities to parliamentary control. They would then present a fair image of the age; they would then pay less attention to the dead languages; they would not be asylums of error, hunted out of every other part of society. Now, just imagine if, in the days of Adam Smith, from whom this last sentiment is borrowed, the universities had been reconstructed upon his maxims, what would have been the consequence? Do you think they

would have been the least in accordance with the spirit of this age—the spirit, I mean, of this present year 1839? Is it not notorious, that since his day, the common, customary, fashionable opinions upon moral and metaphysical subjects, upon poetry, upon history, have undergone the most entire revolution? If Adam Smith had had his way—certainly, if the opinions of his contemporaries had been followed—logic would have been treated as one of the absurdities which had been hunted out (except in name) of all places but Oxford: not a book of Aristotle's would have been allowed to remain in the University. Within the last ten years, logic has been pronounced, upon the authority of Mr. Bentham and Mr. Mill, and other leaders of the 19th century, to be the most valuable of all studies; Aristotle has been held up as one of the greatest utilitarian writers. In Adam Smith's day, all poetical criticism not contained in Dr. Blair's Lectures or Lord Kaime's Elements, would have been hunted out of reasonable society; now those books themselves, and the school which they represent, have sunk into the lowest estimation. Robertson and Hume would of course have been Smith's standards of historical writing; now the world can listen with great complacency to Charles Lamb's assertion, that their books have the same title to the character of histories, as the chess-boards which we see inscribed in gilt letters with the same honorable name. But has it required fifty years to make such changes as these? By no means. A review started into existence in the northern part of Great Britain about the year 1801. It was most oracular in all its announcements; especially it took this subject of Education under its patronage; ridiculed the Universities; longed that they might be forced into conformity with the spirit of the age. Men quailed before the utterances of these mighty seers; only a few poets, universally denounced as madmen, ventured to dispute their

judgments and defy their laughter. I ask those who know, whether there is one canon of taste, one leading dogma, one practical position which these rulers of the age put forth, that would not now be scouted by the corresponding class to that which then admired them, one which they have not been themselves compelled, by that fixed rule of adapting themselves to all changes of opinion and circumstances, quietly to retract or contradict? Yet more recently, another periodical publication was set on foot expressly to embody opinions still more emphatically belonging to the age. Whoever differed from these was called, in the pages of this work, not a fool, but a knave. I do not mean that there was not another count in the indictment, containing the first charge; but this was most pressed. He must have some sinister interest to misdirect his judgment, otherwise he would not reject doctrines so clearly and invincibly demonstrated. But alas! the knaves have been justified, for the honest men have themselves abandoned full one-half of these irresistible demonstrations, and now find it oftentimes very convenient to convict their opponents of holding them and acting upon them. Still, like their predecessors, they are enraged at the universities for not adapting themselves to the spirit of the age,—that is to say, for not shaping their Education according to the maxims of 1824, to be reformed again according to the altered and often opposite maxims of 1839.

“Now you see from Mr. Simpson’s statement, that if the university did but depend upon annual parliamentary grants, it would have the blessing of being able to meet all these expectations. He does not, probably, mean, that the system would be changed every year; but he means (and I think he is quite right in his prophecy) that such a general influence would be communicated to the government for the time being, by the force of these opinions acting upon them

through various channels, that some little change would be continually making, a very little change possibly,—indeed, to persons busied about the great matters connected with railroads and canals, almost too insignificant to be noticed,—but still great enough to alter the whole principle of the institution, and to affect the influence which it exercises over the national mind for generations.”



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